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NORFOLK, OLD AND NEW.



TAKING PRODUCE TO MARKET.

THE city of Norfolk, Virginia, presents an interesting problem to the physicist. Nature evidently intended her for a great commercial centre, but accident and adverse circumstances have kept her, until the last decade at least, a quiet provincial town, with a commerce and commercial facilities, interests, and ambitions of an equally provincial character. The briefest glance at the map will serve to show the city's admirable commercial position. It is built on a low, flat peninsula embraced on three sides by the Elizabeth River and giving it a magnificent water-front. Properly speaking, the Elizabeth is not a river at all, but a broad, deep inlet of Hampton Roads, opening into the latter at Craney Island, eight miles below the city. Hampton Roads is the noblest basin in the world, capable, as Lieutenant

Maury once observed, of accommodating the entire merchant marine of Christendom. A ship-channel thirty feet in depth leads through it past the mouth of James River, past historic Fortress Monroe, through the wide mouth of Chesapeake Bay to the ocean, fifteen miles distant, and thence out to the Gulf Stream, the highway of mariners. That this wealth of water-ways has failed for two hundred years to be utilized is not owing to the fact that it was unappreciated. The town was founded by the wise Virginia legislators as the seaport of their colony. Thomas Jefferson, speaking before the days of railroads, declared that it had a natural right to the commerce of Virginia, the Chesapeake, and the North Carolina Sounds; Patrick Henry in 1787, before the Virginia Legislature, depicted its commer-

cial future in the most glowing terms; and later a more eminent authority in such matters than either—Lieutenant Maury—declared that, with the exception of the Golden Gate, it was the most important maritime position in the domain of the United States; and yet—curious fact—not until the last decade opened did the golden prophecies regarding it show the least sign of fulfillment.

It missed the honor of being the first English settlement in America, only through the stupidity of Captain Christopher Newport, who, disdaining the low, flat shores of the Elizabeth, sailed farther up the James, and planted his settlement on the high wooded point of Jamestown with such rare judgment that nothing remains of it now but a few moss-grown ruins. Seventy-three years later the legislators of Virginia set about establishing seaports for their colony, and in June, 1680, passed an act authorizing the purchase of fifty acres of the present site of the city "for the town of Norfolk," and by subsequent acts made it a seaport of the colony, requiring the imports and exports of its district to pass through its warehouses, and offering special privileges to such artisans and tradesmen as should settle there within a specified time. These measures were so far successful in peopling it that in October, 1705, it became a town, and in 1736 was created a borough by virtue of a charter from royalty itself. But the port made little or no progress during the colonial era, owing to the mother-country's jealous supervision of the commerce of her colonies, and possibly to the supineness of its own merchants. It did a languishing trade with the West Indies, and this trade, small as it was, was effectually closed by the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775.

The period of extreme trade-depression following the Revolution, and extending beyond the peace of 1815, was extremely unfavorable to the growth of a commercial town; and when, in 1820, commerce revived and the status of Atlantic seaports rapidly became fixed, the town lacked the men and the means

to push forward the system of internal improvements that would have enabled her to compete successfully with her eager rivals. The Southern tier of seaports robbed her of her cotton-trade, Richmond and Lynchburg absorbed the tobacco and manufacturing interests of the State, and Baltimore, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, grew rich and great with the grain-trade of the West that of right belonged to her weaker neighbor at its mouth. There were also minor causes at work during this period to retard the city's progress. Destructive fires visited her at intervals, and in 1855 the yellow fever (communicated by the steamer Ben Franklin) destroyed two-thirds of her population in a little more than a month's time. Singularly enough, it was the War of the Rebellion, in general so destructive to the material interests of the South, that awoke the city to a knowledge of its powers. The influx of Northern capital and energy into the South in 1866-70 met a welcoming and co-operating element here in the young scions of the old families whom the war had made liberal and progressive, and from this time forward the city's progress was as rapid as it had been before exceptionally slow.

The Northern tourist who now passes through the city southward-bound cannot but be impressed with the air of bustle and activity that prevails, so different from the dulness and languor of many Southern towns. The city is literally overflowing with life and vigor. New brick blocks are pushing the wooden buildings of the old *régime* farther and farther into the outskirts; negro laborers are now paving the streets; drays and carts laden with merchandise rattle over the pavements; new bridges span the creeks that surround the town, and beyond them smooth, hard shell roads stretch away into the interior; while along the water-front pile-drivers are busy, workmen are laying the odorous pine flooring of future docks of commerce, and trackmen are placing lines of rails whose western terminus is on the Ohio or the Mississippi. Almost the entire current of the city's trade flows along

these wharves, and they present almost every hour of the day scenes of the most novel and picturesque character. In one slip are dingy, weather-beaten fishing-craft from Chincooteague, Currituck, and all along shore, unloading cargoes of fish and water-fowl. Mammoth red-funnelled Clyde-built steamers are loading with cotton for European ports; little oyster-pungies hurry past with live cargoes for the packers; great barges laden with the discarded shells are slowly trailing by; at a warehouse a schooner is discharging barrels of pungent turpentine and amber-hued rosin; anon a little steam-launch from the Navy puffs saucily up for supplies. Bags of peanuts are trundling up from a steamer's hold and being whirled away to the sorters and revolving sieves of the peanut-factory; lumber-sloops from the Dismal Swamp and North Carolina pineries are adding to the heaped-up stores of a lumber-yard; and on the great cotton-wharves a fleet of steamers and sailing-vessels is discharging bales of the fleecy material once mistakenly worshipped as king. And cotton is king in Norfolk,—the kindly genius that has built its blocks of brick, called hither its merchant marine, and set in motion the currents of commercial activity that now attract the visitor. As many as eight thousand bales of cotton have been landed on these wharves in a single day; and one can picture for himself the scenes of life and animation they present,—the shouting of the captains, clerks busy sampling the precious product, little groups of buyers and sellers flitting about, an army of colored stevedores in picturesque attire hurrying the bales into the warehouses, and, rising over all, the hoarse groans of the great cotton compresses, stationed in buildings on the docks, and pressing the great bales in their iron jaws until they are reduced to one-third their former bulk and occupy scarcely more space in a ship's hold than would an equal weight of lead. A stroll along the docks of the coastwise and European steamers reveals the portal whence these varied products flow out to half the Northern ports, to the spin-

ners of New England and Old England, to the ship-yards of the Clyde and the hungry cities of the Continent.

"What did it all mean,—this cheery stir and bustle?" The question was put to a bright young member of the Cotton Exchange one day by a Northern tourist who had lingered behind his company, southward-bound, to view with keenest interest these varied signs of the city's renaissance. The member addressed drew his interlocutor within the sacred precincts of the Exchange, and, surrounded by his maps, charts, tables of receipts and exports, telegrams and reports from a score of marts, replied nearly in these words: "It means that we have awakened from our lethargy at last. In strolling about our streets and docks, however, you see only a modicum of the city's aroused activity. Our energies are mainly bent just now in extending our lines of railway and canal into the rich tributary country to the westward. Cotton is our great staple, to be sure, but we have also an eye to the grain- and cattle-trade of the West, the coal and iron of the Alleghanies, and the varied products of the North Carolina Sounds. You see on this map a little dotted line, beginning at Richmond, following the valley of the James, crossing the Blue Ridge, and ending at last in the valley of the Kanawha. This line represents the James River and Kanawha Canal, the completion of which along the Kanawha to the Ohio will give us uninterrupted water-communication with Fort Benton at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and open to us the entire basin of the Upper Mississippi.

"We do not think that the day of canals is past, but believe that the pressure of Western products seeking the nearest route to the Atlantic will open this water-way within the next decade. But, supplementary to this, we have already in operation the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, following nearly the same line as the canal, and connecting Richmond with Huntington on the Ohio. This road is now pushing an extension westward to Lexington, Kentucky, where it will connect with the great system of

roads centring in Cincinnati; while on the east its rails have already reached tide-water at Newport News, a few miles from our city. This road opens to us the coal and iron regions of the Alleghanies and the granaries of the West. Our great trunk line, however, is found a hundred miles south, in the Norfolk and Western Railroad, which pushes westward through one of the richest sections of the South to Memphis on the Mississippi, and by its trans-Mississippi connections places the million bales of Texas and the varied products of Arkansas within our grasp. Indeed, Memphis factors are now issuing through-bills of lading by this line to Liverpool *via* Norfolk. This line is our main feeder. It gave us two hundred and ninety-four thousand and sixty-two bales of cotton last year,—more than half our total receipts; and there is no good reason why it should not pour into our lap half the product of the upper tier of cotton-producing States.

"We have another important Southern line in the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, running from Portsmouth—the Brooklyn of Norfolk—to Weldon, North Carolina, and there connecting with the entire railway system of the South Atlantic and Gulf coast. The Dismal Swamp Canal,—Patrick Henry's *protégé*, completed in 1828,—in connection with the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, secures us the commerce of the North Carolina Sounds. In this direction, too, a new railroad—the Edenton, Elizabeth City and Norfolk—has just been completed. Its present terminus is Edenton, at the head of Albemarle Sound, but it is projected to Newberne on the Neuse,—already connected by rail with Wilmington,—where it will constitute an Air-Line Route between the North *via* Norfolk and the Southern seaboard cities.

"Nearly all these lines are the product of the *post-bellum* period, and indicate the spirit of enterprise and development that characterizes the city. There are, of course, other facts and figures that prove it. This Official Report of the National Cotton Exchange, from Sep-

tember 1 to the close of December, 1880, credits us with the receipt of four hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and sixty-nine bales, New Orleans and Savannah alone exceeding us. In 1859 our entire receipts were six thousand one hundred and seventy-four bales; and were you to go among our merchants and shippers you would find that in lumber, naval stores, grain, peanuts, fish, game, and domestic products, we have made a like creditable advance."

On the western side of the city, below the cotton-wharves, one sees a score or more of long, low sheds, the great heaps of white, odoriferous shells before their doors proclaiming them, in lieu of signs, the establishments of the oyster-packers. The manner in which these shells are utilized proclaims the packer a man of genius and resources. Great barges are forever loading with them at his docks, and when loaded gliding demurely away behind an ambitious little tug, to deposit their cargoes on the made ground along the water-front, or as filling for the docks, or embankments for the railroads. On the truck-farms near the city, and on Virginia and North Carolina plantations as well, they are burned into lime for fertilizers; and spread evenly on the surface, and ground to powder by wheels and hoofs, they unite with Virginia mud to make the beautifully hard, firm shell roads that form a pleasant feature of the city and its environs.

The oyster-packer is always a Northern man, generally a shrewd, kindly, quizzical Down-Easter, whose mother-wit and modest capital invested here are producing him quite a golden harvest. Entering his establishment, one sees long rows of colored men (called "shuckers") standing before benches ranged along the sides and through the centre of the room, employed in opening or shucking the oysters. This they do by means of a short, thin-bladed knife, with which they sever the adductor muscle; then with a dexterous turn of the wrist they pass the knife between the bivalve and the shell, and he is deposited in one of two tubs standing before the operator. In packing, patent barrels made expressly

for the trade are largely used. A lump of ice of some twenty pounds' weight is placed at the bottom of the barrel, around and above which the solid meats are packed; the lid is then screwed on, and the barrel is ready for its destination, which is generally New York or Boston.

On the deck of one of the weather-beaten craft moored by hundreds in the slips adjoining these sheds, one finds the packer's factotum and firm friend and

ally the "runner." The term "runner" is applied indiscriminately to the craft or to the skipper employed in "running" or carrying the oysters from the beds to market. This craft is generally a little one-masted vessel of from fifteen to twenty tons' burden, and the skipper a Northern man who began life as a tonger on the Shrewsbury or Blue Point beds, accumulated a little capital, purchased a vessel, and came here to better his fortunes and help build up a new



STRAWBERRY-PICKERS.

oyster-mart. He is clad generally in oil-skins and a tarpaulin, and is forever smoking a long-stemmed clay pipe, unless, as sometimes happens, he has discarded it for the corn-cob of his Southern neighbors. His face is tanned and toughened by exposure until it has the color and consistency of parchment, and is covered with what seem flakes of sand, fixed there, the tourist shrewdly guesses, by some fierce northwester. He is rude in speech and gesture, and affects profanity. He stands highest in the scale of the oyster-producers, and looks on the "tong-man" hard at work in his little canoe much as the stately East-Indian regards the lumbering coaster.

Next in rank are the dredgers, who have nearly disappeared from Virginia waters since the passage of a bill by the Virginia Legislature in 1879, forbidding dredging on the natural beds of the State. The tongers are the lowest and most numerous class. They are generally poor whites or negroes, and live in little huts along the creeks and coves of the Chesapeake and its tributaries.

From these they sally out in canoes and dug-outs, and laboriously bring up the bivalves with their tongs often from a depth of twenty or thirty feet. Their boats full, they paddle away to an appointed rendezvous and sell their cargoes to the runners for a stipulated sum per bushel, which rarely rises above thirty cents, and affords but a bare compensation for their labor.

It is the humble runner who has largely built up the oyster-trade of Norfolk. In winter the prevailing winds of the Chesapeake are from the north, and it generally happens that when the runner's vessel is loaded, a stiff northwester is booming down the bay: of course it is much easier for him to run before it to Norfolk than to beat against it to Baltimore, and this cause is tending more and more to centre the oyster-trade of the Chesapeake in the lower port. Moreover, the runner finds that no wharf-rents are exacted here, and that the packer is always on the dock to clear him a berth and insure him a "clean hold" within the quickest

possible time,—privileges which are not always accorded at the upper market. Again, the northern port is frequently closed against him by ice. The writer remembers an oyster-famine in Baltimore in the February of 1881, and also of catching sight, from the deck of a Boston steamer ploughing down the Chesapeake through six inches of solid ice, of a fleet of oyster-boats under the lead of a strong-beaked, iron-pointed tug, picking their way between ice-floes toward the beleaguered city,—the first that had made the port in several weeks.

About the middle of May, when the gardening season is at its height, the city appears like an island in a sea of green: the vegetable-farms encompass it for miles in every direction, covering nearly the whole of Norfolk County, and a large portion of Princess Anne, Nansemond, Warwick, Northampton, and Accomac Counties as well. A ride of ten miles through these farms, over the smooth shell roads, on a May morning, so fresh and bright that it acts like new wine on the spirits, is something earnestly to be coveted and long to be remembered. The low, level fields, covered with green things growing, lie on either side of you, separated from the road and from each other by ditches and green hedges rather than by fences. Here and there patches of dense pine forests curtain the fields. The air is filled with the perfume of flowers; birds are singing in the trees. Here a lane leads through the fields to a quaint old plantation mansion, with its outlying kitchen and negro-quarters, sheltered by protecting shade-trees. Anon, close to the road and bare to the sun, you pass the little log cabins of negro farmers, and in another moment, perhaps, the carriage whirls you by a neatly-painted frame cottage, with newly-planted shade-trees before it and a fruit-orchard in the rear, marking the spot where some Northern mechanic or farmer has erected a home. Next you see colonies of little booths, made of boughs and rushes, clustered in the patches of forest, which shelter the berry-pickers while the fruit season lasts. The fields and their occupants, however,

form the most interesting features of the landscape. The former appear as vast beds of living, glowing green, extending in some directions as far as the eye can reach, while men, women, and children, in every variety of costume, are scattered over the fields, some guiding the plough, some hoeing, some weeding, some gathering the ripened crop for market. In the fruit districts, where acres and acres of strawberries are ripening in the sun, one may view the strawberry-pickers at work,—colored women and girls chiefly, whose quick, deft fingers separate berry and stem with marvellous facility. As many as seventeen hundred of these nimble specialists have been counted busily at work at the same time in a field of one hundred and fifty acres devoted to this fruit. They form a class by themselves. Many live in town, and not the least interesting of the sights of the city is the long procession of old "aunties" and demure "gals" that threads its streets every morning before sunrise on its way to the strawberry-fields. Most of the pickers, however, live miles away in the interior, and come up to the berry-harvest in little groups, living in hastily-erected booths while the season lasts, and at its close return to their former occupations of cotton-picking and peanut-gathering.

On steamer-days these country roads present an animating spectacle, for then they are crowded with long lines of vehicles, carrying the products of the farms to the steamship docks for shipment to Northern markets. It matters little what route one travels, whether it be the old Indian Pole-Bridge Road, or the Cottage Toll-Bridge route, or the Princess Anne Turnpike, or the New Turnpike, it is sure to be occupied in force by the truckmen and their carts,—the former picturesque, the latter nondescript. Hogarth's pencil would fail fairly to portray the procession. In the van, perhaps, is one of the diminutive "swamp ponies" of the country, attached by means of a wooden collar and saddle and leather thongs to a rude home-made two-wheeled cart, loaded with cabbages and potatoes, on which is perched a sooty

Sambo, clad in patchwork raiment, who guides his beast with reins of rope. Behind him follows a sober-hued, well-equipped vehicle, drawn by two sleek horses, evidently the property of some Northern neophyte. Next appears a great Virginia wagon, with flashing yellow wheels and a red body, drawn by four well-fed mules, controlled by a driver from his seat on the back of the off leader, after the old Virginia fashion. Possibly the motive power of the next vehicle will be a steer or a cow; and after this fashion the procession will repeat itself hour after hour. On Saturday—universally observed as market-day in Southern cities—a portion of this tribute is diverted from the docks to the market-square. On such occasions, Main Street, in the vicinity of the neat city market, presents an animated spectacle. Backed against the curbstone are long lines of loaded carts, from which the horses or mules that drew them have been removed; the carts are laden with vegetables fresh from the fields, and beside them stand their sable owners, smiling and complacent. One sells potatoes, both the sweet and the Irish variety. Another is laden with crisp lettuce and spinach, green peas and asparagus. A third cries fresh eggs at twenty cents a dozen; his neighbor sells fruit only. Another has a little stand, where rabbits, "possums," and field-birds are displayed for sale. But in general the trade in flesh and fish is in the hands of the whites, who have stalls in the market-building. The buyers surround the carts and stalls in little groups. Most of them are colored men and women doing the week's marketing for their own or their masters' families; but the grave citizen who does his own marketing, and the careful housewife who selects her own roasts, are also represented. The *bête noire* of the truck-seller is the gayly-turbaned Chloe of some patrician family, made arrogant and overbearing by virtue of her position. She sniffs disdainfully at the cauliflowers and onions before buying, breaks the lettuce to see that it is crisp, haggles over the price of peas and berries, and brings a look of in-

jured innocence to the face of the little old gray-haired egg-man by the question, "Sure, chile, dem eggs ain't done got chickens in 'em?"

Marketing in these Southern cities is done in the cool of the morning, and before the sun has reached the meridian the carts are emptied of their contents, and, with their owners, are trundling away homeward.

We have lingered long over the city's material aspects: let not the reader conclude, however, that it is therefore lacking in points of traditionary, historic, or æsthetic interest. That would be a hasty conclusion indeed, for it is a pleasing feature of the town that, although young, it is yet old, and amid its busy activities still exhibits ancient streets, quaint old buildings, and quiet nooks and corners where one may lose himself in pleasing reminiscences of a not unimportant past.

St. Paul's Church, in the heart of the city, is the centre of æsthetic interest. It is a quaint, low, ivy-covered structure of imported brick, cruciform in shape, with a short battlemented tower of wood, standing in the midst of a little church-yard of about two acres, which formed a part of the original glebe granted to the parish in 1686 by Lord Howard when Governor of Virginia. It is a pretty spot, this church-yard, with beautiful shade-trees, shrubbery, flowers, and fountains, neatly-kept walks, green, velvety turf, and time-stained tombstones, from which whole volumes of mortuary lore may be gathered. It is the last resting-place of many generations of the village forefathers.

The date 1739, cut in the south face of the church, marks the year of its erection, but its quaint form and the mosses and ivy on its weather-beaten walls convey a much more striking idea of its age than does the unpoetic legend on its front. The imaginative tourist will be apt to linger long and lovingly about the old church. The chiefest of the old Virginia families have been for years numbered among its communicants. Famous statesmen of the Revo-

lution, a prince and his suite, a marquis of France, a widely-read author and a world-famous poet, have in turn worshipped at its altar. Its vestry enshrines the cushioned arm-chair in which John Hancock sat when President of the Continental Congress, and from which he rose to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In addition, it was the asylum of panic-stricken women and children on a dreary New-Year's Day when a British fleet gathered in the bay and poured its broadsides into the defenceless town. The sexton points out a cannon-ball, battered and corroded, half buried in the southeast corner of the structure, and, if he be in the humor, will give you this bit of history about the warlike relic. Immediately on the outbreak of the Revolution, Lord Dunmore, the colonial Governor of Virginia, occupied Norfolk in force, but was shortly after driven out by the aroused patriots. He returned on the 1st of January, 1776, with the frigate *Liverpool* and several smaller vessels, and opened a furious fire on the town. Most of the citizens fled when the fleet appeared; a few women and children remained, and, when the firing began, fled for refuge to the walls of their sanctuary. While huddled here, listening to the booming of the guns and the crashing of the cannon-balls through their dwellings, a round-shot from the *Liverpool* struck the southeast corner of the church with a force sufficient to nearly bury it in the wall, but doing no further damage. An hour after, the bombardment ceased, and a company of marines landed from the fleet, robbed the church of its communion-service, which was carried to Scotland as a trophy, and then set fire to the town, the flames continuing their work until every building in the village was destroyed, except the old church and a dairy-house on the outskirts.

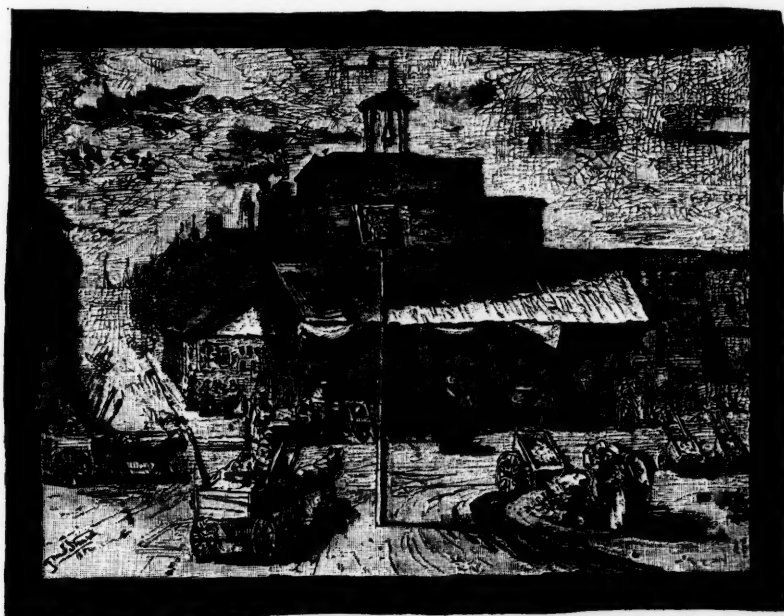
During the late war an officer of a Georgia regiment quartered in the city thus wrote to a friend at home: "I am writing in the room where the British spy was stationed, where Lafayette stopped while in Virginia, where Tom

Moore's American poems were composed, and where G. P. R. James wrote most of his romances." Whether the Georgia gentleman really dwelt in a room so replete with historic associations may be doubted, but it is certain that such might have been the case, for all the notable persons of whom he speaks were at some time visitors or resident in the city. Lafayette was the honored guest of the town in 1824. James was here as British consul, and wrote several romances, it is said, in an old mansion then standing on Catherine Street. William Wirt became a citizen in 1804, and thus wrote to a friend: "Norfolk is very expensive. I keep a pair of horses here which cost me eight pounds per month. Wood is four to eight dollars per cord. Indian meal, through the winter, is nine shillings per bushel, flour eleven and twelve dollars per barrel, a leg of mutton three dollars, butter three shillings per pound," etc. The poet Moore's residence in their city is considered by the townspeople a very pleasing episode in its history. He arrived here in November, 1803, and during his visit of several months was the guest of Colonel Hamilton, the British consul. He was at that time twenty-four years of age, handsome, genial, in the first flush of his poetic fame, a lover of ladies' society, and an adept in music as well as in verse-making. His time here seems to have been pretty evenly divided between playing the harpsichord, of which he was very fond, verse-making, and tea-drinking with the ladies. Most of Moore's American poems were written in Norfolk. The best-known among them—"The Maid of the Dismal Swamp"—was the outcome of a personal visit made to the scene it celebrates, which is only a few miles distant from the city.

Catherine Street in those days was the patrician thoroughfare of the town, and many pleasant traditions of the fine old country-seats that lined it and of the ease and hospitality that prevailed there are still current in the city. They were substantial brick dwellings, each surrounded by a well-kept lawn and flower-

garden, with the servants' quarters in the rear. They were the homes of the ruling class, not pretending to elegance, but little centres of home-comfort and a certain degree of culture and refinement. Each house was furnished with a broad porch, fronting the street, where, on summer evenings, the family was accustomed to take tea,—a practice so universal that, we are told, "on pleasant evenings the street was a perfect tea-party from the Exchange Bank to Bell Church, every porch being redolent with

the aroma of the Chinese herb." These houses were standing within the memory of the living, and of one, a representative of its class, an aged citizen of Norfolk has given so piquant a description that I include it in my paper as a tribute to auld lang syne. He says, "It had thick walls, two stories and a half high; a broad, wainscoted hall running through the building; a capacious parlor with brass andirons and lion-legged fender on one side, and a sunny sitting-room and a big hospitable dining-



MARKET SCENE.

room on the other. The broad side-board was as dissipated-looking as the tap-room of an old-time country tavern. There were no carpets, but waxed hard-pine floors, with an occasional rug, and on the large one in the dining-room its constant companion the house-dog; no counterfeit chromos or daubs with Dutch-gilt frames disfigured the walls, but some masterpieces adorned the parlor, a pair of hunting-scenes in water-colors enlivened the dining-room, and in the hall ancestors with pretty faces

emerged out of indescribable dresses with no waists to speak of, and intelligent and brave-looking gentlemen were narrowly escaping strangulation in villanous stocks. Up-stairs was redolent with rose-leaves in vinegar, the bedrooms, with great high-post bedsteads and curtains, defying the changes of temperature without. The kitchen, a Dutch-roofed, one-story brick house, with tremendous chimneys at either end, sufficiently far from the mansion to prevent the smell of cooking even with a favoring wind, and

a large, square smoke-house, where the family bacon was cured, stood in the paved yard. Then there was the stable for the horse and the inevitable cow; the wood-shed, with its autumn wood-pile, reminding one of a steamboat-landing on James River in the olden time. There was a flower-garden flanking the residence, filled with old-fashioned lilacs, snow-balls, wall-flowers, and roses, and a big back garden for vegetables, with a stray sunflower or two, and in it, enclosed by a forbidding wall, the family burial-vault." These houses were tenanted by some of the proudest of old Virginia families,—the Barnwells, the Rhett's, the Johnsons, and others; and the tone they imparted to the society of that day was exclusive and aristocratic, stern and forbidding, viewed in one light, pleasing, generous, and hospitable, viewed in another. The present social life of the town, however, differs largely from this: it still retains its moral and religious tone, and centres largely about the churches, but it is open, hearty, and cheery, and is beginning to savor of that cosmopolitanism which distinguishes commercial cities. Exception will be found in two or three "old families," however, who still retain the narrow insular prejudices of the old *régime*, and live in haughty seclusion, unapproached and unapproachable.

Norfolk, on the medial line of the country, is a favorite halting-place for the tourist northward- or southward-bound. There is much in the city, and more in its environs, to interest and attract. The Academy of Music, completed in 1880 at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, the new Atlantic Hotel, the largest and best-appointed in the South, opened in 1879, and the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, are interesting as being the first fruits of the city's renaissance. Of the docks, and of quaint old St. Paul's, we have before spoken. The library, the Cotton Exchange, the hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, the markets, and the negro quarters on the outskirts of the town, will repay a visit. Gosport Navy-Yard, that gave the Cumberland and

Merrimac to history, is just across the river, at Portsmouth.

From the docks of the Old Dominion Steamship Company and their immediate vicinity a small fleet of steamers sail every morning for a score of places embalmed in history. One line carries you down the bright waters of Hampton Roads, over the scene of the Monitor and Merrimac combat, and lands you at Fortress Monroe, only an hour from the city. Here are solid ramparts of masonry a mile in circumference, green parapets, wide-mouthed cannon, a deep fosse reminding one of the moated castles of old, and an eventful past if one be minded to search it out. Here, too, beside the fort, in striking contrast, is a great rambling summer hotel,—a sort of gingerbread palace, gay with paint and awnings, and with balconies, tenanted on summer days by fair ladies, looking directly into the grim faces of the cannon in the fort. Quaint old Hampton and its ancient church are but three miles away, around the turn of the bay; and between it and the fort are a national cemetery and soldiers' home, and the substantial buildings and well-kept grounds of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

One of these steamers, after touching at the fort, ascends the James River, past forsaken Jamestown, its site marked only by its ruined church and domiciles, past Chickahominy Swamp and the bloody battle-fields of the late war, to Richmond; another whirls one swiftly around the point of the peninsula, and up the York River a few miles to Yorktown, whose centennial three nations have recently joined in celebrating.

Southward, one easily reaches by steamer the cleared farms and weird recesses of the Dismal Swamp, and may continue on to the quaint, isolated villages of the North Carolina Sounds.

The United States Naval Hospital, on the south bank of the Elizabeth, opposite the city, is unique in some particulars. It is a large fire-proof granite structure, erected by the government in 1826-35 for the reception of sick and disabled

officers and soldiers of the Navy. Beautifully-kept lawns slope gently before it to the river, and in the rear is a natural park of seventy-five acres, shaded solely by yellow pines of primeval growth. In its funereal gloom there is a pathetic little cemetery, enclosed by a fence of rude, unpainted palings, where sleeps the dust of many a gallant officer and tar who yielded up his life in his country's service. A large space on one side of the enclosure is devoted to the graves of some seventy-five Confederate soldiers who died or were killed while the Southern forces held

Norfolk in the late war. Both the yard and its surroundings are inexpressibly dreary. The grounds are ill kept; the pines sigh mournfully overhead; no sward covers the sandy soil; and, while the officers' tombs are marked by granite or marble headstones suitably inscribed, they have an appearance of neglect. Those of the common sailors are marked only by a board painted white and bearing the name of the dead. The graves of the Confederate dead are indicated in the same manner, and many of them bear the sad inscription, "Unknown." CHARLES BURR TODD.

GRAND MANAN.

I.

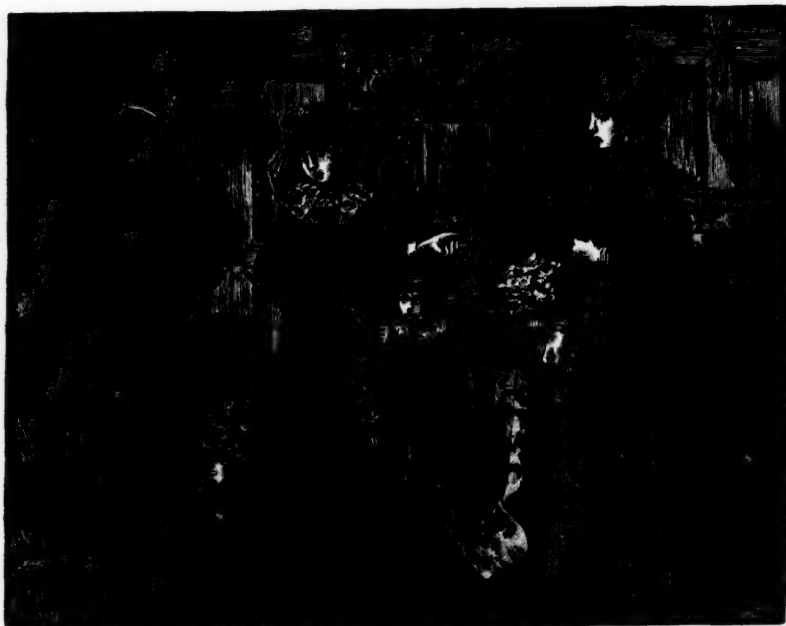
NO wind; but through the day, with laboring oar,
 We onward crept, and every longer mile
 Our songs and breezy laughter did beguile,
 Till at dim eve rose up the island shore.
 The sturdy skipper then at length gave o'er
 His patient toil. Beneath the day's last smile
 The waters slept, and still a weary while—
 So said the mariner—must pass before
 We gained our harbor; but below the base
 Of the inhospitable cliffs there ran
 An eddy making 'gainst the tide: by grace
 Of this our boat would on its way be borne.
 "Stretch on the sheet, and in the earliest morn
 You'll see the plunging surf of Grand Manan."

II.

So, in the clear-obscuré of midnight past,
 Through waves of shining phosphorus we drove
 The island dory, landed in the cove,
 Climbed the steep slope, and found a haven at last.
 With broad day come again, we stood and cast
 Our eyes adown a huge and buttressed height,
 The island rampart none may scale save white
 Strong-pinioned sea-birds, sailing far, or massed
 On the rock-cross outstretching its worn arms
 Above the flood. Beyond, the molten sea
 Held in its midst a mystic circle that gleamed
 With solemn spendor, and a Presence seemed
 Half seen, half hid. Ah, what are life's alarms,
 O soul! it said, to fright heaven's peace from thee?

LOUISE HENRY.

FAIRY GOLD.



"HE WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THE SIGHT OF THIS STRANGER."—Page 336.

CHAPTER XIV.

I WAS sitting at my luncheon one day ready dressed to go out, when I was startled by the door being pushed open, and was suddenly confronted by the figure of a woman followed by a child. I supposed there was some mistake, and waited a moment expecting her to withdraw with an apology, but instead of this she advanced, fixing a pair of bold black eyes on me.

"You are Miss Amber?" she said.

I assented, feeling uneasy and incredulous that it could be I she wanted.

"You are alone?"

The truth was that I was absolutely alone on our floor. The cook was in the basement in the laundry. Selina had been sent down town. Fanny had gone to Mrs. Newmarch's to lunch. I had at first intended to accompany her, then

had decided to remain at home until three, when her musical party began.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" I asked, trying to hide my vague instincts of alarm. There was a menace in her slow stride forward, and as she came toward me she seemed to be measuring me and my dress and my surroundings with her black, bitter glance. She was remarkably handsome, with a look of physical and intellectual strength beyond the common. I wondered how she could have been admitted into the house. I convicted myself and Fanny—indeed, all our household—of criminal carelessness in leaving the doors into the corridors unbolted. But these hurrying fancies were mere substitutes for the actual questions which her presence forced upon me. She had got in; she was here, and she wanted me.

"My little girl is hungry," she said imperiously; "she has not eaten all day: let her sit down and eat."

"I do not understand why you force yourself into my rooms," I said. "If it is food you want—"

"We want food, we want shelter, we want raiment. We want everything you have got," declared the woman, with a loud laugh. "Sit down, Rose. This is your cousin. Sit close beside her."

It grew clearer to me every moment that the invasion was distinctly hostile. The child—a tall, lank, hungry-eyed girl of seven or eight—came up to the table and began to eat everything within her reach with the fierceness of a wild creature.

"Do you know who I am?" the woman now demanded.

"I have no idea."

"I am your uncle Henry Farnham's widow."

"My uncle left no widow."

"I was Harry Farnham's wife, and I am his widow," she reiterated, drawing with some difficulty a ring from her third finger and holding it before my eyes.

"My uncle's history is well known in every detail," I replied. "He had no wife for twelve years before he died, and left no widow."

"Take the ring and read the inscription."

I did not touch the heavy gold circlet, but she held it before my eyes, and I saw plainly engraved within, "H. F. to R. B., N. O., Jan. 6, 1866."

"Henry Farnham to Rosina Boncourt, New Orleans," said the woman, interpreting the initials.

"My uncle was married in 1866," I remarked, "and was divorced the year after. A plea for delay in the proceedings was made just after the decision was given in his favor, and it was allowed; but before the woman Rosina Boncourt had taken advantage of this stay, she died."

"She did not die. I am Rosina Boncourt, and I am alive," she persisted. "That is your uncle's daughter,—poor, starved child that she is. She is your cousin."

The woman had seized her advantages cleverly in forcing an interview like this. I felt, too, that she had physical force and mental acumen besides to push them to success, unless I could be equal to the emergency and hold my own against her. She did not convince me. I neither believed in her nor in the child. Nevertheless, I had a sickening sensation which was not exactly anguish or dread, but akin to both. She stood staring about her, making the most of her reconnaissance into the enemy's country.

"You are evidently rolling in wealth, Miss Amber," said she. "You have been spending my money famously."

My purse happened to be lying on the table within her reach. She took it up and looked into it.

"My purse," she said, with a sort of derision. "My rooms, my pictures, my furniture. That satin gown you have on must have cost something. Ah! I see Harry's diamond horseshoe! He used to wear that for good luck."

I was dressed for the concert, and into the Honiton scarf about my throat had carelessly thrust my uncle's diamonds. It was my instinct when she alluded to the horseshoe to take it out and fling it from me: her look and triumphant accent, and her evident associations with it, blighted it for me. But I began to realize that I had a course to hold, no matter what might be its difficulties or dangers,—more than that, no matter what repugnance or disgust it aroused in me. The dim haze of possibilities her first suggestions had stirred was rapidly clearing and permitting me to discern clear, rigid outlines of what was in store for me. I sat looking at her fixedly. She was a startling suggestion of one of the bad but sovereign forces in the world. Any who had to do with her might well tremble at the result. She had an insolent sort of calm looking out from the large brown eyes under her low forehead; there was an expression in her full crimson lips which denied faith and denied law; she would take pleasure in crushing, in outraging, in tyrannizing. Whether she were an impostor or actually my uncle's

widow, I knew that she could exultantly tear all the beauty and peace out of my life.

"You need not look at me with that disdain, you proud aristocrat!" said she. "It would be wiser in you to propitiate me. Everything you have had to bolster you up in your haughty ease is mine. Here you have been nestling in this pretty place, eating and drinking the best out of china and glass fit for kings and queens, dressing as if the costliest was not good enough for you. Look at my rags meanwhile, under this *couvre-misère*." She threw back a fur-lined cloak, and disclosed a worn and discolored red velvet dress gaudily trimmed with gilt braids. "I haven't had the money even to buy proper mourning for my husband," she added, with coolness and effrontery.

"You will have to give up everything to me," she proceeded, in an arrogant, headstrong way. "I shall become these rooms better than a pale slip of a girl like you. If you chose to be right-minded and humble, I might afford to let you stay; but I don't like that cool disdain in your eye. Out you shall go, mademoiselle! What will become of your grand airs then? Ah, the truth is bitter, isn't it?"

"Your name is—what?" I asked.

"My name is Mrs. Henry Farnham. You say that I was divorced. If you knew the facts, you would discover that Harry could not get a divorce. The decree was annulled."

"Why do you come to tell me this?"

"Why, indeed? I have been looking for you these eight weeks. I never knew poor Harry was dead till November. I was living quietly out of the world, where news travels slowly. I saw your lawyer, Mr. Morris, when he was in New Orleans in December, and he threw dust in my eyes. I thought you and he lived in Chicago."

So Snow Morris knew about this woman,—had equivocated to put off the day of her coming. All my feeling of his strength, his wisdom, his tenderness for me, suffered a blow. I shivered from head to foot.

"Since you know that Mr. Morris is my lawyer, why not go to him?" I asked.

"I shall go to him soon enough. Don't fear. But first I came to you. I am your aunt Rosina. Rosie, here, is your cousin. Naturally, we came to our nearest relations."

Her insolent persistence began to have its effect. I looked at the little girl again: she had devoured every morsel of food on the table, and now sat looking at me with a bitter, ironic glance. Any child of my uncle's and Rosina Boncourt's must be twelve years old or more, and this one looked barely seven. Still, she might be pinched and attenuated by want and neglect. I tried to find some resemblance to my uncle in the sharp, eager, rather malevolent face; but there was none.

"You can give me some money," said the woman; "then perhaps we will go away for the present."

"You have taken possession of my purse. It contains all the money I have."

"Come, come, don't tell me lies."

"That is the only money in the house."

"There are not twenty dollars here."

"Take it and go away."

"It would do me little good. Come, come, I must have some money. Rum-mage about and find some."

I sat perfectly still, gazing steadily at her.

"I shall not leave this house until I have two hundred dollars," she affirmed, laughing noisily. "Get it in whatever way you like best."

"I have no money to give you."

"I will shake the life half out of you if you say that again. I must have the money before I leave the house. Rose and I want it for everything. We have no clothes. We need to make ourselves presentable before we apply for rooms at a decent hotel."

I reiterated my inability to supply her need.

"Stir about and get it for me,—I don't care how."

She sat down close beside me, her

dark, heavy face lighted up with a sort of evil glee.

"I have hitherto been passive," I said, "but I am not helpless. If I touch a spring, I can summon a messenger and tell him to bring a policeman."

"That is a neat arrangement, but you can't stir an inch to do it. You can only do what I think best for you. I've been watching the house three hours. I knew you were alone. Now I am here, you will not escape me. You can't move from your chair. I'm strong as an ox. I've got a grip like death: you'd not like to feel it."

She regarded me with a broad, good-humored smile, but I felt the spring of a wild beast behind it.

"As to your bringing a policeman," she went on, "bring as many as you like. You probably don't often have scenes in this fine aristocratic quarter. You look fastidious. I can be as elegant as the best of you when it suits me. All the same I can make a scene which the newspapers would enjoy getting hold of."

She looked as if she could. I believed her. And I was fastidious: I had a horror of a scene. I dreaded a scandal. A very slight acquaintance with the world enabled me to predict infallibly the sort of comment this unexpected turn of events would provoke. I had not been ostentatious, nevertheless some *éclat* had been attached to me and my movements. Now if the whole fabric upon which my emancipation and my independent action rested were founded on an error and an assumption of rights I did not possess, I knew very well what the chorus from the far-off, hazy multitudinous fraternity we call society was likely to be. I looked at the woman, trying to read her thoughts, and indeed her face was an open page on which one might read strange matters. I began to perceive that her air of sovereignty was to a degree superficial: there was an effort at elegance, a rollicking air of good-humored ease, with something furtive behind it. The moment she spoke with any degree of freedom, both words

and manner became swagger and ended in coarse bluster.

At this moment the clock struck three. This was the hour at which I was to set out for the concert, and the carriage was probably at the door. For a moment it occurred to me some message might be sent up. But no; the coachman would wait outside, pacing his horses patiently up and down. But my mind was weaving conceits, and presently came another suggestion. Within five minutes Mr. Harrold would come down the high stoop of Mr. Hubbard's house opposite. This thought, the mere involuntary clutching after a straw of a drowning man, returned again and again. I was appalled at the growing magnitude of my dilemma. If Mr. Harrold could see me he could help me.

The woman was watching me with lazy ease. What I did she was unprepared for. I pushed my chair back out of her reach, sprang into the next room, threw up the sash, and called vehemently. Mr. Harrold was at that moment on the sidewalk directly opposite. He looked up. I beckoned eagerly.

This had been instantaneous. The woman was clutching at me from behind, and I now turned and confronted her.

"Whom have you called?" she asked, mustering an air of indifference. "You would hardly have a policeman come in to drag your uncle's widow out?"

"This is no policeman. This is a friend of mine."

"I will go," said she. "You have made a mistake; you will find it to be a very great mistake, Miss Amber. I came to see you to enlist your sympathies for your poor little cousin whom you have wronged and defrauded. You have not seen the last of me nor heard the last of me. I have come in peace, but I go to proclaim war. There might have been a compromise, but the hour for that is passed. I have rights, and I know how to make them felt."

This was fair acting. She was drawing her mantle close about her, and one of the resources easily at her command was a magnificent pose of head and

shoulders. She now summoned all her forces, and in another moment, when Mr. Harrold was shown up, stepped forward as if to meet him. He was taken aback by the sight of this stranger. He entered, shut the door, and stood leaning against it.

"You wanted me, Miss Amber," said he, without any form of salutation.

"Yes. This person has forced herself into my rooms. She has even gone so far as to threaten me."

"She does not tell you who I am," remarked the woman, with her easy, good-humored air. "I will introduce myself: I am Mrs. Henry Farnham, the widow of Millicent's uncle."

Mr. Harrold gazed at her silently without commenting upon her words. No man could look more keenly and with a better air of seeing beyond common vision. His own mental attitude he held in reserve, seeming anxious only to read this strange, shameless creature through and through, unbaffled by her evasions, her acting, or her falsehoods. This fixed scrutiny of his began to have an agitating effect upon her. The color rose in her cheeks; her eyes swerved a little; her hands moved nervously; her impenetrable calm was gone.

"You will have to substantiate your claims strongly before any one is likely to accept them," he now remarked.

"I married Henry Farnham in '66," she began, with a stormy air. "I—"

"You had better go," said Mr. Harrold, and held the door open for her. He had not before seen the little girl, who had crept in and now clutched her mother's dress, and he looked down at her,—an unlovable, loveless-looking creature, whose glance fastened on his in return rather fiercely. The woman began to speak again, but he silenced her. "Go at once," he commanded, and she went out, looking back at me resentfully till she was out of sight. Mr. Harrold followed them down-stairs. When he returned I had thrown myself upon a sofa, feeling crushed and exhausted.

He came up and took both my hands in his.

"I thank you for calling me," said he. My lips quivered: I was afraid to speak.

"I thought my ears deceived me when I heard your voice. I never expected you to need me again."

"I needed you very much."

"You say she had threatened you?"

"Yes."

"With physical violence?"

"She would not let me stir."

"How did she get in?"

"She somehow passed the hall-porter. The bolt was slipped here,—it usually is at this time of day,—and she was in the room before I knew it."

"Mrs. Burt was evidently away."

"Yes; and neither of the servants was within call."

"You were quite at that brazen creature's mercy."

"If you had not come!"

He had held my hands all this time, and under this warm, kindly pressure I began to feel the currents of youthful life again. Never in all my life before had I so needed kindness, and his kindness was most precious to me.

"Of course you did not believe what she said?"

"That she was my uncle's widow? At first I utterly disbelieved it, but she seemed so persistent and so relentless it finally began to seem true."

"You had heard nothing before of her claims?"

"Nothing."

"How about Morris? does he know of her existence?"

"She says she saw him in December."

"He had not told you?"

"Not a word."

"He no doubt looked into the matter, found out she was an impostor, so thought it best you should not be annoyed."

There was comfort in seeing him stand there and speak positively like this, as there is in the conviction of actual realities after a nightmare. His moment of softness was over. He relinquished my hands and walked away to the window. My troubles half fled as I saw his face, just as I had known it so long,

—the sad, strong mouth, the deeply-set brilliant eyes, the little frown between the brows.

"Scold me," said I; "tell me I have brought this upon myself. You told me there was no good in the money."

"Oh, I can't scold you. I have no heart to scold you. It pains me much that you have to take this deadly bitter with your sweet." His look was so kind I held out both my hands to him again; he took them, crushed them hard between his, and laid them down in my lap. "To think of your needing me to protect you from actual physical violence!" he exclaimed. "I have told myself a thousand times that you were far beyond help of mine,—that I might as well help the stars to shine."

His voice had a solemn, passionate note in it. There was profound surprise both in his look and tone.

"You were not inclined to help me the other day when I asked you to give me German lessons," I exclaimed.

He looked away. "No," he said briefly.

But, although he did not condescend to explain, my anger had quite fled. I dismissed my grievance, feeling certain that it was I who had in some way been in the wrong.

"I have thought of you as safely guarded, closely watched," he now observed. "I believed all the conditions of your life were arranged to secure your comfort, your happiness,—above all, your peace of mind."

"I am well enough taken care of."

He looked at me steadily.

"Somehow you have not settled down; you are not quite contented."

"No."

"Transitions are trying. In a year you will understand yourself, know what your future is to be, and you will become a happy woman."

I said nothing to this augury.

"To hear that with everything in the way of social resource within your reach,—to hear that you wanted to take lessons of me surprised me. It would have been dangerous flattery if I could have believed that, wearied of your gay

life and tired of your fruitless quest after real enjoyment, you had come back to me."

I hardly knew how much or how little such words might mean, and I made no answer.

"I behaved like a brute," he now said brusquely. "Forgive me."

I looked up at him, and then away, overcome with humiliation, shyness, and doubt at his glance.

"Once," said he, "you gave my pride—my vanity, rather—a blow, and I did not soon get over it. Now at last I have conquered myself."

There came upon me instantaneously the recollection of Mr. Hubbard's words. They had actual meaning, then. The wrong I had done Mr. Harrold Marion was undoing.

"Prosperity is a good thing for men," he went on. "Me at least it makes more gentle, more humble, more light-hearted. Perhaps you know of my great good fortune."

Still thinking of his relations with Marion, and strangely tried by the necessity which seemed to be upon me to say something, I faltered out that I had heard of it, adding, "I hope you may be very happy."

"What a woman's way of putting it! As if I expected to be happy!—as if I even thought of being happy! But I may be. This has been my heart's desire; and to have one's desire and never tire of it,—that is the best happiness, perhaps, which can befall a man."

His words puzzled me. I did not quite understand the mood behind his words.

"You are the one who ought to be happy," he said kindly.

"I feel," I burst out, "as if everything were over for me. With this horrible threat held out, there can be nothing but trouble ahead. All I feel is a desire to go away—far away—and become insignificant and obscure again."

He looked at me with concern, for I spoke with strong emotion.

"That woman has frightened you," he said.

"Yes, and I should like to give up all this dreadful money to her."

"That you cannot do."

"What are money and ease to me, if I am to be reminded of a being like that,—to be kept in constant alarm by her? Honestly, I have cared little for this luxury. It does very well as a substitute for real living, real enjoyment; and if she has a right to anything I have called mine—"

"She has no right. Even if she were your uncle's wife, she has no right. If she goes to law about it, you can meet her at every point. You must not allow yourself the fancy that money like yours is a trivial thing, accepted when it ministers to your enjoyment, and relinquished when the responsibility turns upon you and goads you. It is the vital type of capacity for good and evil in this world. Don't think of turning it over to be a bad force in her hands." He was speaking rapidly, earnestly, but now checked himself. "Mr. Morris will take care of you," he added, with a short laugh. "You need none of my over-ready advice."

"I feel ready to blame Mr. Morris."

"Don't do that," he exclaimed. "Morris is sure to know more about it all than you have yet begun to conjecture. I have no doubt his object in keeping silence has been a wish to save you annoyance; and of course he was quite right."

He stood for a moment uncertain, then suddenly exclaimed that he must go.

"What will become of you?" he asked. "I do not like to leave you all alone."

"The servants are close at hand now. But I had expected to go out. I may as well go out. Will you ring, please, and ask if the carriage is still there?"

I had decided to go to the *musicale*. I felt that I could not endure the silence and gloom of the lonely rooms at home.

Mr. Harrold waited while I drew on my gloves. He looked at me critically, and told me I was a little nervous and trembling, and that I must try to be very strong and very calm. When I was

ready, he led me down the stairs and put me in the carriage at the door. He looked at me a little wistfully as he stood on the curb-stone.

"How shall I be certain that you are happy and comfortable and taken good care of?" he asked abruptly, with a little frown.

I had no time to answer, for the carriage was already moving away.

CHAPTER XV.

FANNY received the news of my strange experience with dismay.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I thought Edith and I were having too good a time! I might have guessed that such money as yours was fairy gold, and would all shrivel up into dead leaves when we came to use it. What a shame it is! Can it be that I shall have to go and hunt up cheap lodgings again?"

We were driving home from the *musicale* in a very deep-cushioned little carriage. Fanny sat in the most comfortable seat, in a dark-blue velvet gown, trimmed with rich lace, which I had given her. The sumptuous dress became her well, and, set against the dark-red lining of the coupé, she made a glowing picture; but her look and her words sent an icier chill of presentiment to my heart than I had yet felt. I had longed for the musical party to be over, that I might speak to Fanny. I had sat, dazed and sick at heart, listening to the concertos and arias, finding no answer in the music to any of the questions my vexed heart was asking. I had wondered at myself sitting among those serene elegant people, feeling rather worn and soiled, stained with the fatigues of my encounter. The piano crashed and screamed with discordant clamor which put my nerves on edge. Could it be that these placid, sleepy people, waking up all around me as the final chords sounded, and applauding gently, murmuring feebly to each other that it was finely rendered, had really listened? But then they were not goaded by any of my ceaseless, important thoughts. It

was to them a mere resource for passing the long afternoon: it bridged over the chasm which yawned between luncheon and dinner. They took chocolate and tea, and talked softly in knots. I talked too, and when they asked me to sing I took off my gloves and went to the piano and sat down, and sang Mignon's song by Beethoven, and it was a relief to me. I knew very well these comfortable, well-to-do people could realize very little of the pathos and passion of the tender, bruised little heart, longing and loving so deeply, chafing so piteously against the hard, inexorable laws of life. Then, when my song was done, we came away, and Fanny was telling me of the effect I had produced, when I broke in upon her flatteries with my bad news.

"I knew," she went on, "that there was some dreadful creature who had tried to get money out of your uncle, but I did believe Snow would be clever enough to be rid of her without further trouble. The idea of her coming here to New York! Goodness knows, I hope nobody will hear of it."

"If she goes to law, everybody is likely to hear of it."

"I shall be mortified to death. But one might have known what would happen when a dubious sort of man like your uncle was concerned. I thought it a wonderful piece of good luck for you to succeed to the inheritance without any one's guessing how the money was made. But it will be a hundred times worse to have it come out now than if it had been told at first and made no mystery of."

Having delivered herself of this pettish outburst, Fanny began to question me as to particulars, showing all her usual acuteness and knowledge of her sex; and when we reached home her first effort showed practical force. Having discovered that my visitor had got into the house by insisting that she was Miss Amber's aunt and was privileged to go up without announcement, Fanny proceeded to institute reformatory measures with the view of averting any future catastrophes of the sort.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed over

and over, "the creature might have forced herself in upon us in the midst of a lunch party or at afternoon tea."

We were going out to dinner, and afterward to the theatre. I was tired, and should have liked to stay at home, but Fanny forbade so suicidal a course. If a calamity had come upon me I must act wisely and warily, forfeiting nothing by cowardice or feebly yielding to the solicitations of self-indulgent ease. I obeyed, really sympathizing with her vexation and disappointment, apart from considerations which touched only myself. I was, besides, learning the world and its laws, and, having mastered the rules of their easy concessions, I must now patiently accept their rigors. For a moment I had felt bitterly disappointed in Fanny. I had expected her sympathy in a sharp crisis; but I soon grew wiser. There were no complex mental processes in Fanny: whatever crossed her mind took shape at once in words or actions. She was complete enough in her way, but then it was a small way. What she was in her shrewd, every-day estimate of her chances, she was in an emergency. She could not be her bright, clever, pleasure-loving, discomfort-hating self, and at the same time be quite another sort of woman, ready to offer helpful words which can only be the outcome of a strong soul with perfect inward symmetry. I had loved her for what she was, and I must go on loving her for what she was, remembering not the chaff in her, but the pure wheat.

The next morning, as soon as I was awake, Fanny brought me a note from her brother: it merely told me that he had much to talk over with me, and would call for me to go to ride at ten o'clock that day. She sat down on the side of my bed and watched me as I read it.

"What does he say?" she asked eagerly.

I gave her the note to read.

"I think he might have added something reassuring," she remarked. "It seems to me there might be a compromise. I think you ought to be allowed to keep part of the money."

"It is evident that you think the woman has rights," said I.

"I always believe in bad news," said Fanny, with a little grimace, "and Henrietta would have such an unholy joy if I had to be turned out of these rooms."

"Oh, Fanny!"

"You have been scolding me for not sending Mr. Hubbard away," Fanny pursued; "now he may become my last resource. I've seen a good many bridegrooms before now whom one might call 'a woman's last resource.'"

She laughed and ruffled her eyebrows as she said this, and I knew her spirits had risen since her first gloom of the night before.

"What I should like to know," she now remarked, "is whether a certain laziness in Snow's love-making has not been due to his knowledge that this hornets' nest of troubles was in store for you."

Her words did not impress me at the time, but they gained emphasis and depth the longer they remained in my mind.

A little past ten o'clock I was riding up Fifth Avenue with Snow. The late February day had the mildness and charm of an ideal spring. The sky was soft, and all the distances melted into a warm haze. Snow himself wore a manner full of power and ease, and I felt to-day the stirring of energies which made the bearing of any miseries, great or small, seem light. The trouble which yesterday had seemed to blacken my whole world was now a mere speck on my horizon.

"So you had an earthquake yesterday?" Snow remarked, as we entered the Park.

"I felt it so at the time."

"And you don't mind it now?"

"I fear I am just as quickly exhilarated as discouraged."

"I can't tell you my concern at hearing what you had to endure from that abominable creature."

"Who told you?"

"Harrold,—Mr. Felix Harrold."

Snow looked at me, scanning my face.

We were walking our horses slowly along the wall. "You called him in," he added.

"Yes; it was one of the lucky moments in my life."

"I wish I had been associated in your good luck."

"Did Mr. Harrold go to see you?"

"Yes; he came straight to my office. He said he felt a desire to know the facts about that woman. 'Facts?' said I: 'there are no facts. She sets up a claim, but has not proved her identity with Rosina Boncourt. And behind this question lies another. Henry Farnham got a divorce from his wife: a stay in the proceedings was conceded to her lawyers as a mere matter of courtesy. He had proved his right to an absolute divorce.'"

"But it was not finished up."

"No, for his wife died. He was free. This woman claims that she did not die,—that her pretended death was a mere ruse,—that she saw her chance of a revenge. But she has to prove all that."

"She must have known my uncle. She recognized the diamond horseshoe he gave me. She told me he wore it for 'good luck.'"

"She may have seen him," said Snow meditatively. "She had begun to put forward a claim for the child before Farnham's death."

"Did she pretend to be his wife?"

"No, but wrote that she could give him important information about a daughter of his."

"That accounts for the precise instructions in his will."

"Of course."

"Well, what do you think about the child?"

"I don't think about her at all. The whole claim is a gross imposture. The child is years younger than any offspring of Henry and Rosina Farnham's could be."

We had started our horses, and for a time rode rapidly along the wall, skirted the lake, and took the bridle-path through the Ramble. When we reached the high ground we paused and turned toward the fresh wind, which blew in

our faces. The sky was of the most luminous and beautiful blue, and gained interest every moment as the white clouds sailed up from the south with a gentle, dreamy motion at a great height in the azure. I was looking up.

"Millicent," said Snow, "what are you thinking of?"

"I am hardly thinking. The sky is beautiful,—the breeze delicious."

"Is that why the color in your cheek is heightened,—why your eyes are so bright?"

"How can I tell?"

"You are distant,—you are cold to-day."

I looked at him with a sort of perplexity. I had listened with profound weariness and disgust to his recital. I had believed that he could bring me some assurance which should shorten my suspense,—that he would at least make me feel that I was shielded by both his knowledge and his strength. Vaguely and dimly I was disappointed in him.

"What are you thinking about me, Millicent?" he asked again. "Tell me just what is in your mind."

"But I am not thinking about you."

"You blame me for what happened yesterday."

"How could I be so unjust as that?"

"But you are precisely so unjust. You say to yourself that in a double sense I am your guardian, and that both as your lawyer and as your lover I ought to have averted any such *éclaircissement*."

"You are in a legal sense my guardian," I exclaimed, a little startled by his look and tone.

"You know I love you," he said tersely and with the glimmer of a smile.

I said to myself that he ought not to bring this issue into our talk to-day. The utmost confession of love would be less to me in my present mood than a simple course of action.

"You accused me just now of blaming you for what occurred yesterday," said I. "I confess that I do blame you, not for her coming, but for keeping the secret of her existence hidden from me."

"But I hated to trouble you. I see

now that I made a mistake; but, utterly disbelieving in the woman and her pretensions, I hardly thought it fair to alarm you about a clumsy imposture. But I ought to have guarded you from her. I ought to have kept myself minutely informed concerning her movements."

"Did you actually try to make her believe you lived in Chicago?"

He gave me a keen little look and laughed.

"That," said I, "made me feel you must be afraid of her."

"I wanted to gain time. She came to see me when I was in New Orleans in December. She impressed me from the first only as a bold and magnificent liar. She had heard that Farnham had left money, and at that time no lawyer had taken up her claims, and I could have bought her off easily; but I would give her nothing. All I had to do then, all I have to do now, is to confront her with some one who knew Farnham's wife. This seems a simple matter. But his married life only lasted ten months. And nothing is so uncertain, so fluctuating, so brief, as the careers of the sort of people he was generally associated with. Now, I have found out the whereabouts of two of his intimates, and I am in communication with both. But one is in Cairo and the other is in Monaco. I expect one of them back within two months."

"Suppose he said this woman was my uncle's wife."

"He will say nothing of the sort. She never was your uncle's wife."

"Would my money belong to her?"

"No."

"If she could be proved to be my uncle's wife, I should give my money up to her at once. I would not keep it a day."

Snow burst out laughing. "Oh, dear child," he exclaimed, "for a moment you frightened me. I felt that I had committed a grave error in keeping you in the dark, but now I congratulate myself on my forethought and good sense. If, after seeing that brazen creature, you have a grain of faith in her, of feeling:

for her, what might you not have suffered if she had loomed up before your imagination as a being to be sympathized with, taken compassion upon!"

"It is not that I compassionate her. I dread her. I want neither part nor lot with her. She impressed me as a strong, energetic creature who would conquer in whatever she undertook."

"She is stupid, slow, self-indulgent. I grant she has a certain sort of force. Obstinacy takes the place of character with her. And she is cruel. She would enjoy putting anybody to torture. But then she is coarse, voluptuous, and a glutton; and to gratify her instincts she would sell anything at a low price."

"I hated her so! I loathed her so!"

"Of course you hated and loathed her. And now forget her, as if she were a mere nightmare of your imagination. Come, now, I shall not let you say another word about her. I'm your guardian. I'll not be dictated to. I have my rights. You have not one, not the shadow of one. You have got to obey me." He was laughing, but at the same time there was something masterful in his glance and tone.

"Evidently," said I, a little doubtful as to whether I was angry or relieved of anxiety, "you have no opinion of my judgment."

"Not a particle. You are clever, but your opinions, like most women's, are a matter of your susceptibilities only,—delicious opinions to have and hold and talk about, but not to act upon. Come, now, dismiss your troubles. Don't you trust me?" He had left his saddle, and was now standing at my bridle. "Come down to the lake a moment," said he. "You can sit on the south side of the wall and believe it is summer."

I showed reluctance, adding that the south side of the wall did not tempt me.

"So you don't trust me?" said he, looking hurt and indignant.

So, to reassure him on that ground, I consented to leave my horse, and we scrambled down the bank to a rustic bench against a vine-trellised boulder. The little lake was beside us, with three

swans swimming about in the centre, pausing occasionally to plume their feathers and arch their necks in the welcome sunshine. Across the blue, almost unruffled water the evergreens on the opposite bank relieved the winter landscape of its bareness and lent it almost summery looks.

"Come, now," said Snow, looking at me with the smile with which one regards a child who needs encouragement, "have you put all ugly, disagreeable thoughts out of your mind?"

"Don't remind me of them."

"No; I am going to ask you about something else. Why have you never told me about this friend of yours,—Mr. Harrold? Didn't you like him?"

"We had no such trivial standards as mere liking at Madame Ramée's. We tried everybody according to his deserts. And Mr. Harrold's deserts were enormous. He was considered to be simply perfection."

"Rather over-perfect, wasn't he? I confess I set him down as a sort of prig."

"No, he never seemed to me a prig."

"I'll take your word for it. Besides, it is an easy revenge for one man to call another a prig for his superior qualities. How often did you see this paragon?"

"He came to the school four times a week."

"You had little to do with him, I suppose."

"He gave me German lessons."

"I suppose the German lessons were a mere cover for a little pleasant conversation."

"On the contrary, he insisted upon my working very hard. He often scolded me until I cried in sheer discouragement."

"Oh, what a brute!"

"No, he was nothing of the kind."

"I should call myself the worst kind of a brute if I made you suffer. Perhaps you will not believe it, Millicent, but I lay awake all night, feeling ready to hurt myself at the thought of you, my princess, my queen, my pure and spotless one, in that woman's grip. The thought makes me shudder still."

He looked into my face with poignant feeling expressed in his own; but whether yesterday's experience had left me exhausted and dull, or whether I was a little unbelieving, I could not tell. He saw that he had spoken passionately without stirring a response in me, and it mortified him. He bit his lip, and a flush rose to his forehead. "You are punishing me severely, Millicent," he muttered under his breath.

I felt that I was ungenerous. I stretched out my hand, with a little sorrowful cry: "I don't mean to be unkind."

"Then why are you unkind? You are unlike yourself to-day. Your eyes are withdrawn from me: something cold and alien answers my look."

His instincts did not err. I did feel separated from him. Something in my experience of the last twenty-four hours had annihilated warmth, color, and sweetness in my illusions. There had been a time when I liked the mystery of a certain reserve in him, when to look at his serious handsome face, with its closely-folded lips and brilliant eyes, offered me a riddle piquant and rather alluring. The fact that he had thoughts I could not readily unlock rather fascinated me. But to-day I was afraid of what I could not gauge and know to the very depths. I was conscious of wide, looming horizons haunted by menacing figures.

"You don't believe in me," he cried.

I did distrust him a little. He had made a puppet of me, and I had gone through my little phrases and motions, carrying out his ideas of the part I had better play, feeling some elation that I could please a man like him, who availed himself of the most unlimited fastidiousness. He had evidently preferred me to all the world, and his preference carried rare flattery with it. He did not like a dull woman, nor a plain woman, nor an inelegant woman. By his own confession, too, I knew that he would not allow himself to care about a penniless woman; but there seemed to me nothing invidious in that. If there was some vulgarity in the intense feeling with which all the Morrisises regarded

wealth, one made the whole world vulgar by a sweeping condemnation. I had sometimes told myself that a wife who brought him money could make Snow Morris a noble man. Once freed from sordid considerations, he could use his intellect, his wit, his culture, for the best objects. He had not been demonstrative, but he had understood the art of saying and doing a thing in a way which carried the fullest force along with it. He separated me from the rest of the world and made me the object of a delicate devotion in which I missed nothing graceful or tender. He made other men seem crude, stale, and stupid. Their fumbling after expressions of admiration was almost pitiable in comparison with his ease.

But, as Fanny always said, Snow was a very clever man, and one may use intellect as easily in love-making as in law, provided one is not heavily encumbered with emotions. He had laughed at my doubts and scruples, even when he knew that I ran the risk of finding both doubts and scruples only too well founded. Seeing as he did behind the splendors of my present life, he must have smiled a little to himself over my small successes, and remarked with inward amusement that, unconscious of my doom, I played my possibly brief *rôle* very well. He had told me he wanted me to have my little excursions into the youthful fairy-land, that he liked the spectacle of my enjoyment. But what if there had been something calculated and systematic in this attitude of unselfish patience?

I could not well utter these thoughts: they were the outcome of a mental conflict of which I felt ashamed. My continued silence tried him.

"My life is yours," he exclaimed forcibly. "Ever since I first saw you, last August, you have been the one point on which I have concentrated my efforts and energies. I was sick to death of my cold, intellectual, one-sided state of mind, and it charmed me to come upon you unexpectedly and find all at once that something stiflingly oppressive had lifted and something hitherto barred had opened. Ever since, I have

gone on watching you while present, dreaming of you when absent, until I have become so used to the idea of loving you and being ultimately loved by you, that I could no more dismiss it than I could get rid of some vital part of myself. Yet you permit yourself to doubt me, to—"

"But you don't love me," I cried.

"Not love you?"

"If you really loved me," I went on, eager to defend my cold, half-defiant attitude, "I should see it in your whole manner. Your thoughts, your feeling, your wish to make me understand you, would fuse all your looks and tones into the single expression of your ruling idea."

Having uttered this, I felt aghast, partly from my own consciousness, and partly from the look of absolute amazement on his face.

"You told me," he said, as if stung, "that no man had ever made love to you."

"A woman knows such things by instinct."

He shook his head, looking at me with a keen glance. He seemed strangely roused. I had to his mind betrayed myself, and his intellect was on the alert to discover who it was that had enlightened me concerning the demeanor of a man in love. "It cannot be Claude De Forrest who has been making love to you in this tremendous fashion," he said. "He would take the experience of love gently and seriously, and count himself the gainer by his sketches of you."

I laughed lazily. Hitherto I had been frank with Snow. I had felt pleasure, and even a little pride, in an expansive candor. But all at once our positions were reversed.

"I did not think it was in New-march," he went on. "But he has spirit, and can probably throw himself into love as he can into his other amusements. Youth is a horse which carries his rider well when he tries to make love."

It seemed to be a source of interest, almost of excitement, to discover the

personality of this problematic lover. There was a new and disquieting look on his face. His glance had grown ardent, and it made me shiver. He continued to run through the list of my acquaintances, watching my face at the mention of each name. As a jealous man he had gained new and startling force. Feeling that he had been in the dark, he was determined no longer to be wanting in penetration. He struck at random, it seemed to me, and I was just congratulating myself upon my easy success in eluding him, when he pounced upon my secret ruthlessly.

"It was the teacher, Harrold," he exclaimed. "I knew the moment he spoke of you yesterday that he was your lover."

I said nothing. I knew now that I ought to have checked him at once and not allowed his curiosity to range so widely.

"And you told me last summer," said he, with actual vehemence, "that no man had ever made love to you!"

"I told you truly."

He shook his head. He began to be conscious that he was displaying a sort of irritation. "I don't know why I should be surprised at any man's being in love with you," he now remarked. "What I care about is the feeling you may have for him in return."

He looked away. There was a little tremor on his face, and he kept silence for a long time, as if trying to get himself under his habitual control. When he did speak again, he refrained from any further allusion to his own feelings or to mine. He gave me, instead, the fullest account of what he had done and was doing, and what was likely to be done, about the woman who called herself by my uncle's name. He alluded to the possibility of a fight for the property, and seemed to warm to the prospect of a sharp encounter.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE never knows precisely what one's illusions are until they are dispelled. I

had brought, I so believed, an unspoiled heart into my new life, and had not allowed myself to become faithless to my old ideas. I had realized the piquancy of my position, and was developing tastes, inclinations, and caprices which enhanced its charm, but it was both my resolution and my prayer that a certain outside crust of worldly knowledge should in no way hinder my belief in the influences which summoned and encouraged me to do the noblest which was in me to do. I had at first told myself that I had a great opportunity, and that I must adjust my capabilities to its requirements. I fully realized that so far I had effected little. I had learned to dress well,—to hold my own quietly and gently through all social ordeals,—to do things in a way a little unusual. These views of life were not very ultimate ones, nor would the highest success in them fulfil my conceptions of what I wanted my life to be. It suited my taste to be unique, but I wished not to be proud or too fastidious. How very proud and fastidious I was I never knew until I had made the discovery of what my actual position was, and that it was not a lofty one. My notions had been nourished on illusions. Now that I was forced to examine my footing, I was startled to find what scanty standing-ground I had in this world which had flattered and caressed and run after me. By no effort of imagination could I now make myself a great personage, since I had found out the sort of mortals who could elbow and jostle me and threaten to thrust me out of my comfortable places.

Perhaps if Snow Morris and Fanny Burt had not each disappointed me a little I might have studied the crisis less, and have believed more in the permanence of things in general. I hated to be unjust, but my admiration for and belief in my guardian had declined a little. And his failure in the ordeal was of the sort which tells a woman a great deal. His preference had touched me: it had the element of fresh hope in it which, in a man who has become a little hopeless, carries an exquisite eloquence along

with it. The little traits of manner, of look, tone, and gesture, had supremely satisfied me. But if his nature had not been too noble to allow of some deception, even if his motives were of the kindest, how could I go on trusting him absolutely? Call deception by what name we may, it is still deception, and I was too much a believer in the truth to enjoy being lulled into a false security.

Fanny for a week was very positive that a change in my circumstances was at hand, and her tone was rather aggressive. A dozen times a day she bade an affecting farewell to her greatness, and at every knock at the door prepared herself for a tussle with grim destiny. But, as it was instead some messenger from the happy world about us for a quiet lunch, or kettle-drum, or Lenten "small and early," she presently recovered from her fright, and, with extraordinary subtlety, discovered that there was nothing actual in the menace which had momentarily frightened her. When in good spirits, Fanny always sympathized, comprehended, and cheered with wonderful readiness, and, finding my sunshine a little eclipsed, she devoted herself to me. She took me to church every morning, declaring that the softly-intoned services would be helpful and give me peace of mind. I used to wonder in those days if the familiar figures I saw prostrate about me could put a passionate intensity into their prayers, could leave the outside world at the doors, and not let its little thrills of foolish pride, its little vanities and stings and piques and petty ambitions, follow them in and mix with what they wanted to make a simple heart-petition for the something besides bread by which we have to live. The world certainly waited for me at the doors when I came out again. It followed us home, and used to crowd our little rooms until dinner-time. This was the dull, careless, trivial world, whose standards I had rejected, from which I had prayed to keep myself unspotted. Now that it was possible for any one to accuse me of playing a double part in it, I felt horribly afraid of the imputation. I

had been brought out quietly, but everybody had been given to understand that I was an heiress, and it had become the fashion to make much of me. I did not flatter myself concerning the disinterestedness of these people, but I hated the thought of deceiving them. It implied many things, no matter how loudly I might protest: it implied that I had wished to please them; it implied, too, their right to certain expectations of me, which not fulfilled gave them the privilege of censure, rebuke, anger. I used to wish sometimes that the worst could be known at once. There was no purpose and no propriety in this phenomenal success of mine, which in moments of distress it seemed to me had begun in deception, continued in mistake, and must end in failure. Still, I felt a horror of the world's turning away from me: I was not actually in the wrong, and I dreaded to be misjudged as if I had been. I had not scrambled or struggled to get my place; everything had come to me in an easy way, and I had merely accepted it as material for my life.

I had seen a great deal of Hildegarde De Forrest through the early spring. It was not her line to run after people, so her manifestation of a desire for intimacy was flattering to a degree. She frankly told me that she considered me a wonderful success, and she set herself to study the methods which had produced such results. Hildegarde and her mother had made a little mistake in calculating the effect of the impression her beauty would create. Society was not sufficiently thoughtful, not æsthetic enough in its perceptions, to accept mere beauty. My discrimination in choosing a different line inspired their respect.

"You please people because you have such an intense love of action, of movement, of ideas for their own sake," Hildegarde would remark. "You have impulses; you like experiments. You are not afraid even of being bored. No matter how rusty or musty things or people are, you are just as bright and just as attractive to them as to the most prepossessing and desirable. It is the safest way, no doubt."

It puzzled me a little at first to have it implied that I had chosen this rôle.

"A great many things bore me," I remarked.

"That is how you get the better of people. I dare say you are just as much bored as I am, but you always show just the same lovely rosy eagerness whether you are dancing with Charles Newmarch or listening to Uncle Thomas. Yet you are not one of the earnest girls who carry scores to the Philharmonics and pretend to take an interest in art. Mamma is 'earnest,' but she always preached indifference to me. It is hard to be simply indifferent: one grows scornful instead, and a very little scorn makes one hard and old. Now, you have a pretty air of disdain at times, but it is rather charming."

"How you study me, Hildegarde!" I exclaimed.

"Of course I study you. What else have I to do? I see nobody else,—I hear of nobody else. I did not understand you at first, but now I am beginning to make you out."

"You seem to want to make me out a monster of affectation and mystification."

"Oh, no: you are ambitious, and you like to mystify the world a little. It began by everybody's being curious about you, and your declining to gratify their curiosity. Now we are all wondering if you are likely to marry well: one never knows what a successful girl will do. Sometimes she falls in love and marries to please herself,—which is generally a mistake. I fancy you will make a good match, unless you should put it off too long. It is a pity to do that. A girl never knows what may happen."

This remark struck me with the force of powerful originality.

"Besides," she went on, "a girl gets so tired. Now, I, for instance, am so dreadfully tired and disillusionized. I have always been set up for a beauty, and a beauty not in the full flush of a successful career has the dullest time in the world. I was a pretty child, then a lovely girl, and I knew all about it. A married beauty is well enough off: she has a vocation. Her husband is proud

of her, and likes her to go about well dressed. But it is a wearisome thing to be a virgin trimming her lamp for her sixth season. I look at you with envy for your fresh unspoiled ways. Men like nothing so much."

"Men seem to like all sorts of things."

"Men will go a long way for a sensation. They like piquancy. Now, I'm not piquant. Whatever vivacity I had mamma educated me to keep down out of sight, and when one's style is definitely established it is a difficult matter to alter it. I am obliged to go on being quiet and statuesque, although at times I hate my bonds. You were so much wiser. You gave yourself more room for action."

Her words impressed me almost drolly, but there was something passionately earnest in her tone.

"I think a woman is most attractive as her actual self," I ventured.

"Yes, that is what makes you most successful," cried Hildegard, with a gesture of despair. "Your personality is an ardent one, and it gives you courage to be yourself. There is a singular independence about you. You don't let us cramp you. One sees now and then a flutter of the wings. Charlie Newmarch says you always surprise him. He used to admire me, but I could no longer surprise him, so he grew tired of me."

There was a kind of violence in this allusion, and a certain crudity which my experience of Hildegard would not have led me to expect.

"I confess," said I, "that, whatever ambitions I may have, it was never my ambition to surprise Mr. Newmarch."

"It surprises him that you do not want to surprise him," she pursued. "You don't seem to understand that it is a great thing to please Charlie Newmarch. In our traditions nothing quite equals the Newmarches. But they are just like everything else to you. Your indifference succeeds admirably; but it would not do unless you had others immensely under the sway of your fascination. Oh, there is something brilliant in the way you go on. I wish I might learn the secret of it."

"I suppose it is my money," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, in part. But other girls are as rich. People like others who can lead a bright independent life, but that is not everything."

"But," I insisted, "suppose I had no money: what then? I was just the same girl a year ago, and nobody knew anything about me."

"That has something to do with it. Your seclusion has kept you wonderfully fresh. Of course if you had not had loads of money left to you nobody would have found out about you."

"And if I were to lose my loads of money?"

"It would be a great misfortune for you. Of course it would not actually change you, you would be as pretty and elegant as now, but you would not be so attractive, and your way of meeting people and events would be altered. You would grow timid, and everybody would feel embarrassed for you, and—"

Hildegard broke off and laughed. "What nonsense we are talking!" she exclaimed; "as if there were any danger of that! If there was, the fear of it ought to operate as a command for you to make your hay while the sun shines."

There was sound advice in this, but it did not touch me. A great many ideas, vague, fluctuating, used to come to me in these days. A great many causes working silently, besides that strong threatening influence from outside, had been making a change in me. I now began to wish that I could undo the experience of the past eight months, and go back to the day in Madame Ramée's garden when I heard the news of my wealth. I felt pangs of shame and remorse and bitter regret at the recollection of that dim morning haze of possibilities which had dawned on me then when the miracle came in my life and offered me a fresh future. Instead of taking up a real life, I seemed to have accepted a substitute for it, giving up my creeds, my beliefs, my powers of emotion and imagination. Was it chance, was it pre-

sentiment, or was it fate, which had made Mr. Harrold utter his warning? Had he not seen that I was already dazzled and transported at the prospect of my new life, and discerned with a swiftly prescient glance that my new

hopes and aims would not lead me to the high sure places of happiness? If I had used my fortune in the best way, I might have loved it better in these days. As it was, it seemed to me a burden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY ESCAPE FROM THE FLOODS.

THE question was how to get away. When I had left New Orleans, eight days before, the river was already unusually high, and rising at a rate unequalled since the flood-season of 1874; but the fear that communication would be closed with the southwestern parishes had not occurred to me, inasmuch as during the very height of the former overflow the trains had made their regular journeys and the mails been carried as usual. I had not reflected that on that occasion the bed of the road had been raised several feet to meet the emergency, and of course if the track was now covered it would be impossible to raise it. Besides, everything had been done that engineering skill could suggest in that way after the previous flood had subsided.

However, there was no use in wondering why I had not foreseen this and that; the fact remained the same,—here I was in the Attakapas country, one hundred and twenty miles southwest of New Orleans, and the trains had stopped running. The regular routine was as follows. At twelve o'clock every day a large ferry-boat leaving the foot of Esplanade Street, in New Orleans, carried a crowd of passengers, baggage-cars, and freight across the Mississippi to Algiers. There the passengers, freight, etc., were received by a well-equipped, well-managed express-train, thoroughly fitted with every convenience of travel, whose ultimate destination was Houston, Texas. Five hours of rapid travelling through a beautiful alluvial country, consisting of prairies interspersed with

clumps of forest and frequently intersected with winding bayous, along whose banks water-oaks and cypress-trees could be distinguished in dark curving lines for miles, brought the traveller to the pretty village on the Teche where I now found myself a prisoner. The Teche has always been pre-eminent among Louisiana streams for having natural banks of its own, and it is only on very rare occasions that they are overflowed by the bayou. Now, however, the water from two enormous new crevasses on the Mississippi was pouring an overwhelming torrent across the country to the west of New Orleans and sweeping in a straight path to the Gulf of Mexico, collecting in its way the waters of all the lakes and bayous which form a net-work between the Teche and the Atchafalaya, and surmounting ridge after ridge of higher land as it gathered volume and force on its way. This deluge from the Mississippi alone would have desolated the country; but, the smaller streams being already brimming full from the general rise of the Mississippi tributaries, and the swamps and backlands undrained from the same cause, of course nothing could prevent the submersion of all the land, with the exception of the tops of one or two of the high ridges, between the Mississippi and the Gulf.

The place where I now was, about a mile from the village of P—, was an unusually high spot, although the house itself was not on the top of the ridge, but had been for some eccentric reason planted in a sort of flat-bottomed hole behind the higher points. It was a very

large, airy-looking, wooden house, painted white, and with wide galleries on every side. From the upper stories, to which I fled for a survey when I heard the waters were rising, I looked out on the Saturday morning with which I intend my account to begin, and saw, just at my feet, a lawn, full of fine oaks, surrounding the house; up and down, as far as I could see, a winding ridge of green, with cabins and trees, and, some little distance off, the white houses of the village and its three church-spires. Beyond this, on both sides, as far as the sight could reach, was nothing but a white line of moving water, not running fast enough to foam, but just swiftly enough to prevent its becoming a motionless brown. In the direction of the railroad I could see nothing; but that made no difference, as five miles farther down the track ran through a deep swamp on trestle-work, which must now be covered, and at Morgan City, thirty miles nearer New Orleans, whence the steamers run to Galveston in connection with the trains, I knew that the long railroad-bridge must be swaying about with the frightful force and velocity of the current, Berwick's Bay, on whose shore Morgan City lies, being the outlet for the whole water of the Atchafalaya and Grand Lake.

After much inward thinking, I asked the question aloud, "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said my cousin John; "why, wait quietly until the water goes off a little and the train begins to run again."

"How long will that be?"

"Oh, not more than six weeks, perhaps, or even a month."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "wait up here for a month or six weeks at this season of the year! You must be crazy."

"Not at all," he answered. "I don't see what there is to object to,—plenty to eat, plenty to do, loads of time to do it in, and as much time for sleeping as even old Rip himself could have wanted."

"Well," I said, "as I came up to stay one week, and, having been here just six

days, have done everything I could find to do, and am, moreover, much needed at home, you must try to think of some way by which I can get there."

My cousin being a middle-aged bachelor of sporting habits and rather *bon vivant* tastes, my sister and I are in the habit of going up to "Castle Rackrent," as his shooting-box is appropriately called, to put things in order, regulate the housekeeping, and look after the servants, most of whom were old slaves of our own, and consequently very dependent on us for general care-taking, and for that indispensable system of playing audience to their very cheerful, limp, and easy-going household ways, without which no Southern negro can accomplish anything,—a fact which the Northern people who go South are slow to understand.

"There, miss," would my smiling chambermaid Larceny exclaim, "jes' look at dat flo'; you ain' never walk on no cleaner flo' den dat."

And if I hesitated to admire, or failed in any way to respond, the blank look of discouragement which immediately settled on her face would give me, if not a pang of remorse, at least a conviction that nothing more would the damsel accomplish without the meed of approbation she coveted, and that her plaintive appeal, "Is you done 'spected dat flo' yet, miss?" would resound wherever I might turn, until I could truly answer, "Yes."

By the way, let me mention here that Larceny was so called by her mother, in opposition to the wishes of her mistress, who not only explained the meaning of the word, but implored the woman to change it to something even finer,—Sophronia, Heloise, anything but Larceny. No; Juliet was firm. Larceny was the most beautiful name she had ever heard, and Larceny her baby should be called. "It might mean theft to dem dat knows, but not to niggers. An', anyhow, dat gal she jes' lemme catch her a-larcening, I'll show her de way to treat de name her mammy done gib her."

Well, not to digress any further than my conscience (the editor) will justify,

I had come up from New Orleans on one of these housekeeping expeditions, and I had no idea or intention of going all the way to Texas in order to get back to New Orleans,—a proceeding which would have much resembled going to Philadelphia in order to cross Broadway. No; there must be some conveyance on the bayou which *would* and *could* and *should* take me as far as Morgan City, whence I could certainly either wade, or swim, or float to within a frog's jump (appropriate simile) of New Orleans. So earnest was I on the subject that I actually inspired my cousin with something faintly resembling energy, a quality of which he had never exhibited the slightest symptom before, except when either soaked through with mud and rain, with the mercury at freezing-point, a gun in his hand and a small hundred-weight of game and cartridges on his shoulders, or sweltering in a flannel shirt on the open prairie, with the same thermometer at ninety degrees in the nearest shade, which is three miles off, and a fat, angry moccasin at every other step or two sitting up on the end of its tail and spitting at him. Then, indeed, he is full of energy and radiantly happy, the only drawback being that such bliss must end. Ordinarily, however, when neither killing nor in danger of being killed, he is an extremely slow, indolent, indifferent creature. Now, however, I roused him, not exactly with "jam and judicious advice," but with the most highly colored and tremendous pictures I could possibly draw of what our dreadful position as prisoners of war might become. The skillfully-introduced fact that the sweet oil was out and could not be renewed produced an effect nothing else could have done. He went out to see if any rescue could be effected, and I, having fully made up my mind to go, no matter what the obstacles might be or how absolute the lack of conveyance, went to work and packed my clothes, while Larceny, Dorinthia, and Aldebarania looked on, and every now and then fetched a garment or a ribbon from the *armoire*, filling up the pauses with an irrelevant flow of anecdotes and remarks.

Suddenly, Buddy, whose little woolly head had been hovering about all the morning, thrust it boldly in, and announced "dat de boss was done come, and two more white fokes, and was hollerin' as hard as he could holler."

I flew down, and heard, to my infinite joy, that a steamboat, used for conveying cattle from the prairies of Opelousas to Morgan City, whence they were transported by rail to New Orleans, was now up the bayou, and, if I did not object to sitting up all night, perhaps even longer, in the midst of fleas, cockroaches, and other evils too great to mention, we might be carried as far as Morgan City, where there would be some chance of either catching a steamship *en route* for Texas or getting an engine to carry us over the submerged track. The latter seemed a very remote probability, however, as the risk was enormous and the reasons for encountering it, so far as we knew, very inadequate. But, if I had been desired to put a side-saddle on an alligator and see what I could do in that way toward reaching home, I almost think I should have assented: so of course I was willing to board the "Sally Louise" whenever she might appear. That was a great uncertainty, at what time to expect her. She was always rather an unmanageable stern-wheel craft, but in the present stage of the water, and with the tremendous current, whose force increased as it approached the bay, it would depend altogether on how many landings she might have to make, and whether the wind was high or not, whether she would arrive early or late.

Naturally, every one living up the bayou who had any freight to send, either to New Orleans or points on the road, would seize this apparently last opportunity to ship it, and all the travellers who had been cut off on their way from Texas would probably drive across the prairie to Iberia and take the boat there. So I prepared myself for great uncertainty, and, as the choice lay between six o'clock in the evening and six o'clock in the morning and all the intervening hours, I got entirely

ready, made myself as comfortable as I could, and, after hurrying through an earlier dinner than usual, so as to be certain of *that* at any rate, I got under my mosquito-bar to read. My great hope was that the boat would not appear until about twelve o'clock, as I knew by that time I should be so sleepy as to doze comfortably in any sort of chair, or even sitting on one trunk with my back against another, and the mosquitoes were so especially sanguinary and numerous that the longer I could remain under a bar the better.

No such luck, however, as this befell me. Not twenty minutes had I been settled when a series of short, sharp whistles some miles off announced her coming, and shortly after three in quick succession told of her landing. We jumped into the wagon, splashed through the muddy roads, already half full of seepage-water, and soon found ourselves struggling at the foot of a large oak to keep out of the surrounding pool and obtain steady footing on the landing-plank. The common wharf was under water, and the boat had landed at the back of a garden, where we now looked around with a curious feeling of strangeness at the tall forms of orange- and oleander-trees, jasmine-, rose-, and myrtle-bushes, looming large and indistinct through the quickly-dying twilight. Another moment, and the throbbing, struggling creature which seemed to pant and sob with the rushing stream was off again, and as I looked down from the deck upon the huge sheet of water opposite, where cane-fields had shown their ploughed surface a week before, and peered through the dark to see that the village itself stood on a ridge, behind which a lake had already formed, I began to have some idea, though faint and inadequate, of the calamity which had befallen us.

I stood for a long time on the deck, looking at the obscure figures of trees and houses as we flew past, for we were going very rapidly, and then, with many misgivings, turned to examine the boat. She was a long stern-wheel boat, originally built for passengers, but altered

for the cattle and general carrying trade, and, the whole fore-cabin having been knocked away to give accommodation for fodder and such articles as crates of chickens, bales of hay, and the immense boxes of eggs which are constantly shipped from the Western prairies to New Orleans, the only covered space left was a small cabin, with two little glass doors at each end opening above on a portion of the deck occupied by a small kitchen, a place for holding provisions, and a couple of benches full of pots and pans. On top of the cabin was the pilot-house, and on each side was a small state-room for the use of the captain and officers. Two of the small berths were partitioned off in some mysterious way, and a narrow table ran through the centre which entirely filled all the space except what was occupied by some wooden chairs and a stove. Of the dirt I do not speak: it was only what was natural and inevitable in a boat of that kind in that climate. No amount of labor could prevent mules and live-stock generally from filling any craft they occupied with fleas and other insects, while all the thousand-and-one articles, such as molasses, sugar, eggs, bananas, chickens, cabbages, flour, meal, etc., with which it was constantly laden to the water's edge, must have their accompaniments of rats, cockroaches, centipedes, and many other specimens highly interesting to a zoologist, but not pleasant as fellow-travellers. I had, however, made up my mind to all that, and seated myself in a wooden chair with my feet on a hat-box, contented simply to feel that we were going.

I was, as I supposed, the only woman on board; but every square foot was occupied by men. There were negroes, mulattoes, 'Cadians, creoles, Americans, and Texans in such profusion, and so packed in one against the other, that it was sometimes with great difficulty I could assign a pair of legs to its owner. I could easily distinguish the Acadians by their blue blouses and cottonade trousers; the creoles, by the way their hair was cut, even when I could not see their features, which are unmistak-

ble with their peculiar blunt sharpness, if I may use such an expression, and twinkling, opaque eyes. They are eyes which seem to reflect the light from without, but to let none shine through. The Americans—an expression used in contradistinction to creole—look very much like the rest of their countrymen, except that they are not so restless and so eager, so observant and so prompt, as their Northern brethren; and the Texans have that strange look of blended coolness and determination, habitual indifference and latent ferocity, which is characteristic of frontier people.

The chair which I occupied had been offered me with the greatest eagerness by those who stood near it, and I had every variety of footstool proposed that the boat afforded. The steady steam of tobacco which was rising on all sides did not, of course, occur to most of them as likely to be anything but pleasant, though I noticed that several "American" gentlemen who lived in the neighborhood, and were known to me by sight, went outside to finish their cigars, where I also should have gone if I had dared to breathe the malarious air at that hour.

When we had been steaming at full speed for two hours, and I was growing somewhat accustomed to swallowing clumps of mosquitoes, but felt almost dead with the smells and the bites which interrupted every word I tried to speak, I noticed the captain come in and enter the little state-room opposite. After spending some minutes there, during which a sound was heard as of stifled scuffling, he emerged, followed by two very tall and dirty Texans, both rather red in the face, as though from violent exertion, and one of them evidently choking in his effort to dispose gracefully of an enormous lump of tobacco. I don't think he was quite wide awake, and, suddenly facing such a large assembly, he was so much embarrassed that I felt it quite a mercy when he finally discovered his way out without swallowing his encumbrance entirely. I heard him coughing outside for a long time afterwards. Meantime, the captain came over to me, and, with an affectation of

having at his disposal any amount of large and airy bedrooms, informed me that if I would like to "lay down" and take a rest "his own room, which was the best on the boat," was all ready for me, and he would be proud for me to occupy it. The cool and collected manner in which he completely ignored having fallen upon these two unfortunate travellers and roused them out of their quiet sleep to make room for me positively took my breath away, and I could scarcely manage to gasp out a reply. But I was really so worn out that, much as I feared the result, I accepted his offer.

I shall never forget the aspect of the cabin as I looked out on it before closing the door of my little retreat. It was crowded with all the varieties of men I have described, except the negroes, of whom there were only two, sitting on the floor at the lower end. All were silent, or conversing in very low tones; those who were not sleeping in stiff and uneasy attitudes on their hard stools or on the dirty floor were smoking steadily (and spitting) either cigarettes or pipes, and many of them had tied their red bandannas over their heads to keep off the mosquitoes. All who could had their elbows or their heads on the table, over which swung a kerosene lamp, whose dim light flickered with the shaking of the boat, now under full headway and going with great rapidity. Through the open door toward the bow I could see the sparks flying from the smoke-pipe which the wind astern was blowing forward, and through them glanced a young moon and one large star. I could hear the rush of the water as it fell from the wheel, the low, murmuring sound of the wind coming from off the shore, and through it all, so regular that one ceased to notice it, the clang and the throb of the engine. The yellow, dingy light of the smoking lamp shone dimly over the dark, weather-beaten faces of the oldest 'Cadians, one of whom was talking most earnestly to his neighbor, the subject being that complicated question, money-lending. I heard distinctly what he said: "'Now, Monsieur Henri,' sez my papa to him,

'daz no my way fur to do one beeziness; I no wan' for you geef to me daz *sécurité* wa'at you say. I wan' bague ma monie we'en you mek 'im raidee for pay me.' — 'Wa'at mek you no *ligue* ma *sécurité*, eh, Monsieur Blanc?' Monsieur Henri henquire; 'daz is so *good sécurité* as ha man can geef you; we'en you haf 'im so een you' ha'an you can mek pay you dis monie ma vaife eef I die.' — 'Halte-là,' say my papa: 'you say daz *sécurité* go mek you' vaife geef me ma monie, mek you' *sonne* geef 'im bague, mek *you* geef 'im bague: dat loog *ligue* you hall gwing forgeet geef 'im bague, eef daz so small, leetle parchemin' done *looss*!' " No printer's resources can do justice to the rising inflection with which this last word was spoken. "'So den I zink I no leen' ma monie hat hall, fur feer *sompzeen* git *looss*, han me no see ma prettee beraight dollaree no mo'." Han, wiz zat, *mon* papa he sveep hall bague in ze sack."

The intense interest with which this anecdote was received spoke well for the popularity of the theme; but I was too tired to listen longer, and shut the door. I now found myself in a small space about five feet wide, seven long, and seven high, on one side of which were two straight shelves, or berths, each containing a mattress and bedclothes, the latter hastily smoothed, after their late occupants had risen, by the deft hand of the captain. On the opposite wall hung a small broken glass, and a low stool under it held a basin which was half full of some grimy-looking liquid. My first proceeding was to open the glass door which looked out upon the guards, as the passage around the deck is called, and then, putting on a pair of buckskin gloves, I threw the basin and its contents bodily overboard into the river. I then took one end of the bedclothes, upon whose appearance I will not comment, rolled them into a heap, and threw them all out on the deck, but behind a trunk and a number of boxes and barrels, so as to elude the captain's glance. There being nothing left now but the bare mattress, I spread over it an old glazed water-proof

cloak of vast dimensions, and, having completely covered it and everything near, I added a blanket-shawl, upon which, having put on my ulster and taken my hand-bag for a pillow, I laid myself down and fell instantly sound asleep.

I must have slept for a couple of hours, when I was wakened by a feeling of oppression on my chest, almost of suffocation, and, rousing myself with a start, I found lying across my body, where it had undoubtedly come for the sake of the warmth, a large gray cat, comfortably asleep. I had not the heart to banish her, so left her on the foot of the bed, while I looked out to see where we were. We were still running rapidly: the moon was gone, and a wonderful starlight was on everything, showing the swollen course of the broadening and deepening stream, the ridge of trees rising on either side from a far-spreading ocean of flooded fields, and the dark outline of the great forest dimly following everywhere the horizon's curve. I gazed for a few minutes, and then peeped into the cabin, where slumber reigned supreme. Not an eye was open, not a sound was to be heard except snores, which resounded on every side. As I looked, I became aware that there was a woman in the crowd, and, on investigation, she proved to be an old French lady, who had come on board while I slept, and who was *en route* from her overflowed home to her friends in New Orleans. I insisted on her occupying my recent couch, and seated myself just inside the door, on a low stool, whence I could watch the slow-coming dawn, which dropped back and seemed to hide its mysterious face again in utter blackness many times before finally lifting a searching outlook on the world. Beneath that penetrating glance, now gray, now golden, now roseate, now, thank God! bright daylight's own imperial orb, the water spread broader and broader, the trees rose out of it greener and fuller, and over everything was the stillness of death. No moving of cattle or trampling of horses on country roads, no flying out of house-dogs to bark at the passing

boat, no groups of merry children clustered on fence or bridge. Here and there from the chimney-tops of the larger houses the kitchen-smoke curled up, but the negro-cabins, which, of course, were more exposed to the flood, being not only built on less elevated spots, but standing directly on the ground, were, one and all, deserted, their empty walls and cold hearths conveying a chill to my very heart. I knew that the people and most of the animals were all safe in one way or another, having either taken shelter on higher spots at the last moment or been gradually leaving by train and boat for days, the overflow being slower and much less unexpected here than directly on the banks of the Mississippi. It was complete enough and deep enough, however, to have covered hundreds of miles of high-roads and thousands of acres of budding cane, and to have driven countless families away from homes no longer habitable, leaving such live-stock as they could neither protect nor carry away—a terrible proportion of the whole—to perish by merciful drowning or cruel starvation. It was such a calamity as to beggar every man within five hundred miles who depended upon the fruits of the earth for the support of his family. Cane was the principal and best crop of this region, and when that yellow water rippled and foamed three and four feet deep, or even the same number of inches, the cane was just as certain to rot in the ground, after all the immense labor of saving the seed, preparing the ground, cutting in short pieces the long stalks intersected with eyes, then laying them two or three thick in the deep furrow, and covering and cultivating them, as the sun was certain to rise and set. And even where cotton could be raised to advantage in ordinary seasons, who could hope to succeed with new crops now, when the wet ground would treble or quadruple every inevitable drawback? Every man in all that great reach of water-covered country, except perhaps here and there one of the Northern or Northwestern new-comers, who had invested in planting as a regular business

and made it pay, had begun the year more or less in debt, and, with the present unusually fine season and good seed, had never since the war seen so fine a prospect of "paying out" his place, redeeming his credit, and re-establishing himself on something like a sure footing, when, lo! a ghastly change, and at one fell swoop cane, credit, hopes, everything but debt, dirt, and deluge, had vanished.

We had now approached Berwick's Bay, one of the great estuaries of the Gulf, into which it opened through twenty miles of broad and winding channel, leading entirely through the sea-marsh, here wooded to the water's edge, there a wide expanse of sedge and reed. This estuary, receiving here the rushing waters from the Atchafalaya, which drains a long system of swamps and lakes, and uniting nine miles above with the Teche, is a formidable and dangerous stream at all times, but now it was a tremendous current, more than a mile in width, raging and foaming against every obstacle. Not even the fact that its abounding waters had long since burst from all control, and, mingling with those of the Mississippi and other bayous, had poured ten feet of flood over the surrounding country, seemed to diminish the force with which the whole united body of water hurled itself on to the Gulf.

Morgan City, an enterprising little town, formed principally by the Texas steamers, which have here their Louisiana terminus, and the Texas and Opelousas Railroad, of which it has always been a principal dépôt, was well known to the Northern troops during the war under its former name of Brashear, for it is the gateway to the countries of the Teche, the prairies of Opelousas, and all the rolling lands of Southwestern Louisiana. But who would know the bright little town as we approached it now? Every one came out on deck to see the dreadful sight. In front of us, and still some distance off, was the iron bridge which the cash and energy of the Morgan Railroad men had built, and which spans the great yellow bay with apparent ease. The town lies on the left or

New-Orleans bank, and shows generally a collection of white and yellow houses, with trees and shrubs about them, in the farther distance, a crowded acre of closely-built little shops and business-shanties, engine-houses, forges, clustered about two or three central offices, and intersected with a wide street, filled with railroad beds, tracks, points, and switches, in the nearer foreground; extending for a mile or more along the shore, the strong-looking yellow-and-green galleries, offices, wharves, sugar-, cotton-, and cattle-sheds of Morgan's great railroad company, which seems determined to have something solid if it can. Now, however, in all directions there was a great expanse of muddy waves and ripples, and only the roofs of the smaller houses were visible. Many, of all sizes, were shaking and swaying with the flowing of the water. No cars or signs of traffic appeared, and floating about on the edges of the town, among the long, straggling lines of low negro-cabins which fringed the outskirts, and whose taller chimneys were almost covered, were the frames of those which had fallen and the dead bodies of drowned animals washing out to sea through the rivers which indicated the former streets. The buildings on the bay side were stanch, but the water was washing over the sills of the upper stories, and one looked in vain for any indication that there had ever been a foot of dry land in the vicinity.

By the time I had taken in all the salient features of the scene, we had drawn quite near, but still kept the middle of the channel, and had much diminished our speed, while I noticed an unusual excitement among the officers of the boat, and saw also that the second pilot, who, while his colleague was at work, generally sat with his feet on the balusters below, practising the art of tobacco-chewing in its highest integrity, was now at the other side of the wheel, both men with muscular arms bared and brawny chests exposed in their loose flannel shirts to sun and wind, both firmly braced, and each keeping a tremendous grip on the wheel-

spikes. One looked straight before him with a glance as keen and firm as an eagle's, while the other turned to him with a look of anxiety, and said something. Cousin John was standing near me by this time, looking, as he always does, like a clean and healthy Englishman of a certain age, well made, well dressed, well fed, and in a generally excellent humor with the world, which lasts until he has something to feel angry about. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "Is there any danger?" He pointed to the bridge in front. It was about four hundred yards away, and stretched directly across the bay, its entire length, which is something more than a mile, supported by arches resting on huge piles of wood and iron attached to buoys and driven in by steam with a force which had been thought to render them secure against every possible cause of displacement. Yet at this moment these vast masses were swaying from side to side with the force of the current, making the whole structure tremble. The great danger of the moment to our little boat was now apparent,—that of being sucked by the force of the current into one of the open spaces or pseudo-arches, which were much too low to allow of any craft passing, even when the water was at its ordinary level, the draw in the middle of the bridge being sufficient for all purposes of navigation. Of course if we were to get jammed into one of the arches the injury both to the boat and to the framework of the bridge itself would be extreme. The water was running, as the sailors expressed it, like a mill-tail, and actually seemed piled up higher in the middle of the stream than at the sides. It gave a very threatening look to the river, and impressed me for the first time with the aptness of the expression, "swollen" stream. However, Cousin John said that there was no danger, and that we should make the wharf in a minute, and the jolly brown face of the captain did not lose its usual expression of careless good-nature, though he certainly did not show any indifference in the discharge of his duties. I never looked round that he was not gesticu-

lating, waving or shouting to the men at the wheel, who quietly held on, and in a few minutes, though we actually leaned over in making the turn, and it seemed to me that we were swept at least a hundred yards sideways, they had brought her, trembling and snorting like a frightened horse, to her landing-place, where a number of stout ropes and massive chains soon held her safely bound.

We now began to think about breakfast, a subject to which we had given little thought so far, but whose claims on my attention at least were becoming paramount. I had brought a basket of provisions with me, knowing that the "Sally Louise," not being a passenger-boat, could not be expected to furnish breakfast for passengers. However, I need not have troubled myself. A great tall mulatto, who had been for years the head steward of our old-fashioned daily packets, had now become Captain D.'s body-servant, and, finding that some of his old friends and patrons were on board, had gone forthwith into the kitchen and produced some coffee, which was quite equal to any in the French market, and a number of creole dishes, such as jambolaya daube, gumbo choux salad, timbale au riz, poivrade, etc., all of which were delicious after a night of such varied experiences and the long morning since.

As soon as they had breakfasted, the men all rushed on shore to see what chance existed of reaching home without going to Texas *en route*. My old lady was still asleep on the very hard pallet I had given her. I had begged Jules to keep something hot for her, but I began at last to think she would never wake, and that I should have to feed her in her sleep to keep her alive, as they sometimes do babies when they are ill. She looked very old, very ill, and very helpless, as she lay there unconscious. She was neatly, even prettily dressed in plain black, and had on little half-high shoes, and black stockings evidently of her own knitting. Her silvery hair, still very thick, her soft skin, and the delicate blue veins in her temples, showed her to be a person of refinement,

and the more I looked, the more I liked her appearance. Fearing the men would soon be back with some arrangement completed for us to leave immediately, I took a cup of steaming coffee in my hand and went in to rouse her. To my great dismay, she awakened with a violent start, and as she slowly raised herself I saw that she was looking wild; but this expression passed immediately, and she composed herself almost as quickly as I caught the look. She got off the shelf, on which, indeed, she could not sit up, as there was another just above it, and as she drank her coffee she thanked me with a sweet, dignified manner. I asked her if she had been having bad dreams, that she awakened so uneasily. She finished her coffee, put the cup on the table, and, laying her hand on mine, said simply, "My dear, four times in my life I have been awakened out of my sleep to be told that I had a child dead, and once to leave my house in flames. I cannot rouse myself now, as I could once, with a quiet mind." I heard afterward the whole story of her life,—of the long struggle, before the war, with a brutal, dissipated husband, who ill treated not only her, but his slaves, between whom and his evil habits and passions she had been a barrier for years,—of the dreadful perversion by the father of one son after another,—of the dearly-loved daughter's death one year after the marriage from which the mother had hoped so much; then, when the war came, of trial and privation bravely met,—of the clinging together of mistress and old slaves,—of one son after another dying either in battle or from some other terrible cause, the poor old woman never seeing her boys again after they once rode away, yet hardly knowing how to grieve for the evil lives so dreadfully cut short; and then, since the war, the long lonely summers and winters, without even the right to suffer for any one left, except a few of the old negroes with whom she had still remained in the old plantation-house, which was too worthless to be a prize to any one else, but whence the water had at last driven her to the friends in New Orleans who revered

and loved her, and the negroes to the cabins of old-time neighbors farther up the country. It must have been very doubtful to those poor old broken-down people whether they would ever have means or strength to come together again after the waters should subside; and on talking to Madame Fleury (as we will call her) I found that this seemed to be the only thing that troubled her. She had long ago resigned herself with a perfect faith and the most serene patience to the sorrows of the past, to the sufferings and privations of the present; but the separation from those old, familiar, black faces, those hard but faithful hands and loyal hearts, was a pang keener than she had then thought life could still inflict.

I was still gazing at her, and wishing that I knew how to get her comfortably to New Orleans, when Cousin John reappeared, laden with wraps, and leading a handsome setter which he was taking to New Orleans, and which, when it was not wrapping its chain inextricably around some man's legs, causing the said man awful anguish when they tried to go separate ways, had been eating the eggs out of the crates among the freight on deck. Cousin John, who was followed by the captain and several others, had come to announce that no possible chance existing of getting off on a locomotive, which had been our one hope, and no steamer being ready to sail for either Galveston or the mouths of the Mississippi, our only resource was to hire a little tug or steam-tender which could be had on the spot, and which, with the assistance of the owner, who was a very skilful pilot, could be warranted to take us through gardens and fruit-yards, between bee-hives and over fences, to a spot many miles nearer New Orleans, to which place we might reasonably hope to find thence some means of transportation. In great haste we seized all our various bags, bundles, and shawls, and prepared to leave the "Sally Louise." We descended a wide plank, and stepped on a strip of wharf, which, being much elevated above the rail, looked like a piece of dry belting all along the front

of the quays and the various offices, sheds, and nondescript buildings. The comparatively narrow gangway before us was lined on each side with boxes, barrels, hogsheads, staves, pails, kegs, crates, tubs, full of every thing that was ever known to man by sight or smell, and also by rows of negroes sitting or standing, surrounded with packages and bundles of their own, hastily caught and tied up in red and yellow bandannas, and all waiting with the sublime patience of their race for some chance of getting away. Many of them had occupied their present positions for days, going at times to some safe spot without to make a little blaze and cook or warm over food enough for two or three meals. We passed quickly through these quiet-looking negro groups, but at the upper end, just in a spot where we were hemmed in by a huge disabled Texas steamer on one side and a wide flight of broken steps leading directly into an ocean of muddy water on the other, while the sun, which was now almost overhead, beat down with a sickening glare peculiar to that portion of Louisiana upon our steaming heads, we were compelled to stop for an indefinite period, while something occurred on the little craft we had hurriedly hired,—we knew not what. I fortunately had a large umbrella, and beneath its shelter poor Madame Fleury, who was quite exhausted with the heat, excitement, and confusion, and I tried to find relief. We selected a nook between an immense cask of some curious-smelling liquid and a pile of square boxes full of cabbages, where at any rate, by stooping and keeping quiet, our two heads were under shelter, and we could almost sit down. Here we remained for one hour and a half, listening meekly to the preparations on our miniature steamer, and wondering why we had ever left the "Sally Louise," until we heard a low voice, whose owner was too much hidden in the labyrinth to be identified, say, "'Tain't no use frettin' 'bout her, Sis! She had to go back to t'other side of no-whar, and I'se be bound thar ain't no woman ez wants to go thar.'" The oracle ceased, and we were much comforted.

This being the best we could possibly do, we would make the best of it, and I soon became so much interested in talking to the poor refugees, black and white, that I was amazed to find out how late it was when Cousin John's florid countenance, by this time baked to a deep brick color, emerged from some mysterious depths.

Heavens! what an infinitesimally small boat the "Alouette" was, and how dirty and crushingly packed with people! No craft had left or been able to leave the bay before this for several days, and although the boat was especially hired, at least in part, by three or four gentlemen anxious to reach New Orleans, every living soul that wanted to leave applied for permission to go with us. This could not, of course, be refused, especially as each additional passenger added so much to the captain's receipts. Never shall I forget that crowd of people, chiefly women, with little groups of children dressed in their Sunday clothes, the poor little things all showing the ill effects of close confinement to the house, with damp air and bad food. There were not many men going: the fathers and husbands were all hard-working laborers, who each had some task connected with the overflow and were glad and thankful to get work. We packed ourselves away in the little boat as closely as we could, on stools, boxes, barrels,—any seats that could be improvised. The rough-looking men picked up and tenderly kissed one child after another, giving one a cake, one an orange, commending them to take good care of *maman*, and begging neighbors' wives to "*regarder un peu si Marie va bien; faut pas se gêner pour un sou, faut acheter tout ce qu'il faudra pour ses enfants.*" Almost every family carried a little bedding, either a bundle of blankets or a thin mattress sewed up in a patch-work quilt, or some such package, and after we started arranged these things in such a way as to make little beds for the children, most of whom soon fell asleep with their hands full of their fathers' parting gifts.

It was not long before we were under

full headway; and now, for the first time in my life, I sailed through a completely-flooded district, where not one foot of dry land could be seen, and even the great forest-trees were dwarfed by the height of the water. We were going to try to find our way through a winding channel of bayous, some quite navigable, others created by the flood, through old plantation-drains, across fields, over roads which generally divided waving sugarcane, and under avenues of waving trees. At first we were in a broad stream, as we could see by the trees being so distant; but before long they began to draw together, and from that time forward we ran through such winding, wooded ways as surely no boat ever took before. Now we were close to a tall brick chimney, nothing else of the whole house being visible except one projecting dormer-window; now almost grazing a pigeon-house while skillfully avoiding the top of the picket-fence, which was clearly seen three feet beneath the surface. We slowed a little while passing a large house, whose occupants were all clustered at the windows of the second floor, where a couple of boats were floating just on a level with the sills. In answer to the captain's hail and inquiry if they wished to come aboard, a negative answer was returned. The saddest sight of all, where we saw no other signs of habitation, was that of cows and other animals standing meekly on narrow, insecure-looking rafts of two or three planks each, anchored to a tree with ropes or chains, and provided with little heaps of damp-looking hay. The dumb, patient creatures looked quietly at us, the rafts swaying from the motion of our wheel, the great dark forest rising very near, elsewhere wide spaces of water, or water in endless winding channels, here moving slowly, there rushing in rapid currents, now swirling round the projecting eaves of a solitary roof, anon washing in and out of some great, hollow cypress-tree,—but always water.

It was a summer's day in temperature, and the dense foliage which the warm winter had preserved in an unusual manner had that peculiarly dark green look,

that intense gloom in its recesses, usually only to be noticed in August. We were so closely packed on the "Alouette," and the heat was so extreme, that the only comfort we had was in running as close under the trees as possible. It was curious to notice the enormous number of alligators, young ones especially, that slipped off the floating boughs and logs and fallen trees as we approached. I counted up to one hundred and five, and then grew tired. It was also interesting to watch the snakes and turtles: the former could be seen constantly, though not so often as the alligators, winding away through the water in long, graceful curves. The turtles could be heard as they slipped with a flop into the water. We came some ten or twelve times on men who had taken refuge in tree-tops, where, with the aid of little rafts made from any sort of floating material, they watched such of their valuables as they had been able to anchor in safety, or the portions of their dwellings still visible. One or two houses, besides the one I have mentioned, being built on ground higher than any around, were sufficiently out for the second story to be visible, and in these cases the owners remained, though the danger of being washed away or of the house falling was imminent. They had boats, however, and took their chances. It was wonderful what a silence there was over the whole region. It was the middle of the day, so of course the mocking-birds, which generally keep the sky in an uproar, were silent; and, there being no dogs, cats, children, mules, chickens,—anything, in short,—left to make a noise, there was a great and solemn silence over everything, which the noisy puffing of the little "Alouette," if anything, rather emphasized; and I could distinctly hear, like the sound of bees,

the breathing of the children asleep in the cabin. As we went on and on in the blazing light and heat and stillness, and the trees grew blacker and heavier in the yellow air, and the water grew deeper and swifter, it seemed to me that we had been sailing in this way forever, and must go on forever, without stopping. I looked around, and saw on every face the reflection of my own feeling. Every one sat or lay or stood half asleep in the burning afternoon, and even the captain leaned, with closed eyes, against the pilot-house,—when a tremendous crash roused us, accompanied with a shout and a volley of oaths. It was nothing but that in rounding a point the pilot had varied the proceedings by knocking down a tall brick chimney and thus dispersing a nest of long black snakes, which could be seen in every direction, swimming for dear life.

Ten minutes more of undisturbed steaming, and then a long, clear whistle was heard.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Cousin John, "Higginson is a trump. They have managed to get an engine here to meet us, after all."

And so it proved, for, as we neared the track at the point where we had telegraphed to the railroad managers to try to have us met, there stood one locomotive, with one day-car and one baggage-car attached. Our troubles were over; for, though we ran slowly the rest of the way, we did so safely, and had crossed the ferry and reached our door by nine o'clock. I was sun-burned, tired, hungry, and covered with specimens of the various strata of mud pertaining to the country, but I would not have missed a moment of the whole experience for any consideration you could mention.

ANNIE PORTER.

A FAIR ASCETIC.

IF, at the close of a cold gray day in early November, Sue Harrington, teacher in the Ninth Ward Intermediate, returning to the small upper room she occupied in Mrs. Brown's boarding-house, had found a cheerful fire burning in the little, open stove, she would have prepared to spend the evening at home, in diligent correction of the A class compositions, and this story would never have been written. But the fire, built on the thrifty principles which characterized the Brown administration, lay sobbing and sputtering on the hearth, and sending up little flickering blue flames along the sides of the wet kindling, and on the entrance of the school-ma'am subsided into a few pale sparks, which soon blinked themselves out of existence before her reproving eye. There seemed nothing to do, Miss Harrington thought, but dress and attend the church sociable. The church sociable was about the only form of festivity in which Miss Harrington permitted herself to indulge,—the fact that she really enjoyed those fortnightly gatherings so little serving as a motive for pretty constant attendance thereon.

Sue Harrington was a good deal of an ascetic, though of modern make and description. A life-long struggle with poverty, not of the begging or shabby-genteel order, but of the pinched, respectable kind, and severe youthful training in the tenets of a narrow creed, had early inured her to habits of rigorous denial and self-scrutiny. Though barely twenty, she had come to consider herself as possessed of exceptional experience and knowledge of the world, and professed to have quite done with illusions. Other girls might have their hopes, their dreams, their rose-colored fancies, but to Miss Harrington life had been one long stretch of dull uninteresting gray. From having learned to do without rose-color, she had come to distrust its effects on the vision, and when

it happened that a few crimson streaks lit up her own horizon she turned her startled eyes another way and prayed to be delivered from temptation.

But there were times when her still fresh and uncorrupted girl's nature got the better of her fears, and she found herself in a state of wilful self-assertion, mastered by an intense longing for a life fuller, freer, richer than any she had yet known. The bare walls of the school-room, and the meagre appointments of the boarding-house, grew intolerably hateful to her at times, when in a spirit of childish defiance she would treat herself to some unallowed luxury, visiting some art-gallery to revel in the delicious tints of earth and sky, or purchasing the latest novel to store her fancy with its images of unreal men and women, or, it may be, indulging in a piece of feminine extravagance,—a gayly-hued scarf, or a bit of costly lace, sure to be repented of afterward and hidden out of sight.

But by thus dwelling on the moods of my heroine I seem to enlarge them out of due proportion to the rest of her character. For the most part, Miss Harrington kept her emotions under strict control, and to the ordinary observer appeared only a quiet, self-possessed, rather icy young woman, whose pretty face did not serve to counteract a certain chilly unresponsiveness of manner. Miss Harrington had few friends, and no intimates, unless it was her cousin Harriet,—or Mrs. Simon Weatherby, as the world knew her,—who, as the mistress of a pretentious establishment on the aristocratic south side of the city, had a multitude of social cares and worries on her hands, but who found time to keep a watchful eye on her cousin, whom she alternately petted and scolded, and professed to understand even better than she understood herself.

So far as looks were concerned, Sue Harrington was a very attractive young woman,—a fact which, if it entered her

consciousness at all, seemed rather to irritate than please her. As she stands before the small painted bureau, the image reflected in the swinging glass is very fair to look upon: a face of dewy freshness and Madonna-like regularity of outline, broken only by the slight *retroussé* bend of the nose; eyes of dark blue and gray, as the colors meet and mingle together with every change of feeling, and shaded by a delicate arch of eyebrow, and long curling lashes which match in hue the tangled masses of brown hair. The latter was meant to curl,—a sufficient reason in the owner's estimation for gathering it closely in a small knot at the back of the head. But stray locks will escape here and there, and hang caressingly over the forehead and against the slim white neck. The plain cashmere is exchanged for the conventional black silk, and at the throat a pale-blue scarf is fastened, and her toilet is complete.

"Why do you wear that red tie?" her cousin once asked her. "Is it because blue is more becoming?" She smiled as she recalled this bit of cousinly satire.

"To please Harriet," she said, as, hesitating about her small stock of ribbons, she selected the blue.

Nina Garvin, daughter of one of the deacons of the church where Miss Harrington rented her modest pew, made her preparations for the evening sociable with unusual zest and spirit. She had persuaded her cousin, Ned Bertram, who had dropped in to take tea with the family, to accompany her. Ned Bertram was a cousin for a girl of sixteen to be proud of, with his good looks, accomplished manners, and thorough good nature. No wonder Nina lamented that they saw so little of him; but Cousin Ned moved in a social orbit far removed from the circle in which the quiet deacon and his family revolved, and was inclined to take some credit to himself that in the midst of the more exciting demands upon his attention he found time to pay a monthly visit to his uncle's staid and sober household. His friends said Ned Bertram was born under a lucky star. The last remaining scion of an old

New-England family famed for worthy acquirements in statecraft and letters, a drop of the blood of some roving ancestor must have filtered through the ages until it reached his youthful pulses; for, instead of remaining at home in the quiet old town where he was born, and following in the professional footsteps of father and grandfather, he had no sooner left college than he started for the West, and put himself in training for the career, honorable if not illustrious, of a successful man of affairs. Aided less by the excellent letters of introduction he brought with him than by his own engaging manners, Ned soon found himself associated in a confidential capacity with one of the leading firms of the great metropolis of the lakes, and was already looked upon as one of its rising young men. Gray-haired veterans in the service of Mammon spoke of him in terms of praise, while their wives, those fair and bounteous dispensers of the lavish hospitality of the new Occident, reserved for him their most beaming smiles and motherly interest. If Ned did not remain wholly unspoiled by all this, he yet bore the honors of popular leadership with such rare tact and good temper that those whom he outdistanced in the race rather admired than envied him, liking better to be counted among his friends than among his rivals.

In his leisure hours Ned used to picture the contrast between his present life and that career as a grave, respectable country doctor which his parents had marked out for him, and which his mother, in reverential affection for his dead father's memory, had never quite forgiven him for abandoning. He compared the freer manners and munificent display of the West with those habits of cold and guarded propriety which prevailed in his mother's choicer circle at home. He smiled at the thought of her dismay were she to meet Mrs. Blazewell in morning costume of velvet and diamonds, and wondered with a little trepidation what her opinion would be of most of the young ladies of his acquaintance, gay, heedless young things, overrunning with smiles and chattering

nonsense, and always overdressed. But, though able to discriminate between the two civilizations, the new with the noise and hurry of its rapid development, the old with its time-honored virtues, Ned felt that for himself he vastly preferred the new. Here, he told himself, was where he belonged, and drew in whole chestfuls of strong prairie breezes. Where the rush of business was quickest and its excitement hottest, there he liked best to be, timing his young pulses to the subdued roar of the many-throated voice which speaks on 'Change, and matching his untried strength and daring against the wisdom of older and craftier heads than his. This was better than poring over medical treatises or administering to the hypothetical complaints of wealthy patients. To be sure, his father had achieved considerable distinction in his profession, especially for some discovery about the ophthalmic gland,—Ned believed it was the ophthalmic,—which the son took a kind of remorseful pride in. But Ned did not care to be distinguished: he only wanted to be prosperous and happy,—a man among men. Peace to his father's ashes, but the West was his home. As a matter of course, home eventually meant a wife; but there was time enough to consider that. Ned felt no immediate desire to unite his destiny with that of any of the elegantly-arrayed effusive young women of his set. It puzzled almost as much as it annoyed him that his name had become associated of late with that of Blanche Ingersoll, a tall, stylish creature, with brilliant brunette complexion and dark languishing eyes. Even little Nina, here, had been teasing him about her, repeating the hints and rumors she had caught from afar. "This gossip must be stopped," he reflected, shifting his legs uneasily, as he sat waiting for Nina. He would accept that offer of the firm to go out to Denver and look after certain mining interests. Ned's taste was too fastidious to be pleased with that type of modernized Juno which the stately Blanche represented. Her dark, queenly beauty was in direct contrast to that sweet

womanly ideal which Ned had cherished in his heart for years. It was his pet superstition that some day, sooner or later, he should meet and claim as his own the living counterpart of this ideal,—true to the curving of an eyelash and the tender flushing of a cheek to the pictured semblance of his dreams. In the mean time he could afford to wait, and was the friend, favorite, and admirer of every woman of his acquaintance, but the lover of none.

The church parlors were slowly filling as Ned entered with Nina on his arm.

"I must introduce you to the minister," she said, indicating a pale, slim young man who stood on the opposite side of the room, conversing with a young lady of his congregation.

Bertram with difficulty repressed a start of surprise. He stood quite still, unheeding the pressure of Nina's hand on his arm, his eyes fastened on the downcast face of the minister's companion.

"Who is the young lady?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"That?" said Nina carelessly: "that is Miss Harrington, the school-teacher. Bobby goes in her room, and says she's awful strict. Rather pretty, isn't she?"

Just then Miss Harrington raised her eyes, and met the full, direct gaze of a strange young gentleman. There was that in the look which startled her,—something which seemed both to question and to challenge her,—a gleam of mingled triumph and recognition which half alarmed and wholly puzzled her. In a moment the stranger's eyes were withdrawn, and he was crossing the room. A detaining question from the minister prevented her escape, and she was necessarily included in the introductions which followed. The usual commonplaces having been exchanged, Miss Harrington was about to separate herself from the group, when she was arrested by Nina.

"Oh, Miss Harrington," she exclaimed, in the gushing accents of sixteen, "Bobby has been perfectly miserable the last two days because we kept him from school. He has a dreadful

sore throat, and it's such a task to amuse him. He does nothing but fret about his examinations and talk about you." Nina rattled on with increasing volubility, unheeding the frown of displeasure with which her tall cousin was regarding her. Miss Harrington listened quietly, expressed her regret at her pupil's absence, and promised to call and see him the following day.

"Don't you know," said Ned to his cousin when they were alone again, "that you should never talk shop to people?"

"Talk shop?" said Nina wonderingly.

"Yes; you should never talk to people about their business pursuits on social occasions," he explained, with the admonitory air of an elderly relative.

Nina had never heard of this simple principle of etiquette; but Cousin Ned moved in an enchanted circle beyond her reach. He must know. "Then I suppose I should never talk about church matters to the minister?" she said, in a tone of artless inquiry.

Ned laughed outright, thinking this a rather clever reply. The mantle of cousinly Mentor slipped easily from his shoulders.

Just then Nina was seized upon by one of her mates and borne away to the supper-room, to assist in serving refreshments. Bertram, thrown upon his own resources, looked about for Miss Harrington. It was with a shade of reluctance that she accepted the arm he offered and allowed him to lead her to a quiet corner, where, seating her in one of the society's easy-chairs, he placed himself in a position which commanded a satisfactory view of a face he seemed desirous of studying further.

Mr. Bertram belonged to a different order of young gentlemen from that which Miss Harrington was accustomed to meet at the fortnightly sociables. The stylish, well-fitting clothes, the easy, polished bearing, the gay debonair speech, all proclaimed him of a different sphere. It was impossible to resist a certain fascination about him. She liked, better than she would have confessed,

the ready, unobtrusive oversight with which all her small wants were supplied, the sense of manly strength and protection which came from the presence of this tall, self-sufficient young gentleman at her side. But she was no school-girl, to receive this homage with smiling complacency or fluttering agitation. So she whetted her tongue, and, leaning against a background of crimson plush, let fall from demure-looking lips neat little satirical hints and observations, mild cynicisms, and bits of reflective irony, all of which her companion appeared to enjoy vastly.

"So you are a stranger?" she said, with a little mocking accent. "I must present you to Miss Tripp, who is on the hospitality committee. She will shake hands with you and put your name in her book."

"Pray do not," he said, lightly balancing his spoon on his cup. "My wants are not of the kind that require the services of a committee. Mine is one of those hardened cases which demand individual treatment."

Miss Harrington received this reply rather coldly, being already displeased with herself for speaking lightly of church matters.

"You attend these gatherings regularly, I suppose?" was his next remark.

She threw a glance of quick distrust at him. "You find entertainments of this kind very dull, I dare say."

He looked at her with puzzled attention. "You mean that I am such a worldly fellow?" he asked, at length. "But you are very uncharitable. I can assure you I have attended a good many church sociables before, and I rent a pew in Dr. A——'s church."

Bertram half smiled as he looked into her face. He suspected there were some fine old-fashioned prejudices hidden beneath that girlish exterior. He was one of those who do not object to a certain lady-like narrowness of view in women.

Subsequent conversation developed the fact that Mr. Bertram was a near friend of Mrs. Simon Weatherby, and the admiration in which each held that lively lady's merits formed a new bond

of interest. Miss Harrington recalled many lavish expressions of regard which her cousin had bestowed on one Ned Bertram, who until now had never taken tangible shape in her imagination. If that young gentleman felt any curiosity at having never met Miss Harrington at any of her cousin's popular receptions or her more *recherché* Sunday evenings, it found no gratification in any explaining words of hers.

As the weeks went on, Ned Bertram seemed to have acquired a new interest in his West-Side relatives, offering himself as Nina's regular escort to all the church fairs and sociables, and occupying with increasing frequency a seat in his uncle's pew. Young love takes infinite pains to accomplish small gratifications, and Ned considered an hour's waiting in the deacon's crowded pew small penalty for the privilege of a few stolen glances at a wild-rose face,—a face which was always a trifle colder and prouder than usual on Sundays.

One Sunday morning, when the December air was filled with the warmth and tender sunshine of May and a hint of the coming June-time was caught in the breath of early winter, Sue Harrington was returning home at a pensive gait, when she heard a quick, ringing footstep behind, and in a moment Mr. Bertram was at her side. Their talk was half grave, half buoyant, such as insensibly responded to the day. Some subtle influence in the warm south wind drew them into unconscious nearness to each other and attuned their thoughts to unreflecting harmony and ease. They conversed in little snatches where words were hardly needed to express their perfect agreement, or paced slowly on in a silence which betokened a still nearer understanding.

It was not until Miss Harrington had withdrawn her hand from the lingering good-by pressure in which it was clasped that she recovered consciousness of her old careful self. She raised a startled glance to the face of her companion, now mantling with some new emotion, and, turning quickly away, entered the house. Alone in her room she pressed her cold

hands against her hot cheeks, and was covered with that helpless shame which follows the discovery of some wrong committed, or, worse, some weakness indulged. She began to upbraid herself in the old fashion. What had she to do with this gay young man of fashion? as she absurdly characterized the cheerful, well-dressed, prosperous Ned Bertram. Why had he ever come into her life thus to tempt and allure her from her old ideals? She wished—almost—that she had never seen him.

Bertram returned to his bachelor quarters on the Avenue in an exultant mood, which, as the short afternoon waned to the early winter's twilight, gave way to one of true-lover's depression and melancholy. He prepared to go out and spend the evening at Mrs. Weatherby's. He would tell her he had met her cousin, and perhaps she would talk to him about her.

Mrs. Weatherby was a woman whose grace and versatility, compounded with a certain brusque originality of speech and manner, made her a typical figure in the society in which she moved. Nature had endowed her with the gift of social leadership, and fortune had kindly cast her lot amid surroundings which favored its exercise on quite as brilliant a scale as she could desire. As the wife of a prominent dealer on 'Change, Mrs. Weatherby had a certain position to maintain with respect to society, and entered willingly enough upon a prescribed round of visiting and receiving. But the spectacle of a world devoted to the heavy task of self-amusement grew very wearisome at times, and within the larger radius of her fashionable acquaintance she had gathered a smaller circle of congenial associates from the thinly-populated literary and artistic ranks of the city, who met in her drawing-room every Sunday evening to engage in that mildly-intellectual chat and gossip concerning the latest book or picture which Mrs. Weatherby professed was her greatest solace and delight.

The hour was early when Ned entered his hostess's drawing-room and found her sitting alone, reading from the pages of

a recent review, pencil and note-book at her side. "I am jotting down a few items from this article on the Pyramids," she explained, after greetings had been exchanged. "That's our subject to-night. Professor Pelton is to give us a paper."

"Then I had better take this easy-chair and make myself as comfortable as possible," said Ned, sinking into the luxurious depths of a Sleepy Hollow. "Is it likely to be more than two hours long, do you think?"

Mrs. Weatherby looked at him severely through the gold-bowed spectacles which adorned her shapely nose (she added near-sightedness to her other literary accomplishments). "Don't be light-minded, young man," she said. "Professor Pelton is a distinguished scholar. He has been invited to give a course of lectures before an Eastern college."

"Ah, then this is a kind of farewell address," he replied, in a cheerful tone, stooping to lift the young daughterling of the house to his knee,—Mamie Weatherby, who sat perched on her seat with an air of utmost content, smoothing her scant skirts over the slim dangling legs which fashion prescribes to the little-girlhood of our times.

"I don't like Professor Pelton, either," said the child, looking up confidently in his face. "He looks at me over his spectacles, and says, 'Run away, little girl.' I told Cousin Sue so yesterday; but she said little girls shouldn't talk like that. She said Professor Pelton was a very wise man; but I don't like wise men. I like you best of all."

This raised a laugh; and Ned saw the way opening before him. "By the way," he said, in a tone of affected ease, "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harrington."

Mrs. Weatherby was taking a note on the dimensions of the northeast corner of Cheops, and stared at him blankly a moment. "You know Sue!" she said, in a low, wondering tone. A hundred thoughts flashed through her head. She remembered that Ned had been a very irregular visitor of late, and was getting

to be somewhat of a myth in the circles he used to frequent; that Blanche Ingersoll had been growing a little pale and talked of a trip to Florida; that Sue herself had said never a word about this new acquaintance. She bent a puzzled, questioning look on the young man, on whose face a conscious flush was dawning. Then, suddenly bethinking herself, she resumed her pencil and carefully finished her sentence. In a few words Ned gave her an account of his meeting with her cousin. She listened with an air of calm interest, and said, "Ah, indeed!" when he had finished. "Sue is a rather nice girl," she continued, in a careless tone, "if only her head was not so full of crotchets."

Ned moved uneasily in his chair, and Mamie, disturbed in her sleepy posture, slipped down and walked away. "What do you mean by—by crotchets?" he asked, with a slight frown.

"Why, teaching,—that is one of them. I want her to come and live with me, where she belongs. What with this great house on my hands, and clubs, and committees, and calls, there's enough for both of us to do. Besides,"—in a changed tone,— "her father took care of me when I was left alone in the world; and if she had the least sense of gratitude she would let me do something for her."

Ned smiled at this peculiar logic. He found it difficult to picture Miss Harrington in this rôle of genteel dependence. "How is it I have never met her here?" he asked.

"Oh, it's as I tell you. She has her notions. I suppose," with a slight satirical uplifting of the eyebrows, "she doesn't approve of my Sunday evenings. Then she thinks the life here would unfit her for what she calls her duties. She is afraid she would enjoy it too much," Mrs. Weatherby concluded, with a grim smile.

Ned was by no means certain that he liked this cousinly frankness. "Aren't you rather hard upon her?" he asked, pulling nervously at his moustache. "She—she is very religious, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," his hostess replied, with a shrug of her shoulders. "She should have been born a Catholic. Then she could have joined a sisterhood and practised all sorts of penances on herself. But she's a bigoted little Protestant, and there's no sisterhood for her to enter. But she practises her penances just the same."

The other guests of the evening entering at this moment broke up the conversation.

Ned withdrew his chair to a shaded corner, where he remained in an attitude of profound reflection highly gratifying to the essayist.

A careful observer might have noticed that Mrs. Weatherby was not bestowing her usual eager attention on the reading. Her pencil hung idly suspended from her fingers, and the notebook had slipped down the shining folds of her dress and lay face downward on the floor. She sat opposite Bertram, and, stealthily watching, saw the half-pained and troubled expression he had worn the first of the evening give place to the clear, resolved look of a man who means to make and have his way. Once their eyes met, and both blushed as though they were a pair of guilty conspirators. Ned was obliged to content himself with this tacit sympathy, his hostess skilfully evading his attempts, after the reading was over, to secure a moment's private interview.

After her guests had departed, Mrs. Weatherby immediately sought her husband, whom she found reclining on a Turkish divan in the library. "Well, Simon Weatherby," she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I have made a discovery."

Mr. Weatherby was a tall, languid-looking gentleman, who, having married a bright, vivacious woman that everybody liked and was inclined to run after, chose to assert his relative importance by the assumption of an entirely different set of manners from her own. Turning his head lazily in the direction of his wife, he looked at her with slow-dawning recognition. "That the ancient tombs of Egypt were not used for astronomical

purposes?" he inquired, with languid interest.

Mrs. Weatherby quite understood her husband's little ways, and was not disposed to undervalue them, taking the same enjoyment in them that she did in her bisque ornaments and Persian rugs. They helped to set off the establishment. But to-night she was thoroughly excited, and not inclined to assist in the evolution of any little domestic effects. She approached her subject without circumlocution. "Ned Bertram is in love with Sue Harrington," she said, in the quick, expectant tone of one imparting a piece of startling news.

Mr. Weatherby regarded her a moment with half-closed eyelids. "Is she in love with him?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why, no, I presume not," was the reply.

"Then there is no harm done," he said, and again relapsed into himself.

"Well, I must say!" she ejaculated, in a tone of helpless disappointment at this sudden climax of the conversation.

Mr. Weatherby rose and stretched his handsome length before the fire. "Sue is too good for Ned," he went on to explain. "He isn't her style. Too fast and showy."

"Why, you've always said he wasn't fast," his wife exclaimed, with a horrified look.

He shook his head as if unutterable things might be spoken.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said.

"What Sue ought to do," he continued, "is to marry some grave, elderly man like Professor Pelton here,—some one she can reverence and look up to."

"If she ever does, I'll disown her," Mrs. Weatherby broke in. "It's hard enough to get along with her now. Reverence!" she exclaimed, in ironical after-thought. "How much do I reverence you?"

"Ah, but your cousin may be of a different nature," he replied, with unruffled calm. "She may have larger needs."

Mrs. Weatherby looked at him ad-

miringly from the low ottoman on which she had seated herself, as a woman may whose husband has beaten her in argument. Then, rising abruptly, she crossed to where he stood and lifted her face to be kissed.

From this time on Ned Bertram prosecuted his suit with renewed vigor, bringing the same elements of courageous dash and daring into the business of wooing as he had put into the financial enterprises in which he was engaged,—where the spirit of risk and adventure often wins when more careful methods fail.

As for Miss Harrington, it was as if she were taken sudden possession of unawares and against her will. Had she permitted herself to yield to it, there would have been only a sense of happy elation at thus feeling herself borne along the swift, restless current of another being than her own. As it was, she was on the defensive. Surely there was not so little meaning or merit in her preconceived notions, that she should yield them lightly and ungrudgingly at the approach of this bold Lochinvar. It had been one of Miss Harrington's settled convictions with regard to herself that she should never marry, or, if she did, it would be an affair of conscience rather than of the heart. An outgoing missionary to China in need of a companion to lighten his toils, a widower with several small children, or some such exceptionally-situated person, who would be sure to make life more enticingly difficult, would have found his claims carefully considered. But Ned Bertram represented that easy-going, prosperous side of human nature which she had been taught to regard with pious distrust. She set to work to discover the weak points in his character,—those small masculine vices which a young man of his position must be guilty of in some way. Meantime, Ned's attentions became more marked and continuous. Choice flowers filled her room with their rich fragrance on her return from the dusty school-room. An eager escort stood ready to accompany her to all the season's concerts and lectures. The sleighing-season offered

its opportunity. One glittering December day, Miss Harrington returned to the boarding-house and found a stylish turn-out standing at the door, and Mr. Bertram awaiting her impatiently in the dingy parlor. It was impossible to resist that bright, contagious presence, and in a few moments she was seated at his side, the horses speeding before them like the wind. Threading their way through the narrow business-streets, the horses' heads were turned in the direction of the fashionable avenues, and soon they were in the stream of gay equipages which went skimming down one side of the grand boulevard, faced by a continuous mad procession of returning sleighs and bells on the other side. It was a scene to stir the blood of young and old. In her heart Miss Harrington knew it was a world of folly and fashion, of vain luxury and show; but it looked very fair on the outside, and for once she let her scruples go. The rush of cold wind brought the color to her cheek and the light to her eye, and the ripple of her girlish laughter floated backward on the air. People looked and wondered, as Ned perhaps intended they should. Who was that young lady with Ned Bertram, in the gray beaver and the old-fashioned furs? "She's confoundedly pretty," said the men; but most of the women had noticed that the beaver was of last year's shape.

Blanche Ingersoll, with a party of friends, filled the capacious dimensions of a swan-shaped sleigh, the most striking turn-out on the avenue, and Ned had received a gay salute of bows and smiles, as they passed each other, from all but the central figure, Blanche herself, who returned a cold, half-disdainful bow in response to one she may have deemed somewhat too careless.

"I suppose you know everybody?" said Miss Harrington, with that hint of sarcasm in her voice perceptible whenever she referred to his social experiences, and from time to time asked the names of those they met. "And who are these people?" she asked, as they passed Miss Ingersoll and her swan for the third time.

"That," Ned replied, busying himself with fastening the gray robe more securely into place, "is Miss Ingersoll, with some friends from the South."

Miss Harrington suddenly remembered where she was, and in a few moments requested to be driven home. The sun had gone down, the sparkle had disappeared from the snow-crystals, and the wind was blowing with a more chilly breath in their faces. The horses were tired and inclined to lag, and the homeward drive was taken in a silence which neither attempted to break, Miss Harrington being busy with her own reproachful thoughts, and Ned not daring to speak, lest he should say too much. It was dark when they reached the boarding-house, and he assisted her to alight.

"When will you go again?" he asked, imprisoning her hand in his.

"Oh," she said, catching her breath a little, "I think I had better not go again. I—I am very busy. School closes this week, you know."

He frowned a little, as he always did at the mention of the school. "I shall come for you Friday," he said. It was useless to resist him there, so she took it as lightly as she could.

"Then will you take me somewhere outside the city, away from the streets and the houses? Don't let us go to the boulevard again."

"Didn't you like it?" he asked, still holding the hand she vainly tried to withdraw.

"Oh, it did very well for once. But I'm not in the fashionable world, you know. I felt like a grub among butterflies;"—which was a deliberate fib, for, in spite of the plain beaver and the old-fashioned furs, she had felt as if she were on her native heath, the peer and equal of them all.

Ned took his homeward drive with a light heart. Could it be possible she was jealous, that her manner should so change at the mention of a name? But his confidence was somewhat abated when a day or two afterward he received a note from Miss Harrington cancelling the Friday engagement, alleging as ex-

cuse that she was to leave on the noon train for a vacation visit to her father's in Michigan.

Miss Harrington's resolution to spend the holiday vacation out of the city had been suddenly formed. Once safe within the old home walls she should have time to reflect, and recollect her scattered forces, to rid herself of a certain importuning presence which had lately entered her life, and the rebellious fancies to which it gave rise. Arrived at the old farm-house, what was her discomfiture, not to say remorse, when she found herself contrasting its quiet and loneliness, shut in amid vast fields of snow, with the radiant hospitality which prevailed at her cousin's at this season of the year! In the midst of the country silences her strained fancy caught the sound of the city's rush and roar, the gay music of a hundred clashing bells, and countless laughing voices mingling in merry discord in the winter air. She even caught herself counting the days until her return, and in a very abandonment of shame turned to lavish all manner of endearing attentions on the home relatives who had awaited her coming with loving impatience.

Once she received a letter,—one of those letters which a lover delights to write before he has robbed love of its last fine illusion by a too explicit declaration. Through every line there breathed a spirit of tender chivalrous devotion which made the reader flush and tremble as she read. She gathered the sense of one lingering and longing for her return, impatient yet half loath to speak the words which should solve his doubts and put an end to the dreamful joys of uncertainty.

"Oh, why had he written?" she asked herself despairingly. But she need not answer. No, it would be better not to, and, to help her in so judicious a resolve, she double-locked the letter out of sight, where to reach it would require a deliberate effort.

After this she watched with dismay the flight of the few remaining days of vacation; and when, after a day's journey, she found herself once more in her

old quarters at Mrs. Brown's, it was with the feeling that the strength she had recruited during her fortnight's absence had suddenly deserted her. On the bureau lay a note from her cousin Harriet, making an appointment for the next day, and mentioning in a casual way that Ned Bertram was to leave that evening for Denver. The feeling of relief which swept over her like a wave was hardly the less grateful that it left a sense of sudden chill and disappointment. Here was more time and breathing-space granted. If he were here, and to present himself before her, Miss Harrington felt she should hardly be answerable for herself, so guiltily glad should she be to see him again. As she sat alone in her little bare chamber, the sense of disappointment deepened. It was very strange he should go in this way, without a word of explanation or farewell. She was conscious of a little rising resentment, mingled with a slight sensation of wounded vanity, as she reflected upon it. Her trunk having been brought in at this moment, she commenced an eager unpacking of its contents, as a relief to her overcharged feelings. Kneeling on the floor to remove some articles from the lower part of the trunk, she was startled by the ringing of the door-bell, and started to her feet. She recognized that quick, vibrant peal at once, as she did the voice addressing the servant in the hall below. A feeling of unreasonable joy took possession of her, followed by one of trembling fear and dread. Summoning all her woman's pride and wit, she prepared to go down, and, though her senses were a little confused and her heart beat wildly, to the young gentleman awaiting her she had never seemed more serenely calm and cool than now.

"At last you have come back again!" he cried, seizing both her hands in his, and leading her to a seat on the small lovers' sofa that stood in the corner.

She smiled, and withdrew her hands.

"I thought you were in Denver," she said.

"I am going to-night," he replied, in a tone which implied that he had no time to waste on irrelevant matters.

She found out afterward that her cousin's note had been misdated, according to that feminine fashion which prefers to guess at the day of the month rather than take the trouble to look it up.

"You did not answer my letter," he said, looking steadily at her.

Did he think a busy school-ma'am had no other use for her scant vacations than writing to idle young men? she asked, in a light mocking tone, but with averted eyes.

"And when I am in Denver will you write to me then?"

It was quite impossible to say, she averred. She should be unusually busy the coming term, and letter-writing was a rather tedious exercise to one accustomed to the daily use of the pen and copy-book. But, changing the subject, how delightful it would be to visit Colorado! She quite envied him. He must bring her some specimens of that blue quartz she had read about.

"Yes, yes,"—impatiently,—"a trunkful for every letter;" whereupon he was reprimanded for that sordid disposition which could not confer a friendly favor without hope of reward. Ordinarily he would have listened contentedly enough to this feminine teasing, but to-night he had another purpose on hand. He made no reply, only looked at her with a steady, clear, compelling gaze, which she dared not meet, and beneath which her head drooped at last, while a lovely color flushed warm over cheek and brow.

"Sue," he said, in a voice of tender beseeching, "dear Sue."

She cast one startled look into his impassioned face, then threw up one small hand in entreaty, and tried to rise. He seized her hand in his, and gently forced her back into her seat. Then, in a few burning words, he told her of his love, and asked her promise to be his wife, bending forward to read his answer in her eyes. They were full of happy tears, and, rising quickly that he might not see, she crossed to the other side of the room. He left her to herself a moment, with considerate delicacy, then, rising, came nearer to her, when she

turned to meet him. He opened his arms to enfold her, but she put out hers to keep him back, and they stood there with arms half clasped, and two pairs of gray eyes looking searchingly into each other's depths.

"Oh," she said, her breath coming in a long, troubled sigh, "I am sure this is all a mistake. I am not like what you think. We—we are not at all the people to—to—"

"Why are we not the people to marry, if we love each other?" he asked; "and I love you with all my soul. There is no woman in the world besides you; and you—you care for me a little, don't you?"

Care for him,—a little! She felt at that moment that life held no dearer privilege than to yield herself entirely to him, to feel his strong arms about her, his kisses on her face. But the old self-questioning habit was strong within her. All her old doubts pricked her again.

"Think," she said, raising her eyes with a pleading look to his,—*"think of the contrast of our positions: you,—you have always had everything; while I,—I am a working woman,"* with a little lifting of the head. *"I have worked for my living all these years—"*

"You shall work no more," he cried; but she stopped him with another gesture of the small hand.

"I do not complain of it," she said: "on the contrary, I consider it very fitting."

He smiled at this. "Only say that you love me," he murmured.

"And there are our families," she went on, unheeding him. "Yours comes of an old aristocratic line, I think you said,"—he had in reality never told her any such nonsense,—*"while mine,—my father is only a plain farmer, and all my brothers are poor, hard-working young men, and my sisters teach school like me." In her eagerness she seemed anxious to make out as bad a case as she could.*

He listened attentively, with a light of dawning mischief in his eye.

"I don't see why we should bring all our distant relatives into this matter," he said. "It is your affair and mine.

You compel me to some unpleasant family reminiscences on my own account. Did I ever tell you I had a cousin arrested for embezzlement?" She threw a shocked look at him. "Ah!" he laughed joyously, "I thought you couldn't have had anything so bad as that. But why do we waste time in this way? I don't want to marry your brothers and sisters."

"But you must," she broke in quickly. "They will be your brothers and sisters."

"Will they?" he cried, a sudden light in his eyes. "With all my heart." And he gathered her in his arms. It was taking a base advantage of her careless speech, for which she never quite forgave him, declining to hold herself responsible for the consequences which followed.

The evening drew rapidly to a close, and they stood under the hall-lamp, lingering over the farewells that were to bridge the separation of a month. He had put on his heavy overcoat, and, with his tall, strongly-built figure, resembled some young Titan as he stood looking down upon her. She had taken his fur cap in her hand, and was dreamily smoothing the fur with a soft and daring unconsciousness which thrilled him to see. Suddenly a light of laughing reminiscence broke over his face.

"I owe you a little explanation," he said, looking at her with wary suspicion and contriteness. "He was only a third cousin, you know."

"Only a third cousin. What do you mean?" she asked, with a little pause of perplexity.

"The one that was arrested for embezzlement. And it proved to be a mistake. They had arrested the wrong man." She gave him a look of sad reproach, which he returned with the conscience-stricken gaze of a mischievous school-boy who has obtained a treat on false pretences. Then they both laughed.

"Now I must really go," he said at length; but when lovers bid each other good-night it is under the pleasing conviction that the rest of the world is asleep, or withdrawn to a discreet distance, as you and I are now, dear reader.

CELLA P. WOOLLEY.

MY COLLEGE CHUMS.

THERE is often a tenderness beyond common friendship in the life of college chums: a domestic and almost conjugal relation springs from their little housekeeping. Yet chumlock, like wedlock, is a lottery. I even knew a Junior whose experience had been so unlucky that at last, in a fit of cynical desperation, he advertised for a roommate. The advertisement was inserted under "Matrimonial" in the *College Courant*, and bulletined in the university drug-store. It was answered; but the saying about college was that Robinson had advertised for a chum in an apothecary's shop and had got a *pill*.

My Freshman chum was from Illinois, though there was nothing about him to suggest the broad prairies of the West. On the contrary, he was niggling, anxious, near-sighted, yet absent-minded withal,—so absent-minded, in fact, that once when he started to throw a suit of clothes into his bureau-drawer and at the same instant to spit in the fire, he spat in the drawer and threw the clothes in the fire. He kept a journal, to improve what he was pleased to call his "style." I used to read selections from it to classmates who happened to drop in while he was out, and it never failed to entertain the company. His views of college life had been formed from a reading of that valuable treatise, Todd's "Student's Manual." He was deeply impressed by the necessity of rising at six A.M. to prepare the morning lesson, and had bought an alarm-clock to call him early. There was always something irregular about the performances of this time-piece. On going to bed he would set the alarm for six. At first it used to go off at midnight; but he rectified this with such success that it declined to go off at all. He generally awoke of his own accord a little before six, and waited for the alarm to strike. Then, noticing that it was past the hour, he would get up and set it off himself, and, having

thus discharged his duty to the faithful monitor, return to bed and sleep till the seven-o'clock prayer-bell rang. He was so near-sighted that without his glasses, which we used sometimes to secrete, he was as helpless as the Phorcydes when their one eye had been borrowed by a neighbor. The bridge of his nose being thin, he was torn in his mind between deciduous glasses, with limber springs, which he was always shedding, and glasses with stiff springs that pinched his nose as in a vise and gradually wore it away till it hung by a thread. His classmates, with that delicate consideration for one another's infirmities which we showed in the consulship of Plancus, called him "Lippus," or "Moon-Smeller." But he was of a self-complacent turn, and defended his position by an article in the *Lit.*, entitled "On the Disadvantages arising from not being Near-Sighted," which was greeted with much derision.

We had obtained, by special favor, an apartment in Old Divinity, half of which building had already been torn down to make room for the foundation of Durfee. The other half was allowed to stand for a while for the accommodation of its lodgers. The north wall of the bedrooms in our section, however, had been cut away, so that, from Elm Street, Divinity showed a raw end, with amputated timbers sticking out in the air, ragged edges of brick walls and lath-and-plaster partitions, and tiers of interesting interiors exposed, like cuts in old editions of "Le Diable Boiteux" representing the stories of houses in Madrid laid open to the eyes of Asmodeus and his pupil. The modest tenants of the college, of course, brought their bedroom furniture into their studies, and used their bisected dormitories only as balconies, sitting out there in the summer evenings and holding little receptions of friends who came to smoke a cigar *à la belle étoile* and survey the curious state of the premises.

I persuaded my chum to move his bed inside, to sleep and even to bathe in the study, but he obstinately refused to bring in the rest of his chamber-set. Accordingly, passers-by on Elm Street were daily refreshed by the prospect of a row of trousers, coats, night-shirts, etc., hung upon the outer wall; and every morning, about seven, a mob of mechanics and shop-girls collected to witness my chum perform his toilet in blank unconsciousness that he was become a hissing and a reproach. As he gauged others' vision by his own, he always maintained, when I remonstrated with him, that no one could see him so far away as Elm Street. At last a note from the Faculty obliged him to withdraw his effects into "the estres of the grisly place," and to leave nothing for the public gaze beyond a row of hooks, a few chairs, and the outside of the study door.

This chum was a cloth-shoe kind of man. There was a faint odor of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" always about him. He kept an account of his expenditures in a blank-book, containing such entries as "April 19, spent nine cents for postage-stamps; ditto, six cents horse-car fare to East Rock; ditto 20, gave two cents to hand-organ man," etc., etc. He brushed his preposterous clothes assiduously. In winter he wore a red worsted tippet and a cap with a fur button on top. If the ground was wet, he heedfully turned up his trousers about the ankle. If it threatened snow, he carried an umbrella tied about the waist with a shoe-string. When I watched the figure of my chum thus equipped moving slowly along in front of the colleges, there was something so exasperating about it that I could hardly keep from throwing things at him.

A very different person was my roommate of Sophomore year. His name was Rushton, and he first endeared himself to me by borrowing my tattered copy of Arnold's "Greek Prose Composition," carrying it off to recitation, and bringing me back in its stead a clean copy belonging to a man in his division, named Fitch. On the fly-leaf,

right under Fitch's sign-manual, Rushton had written a graceful little dedication in verse, beginning,—

This book was once the book of Fitch,
From out the mazy depths of which
He fished most sweet and ancient Greece,
And made it, dead, alive to speak.

Such useful qualities in a chum were not to be overlooked, and I at once proposed and was accepted. I may say here that personal property in text-books was a right unrecognized *consule Planco*. There was a beautiful community in the aids and appliances of learning, a genuine republic of letters. It was rare to find a man with a text-book in his possession which had his own name on it. I have bought of the unblushing Hoadley—the keeper of the college book-store—the same books several times over; books which I recognized as formerly mine, but which had strayed back in some way to their fountain-head. Apropos of this, I find the following entry in the records of the Red-Letter Club, in the handwriting of one of our neighbors: "Last Saturday afternoon, B. and R. had another lucrative vendue of books which careless parties have left in their room. I was myself made to pay fifty cents for a wretched old German grammar which, I have every reason to believe, belonged to Campbell." From the proceeds of these auction-sales was formed a sinking-fund devoted to the purchase of rabbits and ale. In justice to ourselves, it should be said that we sometimes invited the—alleged—former owners of the books to share the feast with us. This imperfect development of the institution of private ownership extended even to articles of clothing. There were about a dozen dress-suits in the class, and it was found on trial that they would fit every one equally well. But my chum often complained, while making his toilet of a morning, that I bought my collars too small for his neck. When "the galled jade," as we called our laundress, brought home our week's washing, there was always a pleasing excitement in watching her unload her basket. "Chum, look over the clean filth," Rushton would call out from the lounge,

"and see if there's anything new. I hope she put in some of Harding's handkerchiefs: I like them better than Blake's, and Hubbard's are about played out."

We began housekeeping with five chairs. These were soon reduced to two, and then to one. My chum did not sit in so many chairs at once as Edward Everett's room-mate is said to have done. Still, to persons of a sedentary habit seats of some kind are almost a necessity; and it became a question how we were to replace ours. Presentation-Day was our great annual opportunity; for then numbers of chairs were taken out into the entries and the yard, for the ladies to sit in during the reading of class-histories, and, after the assembly rose and followed the procession to the library to witness the planting of the ivy, the frugal householder who was on the lookout for chairs could get a very good assortment to start the new year with. But Presentation was still far distant when our last chair gave out. In this strait we hinted to our sweep that there were large deposits of chairs stored about college—in the cellar of South, *e.g.*—which at present were merely matter out of place, and that he would deserve well of his country who should put some of them where they would do the most good. The hint was enough. One night we were awakened by a low, chuckling sound, and by the dim firelight in our outer room we discerned a Senegambian procession, each member of which carried a pair of chairs, which he stood softly upon their feet and then withdrew. It was all like a dream; but next morning there the chairs were, in wood and cane. It was perhaps in part the knowledge of this guilty secret which kept us ever after in thralldom to our aged sweep. He used to chuckle gently, as he dusted the ill-gotten things, and say, with a shake of the head, "This chair gettin' pretty rickety. Good deal like d'ole man: won't las' much longer."

But, indeed, my chum and myself, being both afflicted with moral cowardice, were shamefully bullied by all our employés. The galled jade so wrought

upon our feelings by her widowed state and by the two small orphans who sometimes came with her of a Monday and lurked bashfully in the crack of the door, that we paid our wash-bills without a murmur, and without the heart to mention the disappearance of that long caravan of shirts and cuffs which she had burned, lacerated, and abstracted at various times. Our sweep, of whom we stood in the most terror, was a smooth old swindle, with a molasses-candy complexion and great elasticity of conscience. Every now and then he would vanish for a week, leaving us to make the fire and fetch the water. Under the pressure of these chores, desperation brought a kind of boldness.

"Rushton," I would say, "you have got to bully White for this when he comes back."

"No, chum; *you* bully him. I'm afraid."

"So am I afraid."

"Well, let's flip up a cent for it."

"No, sir: it's your turn. I did it last time."

"The deuce you did! I heard what you said to him. Do you call that bullying?"

"Well, then, we'll both do it."

So, when our coffee-colored tyrant appeared at the end of the week, with an obsequious face, but limping and groaning aloud, as if in pain, I would commence, in a trembling voice, "Well, White, we haven't seen you for quite a while."

"No, sah," he would answer, with a reproachful look; "d'ole man mos' lef' you for good dis time. Started to get out of bed las' Monday mornin', and d'lumbago took me awful bad. Hain't set foot to de floor sence. Ole man had a mighty narrow shave of it dis time. Wife *she's* been sick, too: got her ole complaint,—twistin' of de long bowel, *she* calls it. Mos' as bad as d'lumbago 'self."

In face of such accumulated miseries our stern intent dissolved, and, as neither of us ever got courage to dismiss him, things went on as before.

We afterward found out that our sweep was an energetic exhorter at "nigger union." It used to be customary for squads of students to visit that house of worship on Sunday evenings,—not, it must be confessed, in an entirely devotional spirit. On one such occasion, our sweep having been absent from his duties several days, presumably tossing upon a bed of pain, we were surprised to see him in the pulpit, sustained on either side by a sturdy deacon, while he called sinners to repentance with an expenditure of horse-power that would have sufficed, if applied along the line of his work, to black our boots for a week and to carry a hoghead of water from the south pump to our bedroom. Whether he recognized us in the congregation we never knew. He certainly did not change color.

One of the feeblest destroyers of chairs was a classmate and frequent visitor, whom we called Thersites. He was a small, light man, and it seemed incredible that he should break so many chairs in a term. But it was his emphasis that did it, rather than his weight. He used the chairs as instruments for expressing that loathing and contempt for most of the class of '69 which he could only imperfectly utter in words. "Ye gods!" he would shout, at the mention of some classmate who, having recently taken a prize in Linonia prize-debate, was spoken of as a sure man for a *Lit.* editorship next year; "Dusenbury a *Lit.* editor! One of nature's feeble men! A microcephalous idiot! An ass and the foal of an ass! Rotten pumpkin is granite to Dusenbury!" And *crack* would go a chair.

"Look out, Billy," we would remonstrate. "Calm yourself; calm yourself. There are worse men in the world than poor Dusenbury."

"Hang your old chair! Oh, you don't suffer from these asses as I do. I tell you, the thought of them is actual physical pain to me."

And, abandoning the wreck of the chair, he would grovel on the floor and groan aloud. Where art thou, O Thersites, kindest-hearted of misanthropes?

Whither in this asinine world hast thou wandered? I would thou wert even now before me,—

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied.

For Thersites was no respecter of persons.

Our stove was a grate whose modest dimensions gave no token of an appetite so abnormal that Rushton declared it had a tape-worm. When well fed it gave out too much heat,—became, in fact, as my chum complained, "a young hell on legs;" and when we sat around it discussing theology on Sunday evenings, the Lares and Penates seemed to dance visibly upon the miniature iron hearth, like imps before the threshold of their home of pain. When times were flush, we glutted its maw with the best of Lehigh; but during the third quarter of a term there comes a slack time in college finances, when it is impossible to borrow and hard to get tick. Then we were driven to fill the vacuum in our coal-bin by witty expedients. First we consumed spare articles of furniture, portions of the college fence, etc. At last we had recourse to the partitions of our coal-closet. As our neighbors practised similar economies, postern gates and intricate passages from room to room were opened through the walls which were often convenient when a sudden attack by the Faculty on one entry made it prudent to escape into another. The chief objection to the planking of our coal-closets, considered as fuel, was the length of the timbers. We had no means of reducing these to the right size except by putting the ends of the beams in the stove and resting the other ends on a semicircle of chairs in the middle of the room. As the boards burned down, we shoved them farther in, and the half-circle of chairs, with a constantly-diminishing radius, approached nearer and nearer to the stove, until the planks reached a shortness that enabled them to go into the grate; and then we occupied the chairs ourselves and pantingly inhaled the smoke with which this process had filled the room.

As to our bedstead, very exaggerated rumors were current in the class, traceable to the secretary of the Red-Letter Club, who, having once had a glimpse of our penetralia, brought back into the outer world the following injurious report:

"The room itself is a sort of chaos of seedy valises, broken chairs, candle-boxes, decayed boots, and valueless raiment; while a very chaotic thing indeed is the iron bedstead, with three legs, aerated bedding, and flaming quilts."

Now, some support may have been given to this slander by our having bestowed upon our bedstead the pet name of *Tripod*. But this was not meant to be accurately descriptive: the fourth leg was there, though not usually in working order. Those who are familiar with the anatomy of an iron bedstead know that the legs are kept upright by a peg inserted in a hole at the junction of the leg with the horizontal frame of the structure. This peg was missing in the case of our southeast leg. We had replaced it by a nail, which slipped out and disappeared; then by a lead-pencil, which broke. Finally, we gave it up, and allowed that corner of the couch to repose gently upon the floor. This gave an angle to our slumbers of about fifteen degrees,—the same which is given by the "*Adirondack Patent Camp-Lounge*." We grew in time to prefer this slight slope to the strictly-horizontal plane of ordinary beds, and made no further efforts to restore the fourth leg to a vertical position. Originally my chum had possessed a wooden four-poster of his own, but this had disappeared about the middle of Sophomore year. Whether, like Margery Daw, he had sold it in a moment of recklessness, or whether we had used it for fuel, I have forgotten. I only know that in very cold weather, when our coal-bin was low, the life of any wooden thing at No. — North College was apt to be a short one.

Through Junior year I continued nominally to room with Rushton. But in the second term a difference of opinion between the Faculty and myself on the subject of my attendance at morn-

ing prayers forced me to pitch my tent outside the college yard. Under a strict construction of the law I should have gone away from New Haven altogether; but this would have been inconvenient. I therefore satisfied the spirit of my sentence by retiring to a country-seat on the Canal Railroad, which was remote enough to amount to a practical banishment, though technically within the limits of the town. I owed this suburban asylum to the hospitality of a friend in the Sheffield Scientific School, who had lived a life of retirement there for over a year. I stayed with him for a month or more, and the episode was unique in my college life. The home of my rustication was an old-fashioned house, with high-pitched roof and dormer-windows, standing in a grove of pines, among whose murmurous needles the March wind made all day and night a sound as of the sea. There was a decayed garden, with box borders and *althæa*-trees. The front gate was spanned by a wooden arch, which gave a triumphal effect to the simple act of entering the yard. Behind the house was a hill covered with woods, and in front, at the distance of a few rods, ran the railway. We were as secluded from the currents of college life, or indeed from the life of the city whose factory-whistles blew close by, as if we sojourned on the highest hill-top of Litchfield County. Never by any chance did a tutor or a student stray our way. Mechanics with their tin pails went up and down the railway-track at morning and evening. The few neighbors who dwelt beyond us in the same valley passed the house occasionally. But the farmers driving in or out of town took the high-road on the ridge behind us, or the long boulevard a quarter of a mile beyond the railway. Hardly a dozen vehicles a day disturbed the dust in front of our garden fence.

My host—and chum for the nonce—was a man of intense application. He was taking a course in the chemical laboratory, and he disappeared every morning after breakfast and returned to dinner in the evening, lunching in town

to save time. Thus I was alone all day. The season was early spring, the weather raw and blustering: so I stayed in-doors and read steadily. My chum's room was a pleasant one, with a high ceiling and an open fireplace. The walls were hung with trophies of a year's survey in Arizona,—a water-canteen, a Mexican stirrup, a lasso which reflected the fire-light from its coils of hard, shining leather, and cheerful photographs of *débris-slopes*, *cañons*, alkaline deserts, and sage-bushes. After reading myself into shreds and beginning to yield to the drowsiness produced by the singing of the logs in the fire and the monotonous rattle of the window-sash in the wind, I would get into my overcoat about five o'clock and set out for a constitutional and an appetite against the dinner-hour. It would not do to be seen in New Haven, and so, for fear of peripatetic tutors, I confined my walks mostly to the railroad-track, which ran out through Newhallville into the flat agricultural region beyond. The Canal Railroad—"the raging canawl," as my chum called it—was not without a quiet picturesqueness of its own. 'Twas a leisurely and primitive road. The trains which occasionally appeared upon it, proceeding northward in a deliberate manner, seemed not to obey any time-schedule, but to start whenever there were people enough at the station to make up a carful,—country neighbors, in the main, I should judge, returning from a day's shopping in town. And the conductor, having noted their familiar faces on the down-trip in the morning, would obligingly wait till he was sure they were all on board for the home-voyage before he gave the signal to get under way. I often followed, in fancy, the progress of one of these *Bummelzüge* as it disappeared in the horizon. I thought of all the little bewhittled wooden station-houses by which it would pause, each with Something-ville painted on a board over the door; of the lonely country roads where the inevitable farmer, jogging homeward in his wagon, would sit waiting at the crossing for the cars to pass; of the back-door yards—chickens roosting on the telegraph-wire—where

it would slow up to deliver a letter or bundle to a woman in a check apron coming down to the fence from the kitchen door; and how then it would leave the region of villages altogether and come to where the grass begins to grow between the sleepers, and the train, going slower and slower in the gathering dusk, would finally come to a stand-still altogether in a wide plain, with no house in sight. Once I even boarded a train and rode for two or three stations. There was only one passenger-car, and it had, as I had expected, a domestic air,—more like a private parlor, or say the conference-room of a country meeting-house, than like a rail-car. The passengers all appeared to know one another. Two or three of them who stood on the platform addressed the solitary brakeman as "Charlie." The conductor, after going through the form of taking up my ticket, sat down and conversed with different acquaintances. He had the reposeful manner of one who knew that there was no chance of a collision on that road, that the track was clear from terminus to terminus.

A good tramp up the track and down again, with a glass of new ale and a butter-cracker at the grocery in Newhallville (a resort of merit, where was much real life going on), shook off the afternoon's drowsiness, and put me in trim for dinner, when my chum arrived with books from the library, news from academies, the daily papers, and sometimes letters from confiding parents, who figured me still dwelling at No. — North Middle College, on the "second stage of discipline," and knew not, alas! that I had already entered the purgatory of that third and final stage. My chum's budget came like "hints and tokens of the world to spirits folded in the womb." For in truth the loneliness of my existence began to wear upon me. It was that time of year when the lengthening days bring no vernal thoughts, but the pale, cold light lingers cheerlessly over the naked landscape. The spring is full of hope, but from the middle of March to the middle of April it is hope deferred, and the melancholy twilights are full of

disquiet and regret. A fatiguing wind blows continually, cold, but with no tonic in its coldness such as the winds of autumn have. From the ditches along the railway embankment, the bed of the old Hamden and Hampshire Canal, and from the ponds and swamps of the level land, rose the croak of frogs, subdued to a monotonous ring as of distant sleigh-bells, and giving fit expression to the feeling of the season and the hour.

This interregnum chum of mine was a man of Spartan habits. To keep himself in trim for work, every morning before breakfast he ate a soda-cracker (by way of foundation), ran a mile, and, returning, took a cold bath in his bathtub. We slept in a wintry room under the roof, and often he would wake me by his yells as the icy water poured down his back. The instrument of his torture was a sponge, which he had brought with him from his boyhood's home. It was originally, I think, a carriage-sponge. At all events, like Captain Costigan's hair-brush, it was "an ancient and wondrous piece," having the softness and absorbent power of pumice-stone. The water poured through its perforations without soaking into its cellular tissue in the least, while its surface rasped the skin like a strigil. Long practice and an intimate knowledge of the *dip* of the labyrinths and galleries that honeycombed this monumental rock-work enabled its owner to carry up about half a pint of water in it. But a red artillerist in the class, who once partook of our hospitalities over-night, and was invited to use the sponge in the morning, spoke of it bitterly as a "d—d breech-loading nutmeg-grater." My chum tried to persuade me to eat a cracker and run, but I preferred my exercise in a more conservative shape. As to the bath, I agreed with him in principle, but my practice was more flexible than his own, varying somewhat with the temperature. He said that a man who didn't have at least one tub a day was a cad. But I asked him whether he supposed that Sir Philip Sidney committed total immersion daily. In Germany, I afterward noticed, a bath

is not undertaken in this *leichtsinnig* way of ours, but only with medical advice and after long and prayerful consideration.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all my chums was he of Senior year. Barlow had a vivid though prosaic imagination, which delighted in grotesque and sometimes loathsome images. I once heard him gravely declare that, having been in Switzerland while a boy, he had seen a crétin wheeling his goitre before him on a wheelbarrow. It was Barlow who fixed upon one of the tutors the name of Glass-legs. He asserted that the tutor in question was possessed of a delusion that his legs were made of glass, and that at seasons when his monomania became acute he clamored aloud to be laid in saw-dust. He said that he once met him on Chapel Street carrying a large covered basket on his arm, and that, stopping to speak with him for a moment, he accidentally jostled the basket, whereupon his interlocutor, glancing nervously at his precious burden, said in an impressive whisper, "Be careful, please; this basket contains my legs, and they are very brittle. A slight jar might produce fracture."

Barlow also asserted that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits,—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance," etc. His imagination was so much in excess of his learning that it often led him into difficulties at examinations and otherwise. Thus, at Sophomore annual, when the Faculty made their usual unsuccessful effort to drop him, he had got a passage from the "Agamemnon," descriptive of that hero's assassination by Clytemnestra, in which occurred the line,—

βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ φακάδι φοινίας δρόσου.

("He strikes me with a black drop of bloody dew.")

Barlow knew that βάλλειν meant "to strike," but the rest of the line was Greek to him. At last a reminiscence

of the Cyclops and the Odyssey of Freshman year came athwart his mind, and he wrote triumphantly, "He strikes me with a smooth stick of green peeled olive-wood."

He was also somewhat defective in logic. He had exhausted his ingenuity in framing excuses for absence from prayers. Thrice had the nose-bleed overtaken him just as he was entering the sacred portals. Twice he had fallen prostrate in a puddle when the bell was on its last strokes. Once a bee had stung him on the eyelid at the same critical moment. Accordingly, having made a resolution to sleep over no more, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Dunham, wake me at 6.45," and put it in a conspicuous place where the sweep would see it in the morning. The faithful Dunham obeyed instructions to the letter, and I was awakened myself at the hour mentioned by bad language from my chum's bedroom.

"What's loose?" I inquired.

"That blasted nigger woke me up, and it's only a quarter of seven."

"Well, you left a notice for him to wake you, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I thought he couldn't read."

Barlow was a lazy man,—so much so that, having occasion for frequent profanity when studying his mathematical lessons, he had written on the wall near the head of the lounge, where he usually lay, a double column of imprecations. A single glance at this, he said, was equivalent to half a dozen swears, on the principle of the Chinese praying-machine, and saved him the labor of iteration. If he had put half the time into study that he put into contriving "skinning" apparatus for examinations, he might have taken the Valedictory. This apparatus was often of great intricacy, and depended on a delicate adjustment of chances. One of his plans, *e.g.*, made it necessary for the operator to secure a seat near the window of the examination-room. From this, which must be providentially open, he was to lower his question-paper to the ground by a string. There it was to be received

by two classmates strong in mathematics, who were to work out the problems and write the solutions on another piece of paper. A fourth conspirator was then to knock at the door of the examination-room and distract the examiner's attention by handing him a long telegram, despatched for the nonce by a fifth accomplice dwelling in suspension at Stamford. Under cover of this diversion, and at a signal from below, the operator was to hoist away on his string and bring in the paper of solutions. My chum spent hours in polishing this scheme and perfecting all its details. It attained a certain ideal symmetry and even a poetic beauty under his hands. It set in motion such numbers of men, and required such simultaneous convergence upon strategic points, that it affected the imagination like the evolutions of armies. It was a pity that the examiner innocently defeated the scheme by assigning seats in alphabetical order, which brought my chum far from the window of his hope. The two confederates mighty in mathematics waited long under the Lyceum wall, and wondered why tarried the wheels of his chariot. In vain the exile of Stamford sent a long and very expensive telegram, praying for a shortening of his suspension. The message remained in the pocket of Fourth Murderer, who found his occupation gone. By such simple means do the gods confound the vain imaginations of men.

Barlow was also of a cheerful and sanguine poverty. He would waste his substance by heating pennies on the stove and tossing them out of the window among a crowd of "muckers," rejoicing when they greedily picked up the hot coins and then dropped them with cries of grief and rage. Once he broke up an orphan procession returning from Sunday-school by flinging a shower of coppers into the muddiest part of Chapel Street, by South College. And one day, on the fence, he bought out, for the sum of twenty-five cents to him in hand paid, the entire stock in trade of a lemonade-peddler, on condition entered into by Johnny Roach, the

newsboy of Morocco Street, that he would drink the whole. There was about a gallon, and such a prospect of unlimited sensual enjoyment had probably never entered into Johnny's wildest dream. He drank the first half of his contract with unflagging gusto. His sense of duty carried him manfully through the third quart; but the only thing that sustained him in the last quadrant of the job was the thought that if he left a single drop undrunk he would hereafter regret his wasted opportunity. Presently he writhed upon the sward in awful agonies, and extorted from my terrified chum another twenty-five cents wherewith to buy brandy for an antidote.

It was during Senior year that my stand ran down from a Philosophical to a First Dispute. "Company—villanous company—hath been the undoing of me." My previous room-mates had few followers, and I could study in peace. But Barlow was of a gregarious turn, and his friends swarmed upon us like myrmidons. They respected neither the age and infirmity of our furniture, nor the sacred ties of blood. One afternoon I heard sounds of ribaldry as I approached my room, and inside I found a crowd busy in target-practice. With my new pair of compasses they were spearing, at ten paces, a card nailed to the coal-closet door, which turned out on examination to be the photograph of the Rev. Erastus Buel, a remote collateral relative, which they had taken from my album.

My chum was fain to be a sporting-man. He bought a small Scotch terrier, which he used to drag about the yard on the end of a string, where it looked like a fur muff. The keeping of dogs was contrary to regulations; but the tutor in our entry, who roomed directly under us, good-naturedly winked at the offence. But one day, disturbed by a boxing-match overhead between Barlow and a visitor, he called to remonstrate, and, mistaking Shagbark for the door-mat, undertook to wipe his feet on him, and was chewed as to the calf-part. Shag, thus rudely brought to the notice of

authority, could no longer be ignored, and Barlow had to sell him to a local fancier.

In the matter of visitors, it is apt to be in college very much as in a large city: one has not necessarily much acquaintance with the men in one's own entry, unless, indeed, the entry has been "packed." The only one of our immediate neighbors in Senior year with whom we constantly forgathered was Nimrod in the adjoining entry, with whose premises we established a back-door communication by breaking down the partition of the coal-closet. Before this was done, rumors of Nimrod had been wafted through the wall, exciting guesses as to his probable character. One day, going into my coal-closet, I heard a groan as of some one in pain on the other side of the partition, and, listening intently, distinguished these words repeated over and over again: "I'm a plain, blunt man; I'm a plain, blunt man."

Fearing for our neighbor's sanity, I made inquiries about him, and learned that he practised declamation in his room, and that, emulating Demosthenes, he wore pebbles in his mouth at recitation. When we finally penetrated the wall that sundered us and entered into personal intimacy with Nimrod, we found him a person of traits. He was a patriotic class and society man, and used his oratorical talent with effect in class-meetings. He was reported to have spoken eloquently when initiated into Psi Upsilon, and to have exclaimed, tapping himself upon the breast, "Mr. President, I know not how others may feel on this occasion, but there's a little lump of flesh right here that is one mass of love for Psi Upsilon." He had devised and caused to be engraved a class coat-of-arms bearing the legend, "One link shall bind us ever: we were classmates at old Yale." He vainly tried to get my cynical chum to subscribe for a copy of this, reproaching him with a lack of class spirit. "Fifty cents for a class-poster?" Barlow would answer. "Four excellent cigars for a class-stamp? Ten glasses of beer for

a dashed old pasteboard with a lying motto on it? Go to the bond-holder, thou sluggard: I can't afford such frivolities."

Nimrod was likewise a mighty hunter of memorabilia, and, in company with our eminent philatelist, who had a similar weakness, scoured the university in search of relics. He had an unrivalled collection in his room, and once imperilled his life to add to it the hour-hand of the clock on Lyceum Tower. Owing to the supineness of the Time Service Department, this indicator had been walking over the course in solitary state for nearly a month, its livelier sister having been borne off by a bold Freshman. Before Nimrod captured the surviving pointer it was possible to form an approximate notion of the time of day. After that there remained nothing but a nubbin, which continued its inane revolutions at the centre of the dial for a month or two more. But Nimrod's favorite bit of memorabil, and one of which he always spoke with a quiet rapture, was a Junior Exhibition Programme of the Class of 1810. It had an engraving of a corpulent winged female hauling a similar allegorical figure toward a pavilion perched on a roll of solid cloud. Underneath was the inscription, "Genius conducted by Learning to the Temple of Fame."

The mention of this work of art reminds me to speak of our wall-decorations. These were entirely the contributions of my several chums, and were all characteristic. In Senior year they consisted of Barlow's foils and boxing-gloves, photos of favorite actresses and of the crew and the nine, colored lithographs of celebrated American trotters, etc. In Freshman year they were mostly worsted wall-baskets and slipper-cases, embroidered pen-wipers, watch-pockets in bead-work, and other creations of the needle furnished by female adherents of my chum who dwelt in the remote wild West. In Sophomore year only had we been really æsthetic, Rushton having produced from his trunk and hung upon the wall a number of pictures, mostly without frames,—a circumstance which, he

said, was high-toned and gave them an air of the artist's studio. One of these was a photographic copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Another was a small black oil, invisible save in a strong light, when it yielded a dim human form doing something with a wineglass. This, Rushton said, was "The Wine-Taster," a genuine Smith. And when I complained that it was impossible to see it, he explained that that was design. "Don't you notice the dank cellar-light?" he asked,—"how wonderfully the subterranean effect is rendered?"

When we came to break up house-keeping at the end of Senior year, we found the process a simple one. Such of our effects as were salable we sold to the Irishwomen who go about the colleges picking up bargains a week or two before Commencement,—when the elms are so bestuck with parti-colored furniture-advertisements that they seem to have on ragged and patched stockings to the knee. What was unsalable we abandoned to the sweeps. I remember my last night in the dismantled room, where the slanting bedstead and debilitated chairs stood about confusedly on the bare floor. It was the evening of Presentation-Day. The class-histories had been read, the ivy planted, the parting ode sung. The class had marched around with the band, cheering each of the old buildings in turn, and had then broken ranks forever. I had taken supper with my chum, and bidden him good-by at the station, being about to leave myself on the following morning. The entry was quite deserted when I climbed the staircase to our room. I had no lamp, so I lit a cigar, and, sitting down in the dark, by the open window, listened to the din of the summer insects and the rustle of the breeze in the elms. The crowd of the afternoon had dispersed, and the yard was quite still. Most of the underclassmen had gone away some days before, and only a few lights glimmered along the college row. At the formal leave-taking in Alumni Hall, where many of the fellows had been "all broke up," I had felt no emotion; and my chum and myself had

agreed, in talking it over at supper, that the ceremony was not in good taste. One is always apt to resent a set occasion for grief and to refuse to honor any such draft on the feelings, just as one takes a perverse pleasure in declining to be impressed to order by a famous landscape or picture or cathedral. The soul must take its own time. But now, as I sat alone in the deserted room and realized that a pleasant chapter of life was closed, that youth was over and friends were gone, and that I must put forth on the morrow from the green shelter of Alma Mater, I discovered that I had struck deeper roots in the life of the last four years than I had even suspected.

It suited our mood to talk lightly of many things in those ancient times. In our view of one another we affected a certain humorous exaggeration, which I have here tried to reproduce. Young men of our race have a wholesome shame of making a fuss about their deeper feelings. "We never," says Thoreau, "exchange more than three words with a friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually rise. One goes forth prepared to say, 'Sweet friends,' and the

salutation is, 'Damn your eyes!'" It should not, therefore, be thought that the prevailing attitude among us was one of levity. In college life and friendships, under a mask of reserve there is much of true sentiment, and even of romance. The freshness of hope, the warm, adventurous heart of youth, the stir of newly-awakened thought, shed a glamour over what would otherwise be a dull routine.

It is the sweet May light
That crimson all the quiet college gloom.

In later life our friendships become worldlier. We distrust our impulses, and accept the conventional estimate of men respecting success, cultivating those who may advantage us, forming business-connections, etc. We learn, too, a larger charity, and discover good in people whom we once thought intolerable. We discipline our instincts, teaching them to like here and dislike there. But alas for the unconsidering, unhesitating scorn or enthusiasm of our college days, when every one was either "a perfectly bully fellow" or else "a beastly pill"!

HENRY A. BEERS.

BY THE SEA.

IN other years, more fair, more dear than these,
In thy far-inland, star-bright home we planned
How one day, long awaited, hand in hand
We two would walk beside the sunlit seas.
The time is here: I feel the wild salt breeze
Upon my cheek; I pace the yielding strand;
I hear the great deep thunder to the land;—
But thou, where walk'st thou through death's mysteries?

Strange how the changeful sea for me alone
No welcome hath, nor with so fair a glee
Shine the long waves as in our dream they shone,
But ever low amid the breakers' boom
I hear thy voice, see gleams of that far room,
And so thy ghost walks with me by the sea.

W. P. FOSTER.

ON TUMBLE-DOWN MOUNTAIN.

THE school-master tilted his chair back, and elevated his legs to the counter.

"I don't know everything," said he modestly, "but the science of asterology I do know; and by the signs of the hevings I see that astonishing things are a-going to happen in this coming year. The stars that perside over the destinies of our own land, as well as those that rule over European nations, are exhibiting remarkable combernations. There will be wars and pestilences, earthquakes and famines, thunder and lightning, and—surprising things in general."

"Sho!" said old Abner Barrell, in an awe-stricken tone, as he leaned forward, his elbows upon his knees, and regarded the speaker intently, as if anxious not to lose any further words of prophecy that might fall from his lips.

Abijah Dyer, a very short man with the appearance of having grown in the wrong direction, like the scrub-oaks that flourished on Tumble-Down Mountain, was not so overcome by the prospect of such calamities as to forget that to him belonged the honor of bringing this prophet into their midst. He was school-agent for the Tumble-Down Mountain "deestric," and he had discovered Cyrus Gammans, and engaged him to teach the winter school, notwithstanding the objections that were made to his white hands and his store-clothes. On Tumble-Down Mountain they regarded school-teaching as a diversion to be enjoyed in the winter, but of a man who never worked with his hands they had but a poor opinion.

Now Abijah looked around with pride and an expression that said plainly, "I told you he was smart! You never would have had him if it hadn't been for me!"

One or two nodded in response to the look, but most of the group were absorbed in the dismal prophecies.

"You don't see't the world is comin'

to an eend, now do ye, sir?" said, in an anxious, appealing tone, a shrivelled little old man, almost doubled together with age and infirmities.

"I do not opine that there is any danger of that at present, and being, as I may say, on intimate terms with the heavingly bodies, I should be likely to know it if there was."

The little old man heaved a sigh of relief, and a hopeful smile lighted his withered countenance.

"I want to live till I git over the rheumatiz and the asthmy, anyhow," he said.

"I expect comets is terrible onlucky creturs, hain't they?" said Uncle Sim Wilcox, who was distinguished for having seen the world, as he had enlisted in the army when the echoes of the civil war penetrated to Tumble-Down Mountain. It was only for ninety days, and he had never seen a battle; but Uncle Sim's experiences would have filled volumes, and they were as familiar as household words all through the settlement. Three others went from Tumble-Down Mountain, but they had never come back.

"It's astronomy that tells about comets: they hain't nothin' to do with astrology," said young Daniel Price, with scorn.

"Them two is all the same, Darnle," said Uncle Sim with mild firmness, "though, 'long of allus stayin' to home on Tumble-Down Mountain, it ain't no ways strange that you shouldn't know it. When it comes to huntin' and fishin', now, or the p'int of a beef-cutter—"

"Asterology or asteronymy, they're all the same to me, certingly," said the school-master. "I play with the arts and sciences, as a child plays with his toys, as you might say." A graceful wave of the hand enhanced the effect of the school-master's eloquence. Glances of admiration were exchanged all around

the group—no, not all around. Stan Dyer, Abijah's son, a big, manly-looking fellow of twenty-five or six, had a frown on his face. As reserved and reticent was Stan as his father was open and voluble, and there was no more outward resemblance between them than between the tall, straight pines and hemlocks on Iron-Crown Mountain and the scrub-oaks on Tumble-Down, which latter Abner reminded you of every time you looked at him. Stan was like the Stan-woods, his mother's people: they were all "a little queer," the neighbors said.

"The comet is a much misunderstood planet," pursued the school-master. "I acknowledge that I myself have not the same clear understanding of the comet's nature and—intentions that I have of the other hevingly bodies; but there is no doubt that its spreading tail scatters, as it were, troubles and disasters upon us."

"You don't see no sign of ary comet now, do you, sir?" said the old man tremulously.

"I have seen one, and I flatter myself that I was the discoverer of it, though there are unprincipled persons who claim the honor. I trust that it may yet be called by my modest name."

"Sho!" ejaculated Abner Barrell again, while Abijah Dyer looked proudly around and nudged his neighbors on each side, as who should say, "See what I do when I am elected school-agent!"

"My darter's husband's fust wife had a vessel named arter her,—the Sophrony Imugene,—but I never heerd of nobody hevin' a comet named arter 'em. In fac', I donno as ever I heerd of a comet hevin' a name, Christian or surname, ary one," said the old man, rubbing his head in a bewildered manner.

"Faculties kind of goin'," said Abijah Dyer apologetically to the school-master. "We don't pay no attention to what Gransir' Traf'n says."

"I've heerd folks call the moon lunny, and I've heerd 'em say there was a star called Jubiter, but that sounds a terrible sight like swearin'," the old man went on, in his plaintive, high-keyed voice.

"This comet that I discovered is ap-

proaching the earth at a very rapid rate. Some people apprehend a collision, but I have no fears of that kind."

"It would be a terrible unfort'nit place to be livin' on a high mounting if the comet and the airth should hit agin one another, now, wouldn't it?" said Gransir' Traf'n anxiously. "Mebbe I'd better go down mounting and stay a spell with my darter Nabby. I don't want to be took away before my nateral eend comes."

"I guess the best place then would be where the righteous is," said Deacon Tobin, a brisk, dapper little man, with a jolly face and an incongruously solemn voice and manner.

"If that's so, I guess there ain't many places that'll make a better show than Tumble-Down Mountain," said Abner Barrell.

"You ain't what your forefathers was," said the deacon, shaking his head mournfully. "I've lived to see fiddlin' and dancin' on Tumble-Down Mounting. The temptations of the world is a-creepin' in and corruptin' our young folks."

The deacon's remarks were interrupted by the opening of the store door. The group gathered around the stove all looked curiously up to see who the new-comer might be, for it was almost nine o'clock,—the traditional bedtime on Tumble-Down Mountain,—and the first heavy snow-storm of the season was falling.

It was a slender slip of a girl, with a bright, coquettish face framed in auburn hair. Her wide-open brown eyes had a childish, questioning look, as if they were newly looking out upon life.

She was covered with snow, which she shook off with an airy whirl of her garments.

"Uncle Enoch's got one of his spells, father. Mother wants you to come right home. I'm going over to Mis' Gregory's after some skunk-cabbage for him."

Abner Barrell rose, buttoned his overcoat with deliberation, pulled his collar up to his ears, and his hat down to his collar.

"I expect nothin' but what Enoch

will be took away in one of them air spells. But he's havin' surprisin' visions lately," he said, as he stepped into the whirling whiteness without.

Stan Dyer, with sheepish hesitancy, made his way to the girl's side.

"Mebbe I'd better go with you, 'Lecty. 'Taint a fit night for you to be out alone," he said.

But the school-master was at her other side, with a bow that would have done credit to a dancing-master, and a happy mingling of assurance and deference in his manner.

"You will permit me the happiness of escorting you, Miss Electa, and of protecting you to the extent of my ability from the inclement blast?" he said.

The girl hesitated for an instant, then she cast a coquettish glance at Stan, and placed her arm in the school-master's.

"Got the start o' ye, didn't he, Stan?" chuckled Gransir' Traf'n wheezily. "Wall, he's as pooty as new paint, and makes his marnners terrible slick, and he's chuck full o' larnin': seems as ef his chaps stuck out with it, as a squirrel's does with nuts. Makes the gals set by him. But I think jest as much of you, Stan, as I do of him, jest exactly as much, if you hain't harnsome nor edicated."

This assurance did not seem to afford Stan great consolation, for he made no reply, but rushed out of the store, shutting the door somewhat forcibly behind him.

"Jest the way I took on when Susann' Kinney wouldn't hev me," murmured the old man. "And Susann' she turned out slack and consumed, and cost her husband more'n she come to, and I got Deborah Greeley, that, if she was gittin' along in years and knew how to scold consid'able, could do two days' work to Susann's one, and had a harnsome medder-lot down t' the village. The Lord's way's better'n oun. A medder-lot's a sight more consolin' in the long run than a pooty-feathered wife."

Gransir' Barrell, who had been celebrated for having "spells," in which he saw visions and dreamed dreams, was

the original settler of Tumble-Down Mountain.

His neighbors and brethren in the church were practical people, who showed but slight respect to his visions and prophecies, and godly people, who doubted whether they were "exactly accordin' to Scripiter." Some even went so far as to suggest that the great enemy of mankind was concerned in them, as he was in the "speritoal knockin's" which were just beginning to be heard of and talked about in Holdfast, a little town shut out from the world by a rampart of mountains and hills. So Jonathan Barrell, a young man then, and full of energy and determination, shook the dust of the village off his feet, and set up his household gods on the green plateau just under the shadow of the bare rocky crown of Tumble-Down Mountain. It was four miles from the village, and a steep ascent all the way, but the land proved very fertile,—a narrow belt saved by whimsical nature from the general rockiness and barrenness. Before long the young pioneer had a better farm than the one he had left, and others followed in his footsteps,—mostly people who respected and had faith in his visions and were willing to look up to him as a leader.

In the course of ten years a considerable hamlet had climbed to Jonathan Barrell's perch, and looked down with a feeling of superiority upon the village under its feet. There were no thrifless or ungodly people on Tumble-Down Mountain, while in the village there were several paupers, and a minister who doubted the existence of a personal devil, to say nothing of old Jeremy Treadle, who indulged a chronic doubt concerning Jonah and the whale and disgraced the community by confiding it to every stranger that appeared.

The village, in its turn, regarded the Tumble-Down Mountain settlement with the contemptuous pity with which visionary people are always regarded by their practical neighbors. Why should they climb that rocky mountain and invade the dens of the bears and foxes, when there was level land running to waste all

about? And why should they persist in believing in the prophecies of Jonathan Barrell concerning the weather and the crops, and sometimes concerning great events in distant countries, when, nine times out of ten, they were all wrong, and when it was more than probable that the trances into which he appeared to fall were feigned, or, if they were not, were clearly the work of evil spirits, which had taken possession of him as they did of people in the old Bible times?

Then, of course, they had to have their share of the school-money,—which was very annoying. They had built themselves a school-house, so small that it looked as if it had come out of a toy village, and from the very first they had insisted upon having a school-master in the winter, though what they wanted of an education, living out of the world as they did, Holdfast did not know. They paid nothing for “the support of the gospel” in the village, but had always held religious services in their school-house, Jonathan Barrell “leadin’ the meetin’,” as it was called, for years after he became “old Gransir’ Barrell” and the spirit of prophecy had departed from him, the trances failing with his failing strength. Now his grandson Abner shared the honor of leadin’ the meet’n with Deacon Tobin, a new-comer, who had sought Tumble-Down Mountain as a refuge from a theological dispute with his church brethren, the chief point of difference being the character of the pillar of salt into which Lot’s wife was turned, and also with a wandering preacher of the Adventist persuasion who occasionally found his way up the mountain.

Tumble-Down-Mountain folks were “godly-given,”—Holdfast acknowledged that, although always adding that they had queer crotchets and superstitions, and would have been “surer of a blessing if they had made use of the gospel privileges that the Lord had provided, instead of getting up a meeting of their own.”

And as “likely” a set of boys and girls had grown up on the mountain as

anywhere else in the town, though they would have been better off to have come down to the village to school. As time went on, Tumble-Down-Mountain folks began to make much more frequent trips down the mountain than their forefathers had done. Most of the men were more or less interested in politics, and had to go down to get a paper and hear the news once in a while. They usually came home to talk over the news among themselves, especially since Eph Truman had opened a store on the mountain, where, if there was not a large assortment of goods, a fire in cold weather, plenty of seats, good cider, and a feast of reason and flow of soul were never lacking of an evening.

The young people mingled freely with the young people of the village, unmoved by the head-shakings of their elders: they went “down-mountain” to singing-schools and apple-bees and sleighing-parties, and once in a while there was a frolic on the mountain, to which the young men and maidens of the village came up,—one of the occasions on which Deacon Tobin had been scandalized by the sight of fiddlin’ and dancin’. But they were still grave and serious people, with a strong sense of the nearness of an unseen world, and almost as firm a faith in Enoch Barrell’s visions and prophecies as their fathers had had in his grandfather’s.

The levity of some of the young people, lamentable as it was, did not cause so much grief to the worthy fathers as the fact that the young men as they grew up had begun to leave the mountain. They even went so far as to seek their fortunes in distant cities, and Tumble-Down Mountain knew them no more.

Stan Dyer, who was the most promising of them all, still stayed. In the village everybody wondered that he, who had more energy and more ability than any young man in the town, should be contented to settle down on Tumble-Down Mountain. Some people thought it was the influence of his invalid mother, whose only child and idol he was, that held him there; while others sagely con-

cluded that "'Lecty Barrell was at the bottom of it." And now the school-master appeared to be "keepin' company" with 'Lecty, and Stan was left out in the cold.

It was no wonder that 'Lecty liked the school-master, who was so "pretty-appearin'," and wore store-clothes every day, and knew as much as a minister; but there were a few who whispered darkly that "mebbe, after all, he hadn't no more stability than some other folks." It was noticed, however, that those few were the mothers of daughters to whom the school-master had not paid attention, and they were supposed to be moved by envy and jealousy.

And the same few thought that 'Lecty was a good-for-nothing coquette, and that Stan "could find a wife worth a dozen of her, if she was a Barrell, and without goin' off the mounting, too." But Stan did not seem to be inclined to seek consolation in that way. He was cutting wood on a piece of land which he had bought, and he went on doing it as steadily and energetically as if there were no disturbing 'Lectys in creation. But his face wore a hard, set look, and he never had an unnecessary word for anybody. He went to none of the merry-makings, and after that night in the store, when she had openly preferred the school-master's escort to his, he had avoided 'Lecty.

The school-master "boarded round," winning golden opinions by the freedom and sociability of his manners. He helped to feed the pigs and the cattle, in spite of his white hands, and he was "jest as hearty for pork and beans as if he wa'n't edicated." He was a master of entertaining as well as instructive arts. He held readings in the school-house, and moved his audience to uncontrollable laughter and tears, of which they were afterward somewhat ashamed, since "there wa'n't a word of truth in what he read;" for on Tumble-Down Mountain they disapproved of novels and all sorts of light literature. But "the school-master did beat all for makin' you feel as if the folks that he read about was right there, and, if it was

all a lie, it couldn't be very wicked, or the school-master wouldn't do it."

The sense of humor was not strongly developed among the Tumble-Down-Mountain folks. The gray-haired fathers of the settlement went home one night gravely discussing the probability of such a catastrophe as that which was said to have befallen the "one-horse shay;" and a moral inculcating punctuality and sobriety was all that they saw in the adventures of John Gilpin. It was a strong proof of the school-master's real drollery that they did laugh: they could not have told why.

Still more wonderful was the school-master's skill as a ventriloquist, and his exhibitions of that art afforded the greatest delight to his audiences, though the delight was somewhat mingled with awe, especially among the elderly women; and there were a few who secretly regarded his performances as witchcraft and never ventured into his presence without a horseshoe in their pockets.

Like a skilful general, the school-master held a strong force in reserve. Toward the middle of the winter, when people began to be sated with knowledge concerning "asteronymy" and "asterology," when even the readings had begun to grow monotonous, and conversation concerning him was less liberally garnished with adjectives and exclamation-points, then it was that the school-master tried his grand *coup*. A notice was posted in Eph Truman's store announcing that "the science of mesmerism would be explained and illustrated by Cyrus Gammans, in the school-house, on the following Monday evening."

A very vague idea of what mesmerism was prevailed on Tumble-Down Mountain, and the announcement aroused no enthusiasm. One man hazarded the opinion that "the school-master's ideas was a-gittin' pumped out dry, or else he wouldn't have been obleeged to take such an unenlivenin' subject;" another thought that mesmerism was "a new-fangled kind of religion, and didn't believe in meddlin' nor makin' with it;" and still another thought it had something to do with

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the water-cure kind of doctorin' that had killed his great-aunt.

Nevertheless, when Monday evening came the school-house was thronged. Many of those who had declared their intention to stay away were among the first to arrive, and those who "didn't hold with new-fangled doctrines wanted to see what the school-master would make of it, anyhow."

Even Stan Dyer made his appearance. He had never been to one of the school-master's entertainments,—indeed, he had avoided all society for several months,—and everybody wondered that he should have come now, for his dislike and jealousy of the school-master were no secret. Was it because 'Lecty, coquette that she was, had tired of the school-master's devotion and begun to cast beguiling glances over her shoulder at Stan? Two or three remembered to have seen her do that. And Stan had taken his old place in the church choir on Sunday, which he had abandoned for a long time previously, and, after the service, had walked home with 'Lecty, just as he used to do before the school-master came. And his face certainly looked a little less gloomy.

Some people had regarded it as certain that 'Lecty would marry the school-master, but others prophesied that when the school-master got to be an old story she would be looking around after Stan again. And it appeared that these latter prophets were in the right; for Stan, instead of the school-master, was 'Lecty's escort on this night.

Enoch Barrell, in spite of his physical infirmities, which confined him almost wholly to the house, had insisted upon coming to hear the lecture on mesmerism, a subject which he understood better than most of the school-master's audience, for in his youthful days Enoch had been noted as "a great scholar;" he had even been sent away to an academy for two terms,—a thing which happened to no other Tumble-Down-Mountain youth of his generation. In his early manhood the "spells" had come on, at first like his grandfather's,—only a deep sleep, in which he saw visions,—but becoming convulsive and

violent as he grew older, and making a wreck of him physically and mentally. Only now and then a gleam of his old intelligence shone out, making his condition seem more pitiable.

His face was yellow and corpse-like, and his eyes had an unnaturally bright and glassy appearance. His tall, bent figure and his flowing white hair and beard gave him an appearance that was not unworthy of a prophet, and even in these later days there were few on Tumble-Down Mountain who had not faith in his supernatural powers. Even what the school-master foretold by means of "asterology" was less to be relied upon than what Enoch Barrell saw under the influence of the "spells."

The school-master's rhetoric was of the florid style, and his explanation of the science of mesmerism dazzled rather than enlightened his hearers: in fact, it left many of them more bewildered than it found them. But there were few who did not admire his "flow of language" and sigh that they were not sufficiently learned to understand him.

"The school-master could make a dictionary out of his own head as good as any one of 'em, if he was only a mind to," Gransir' Traf'n said.

'Lecty confessed that when the school-master had finished his discourse she was convinced that mesmerism was some kind of a quadruped; but it may have been because she was absorbed in Stan, who sat beside her. There was no doubt that 'Lecty was finding Stan's congenial ignorance a refreshing change from the school-master's overflowing knowledge.

But the school-master's time was coming, and he had a grim smile upon his lips, and a sly gleam in his eyes which betokened mischief. He looked as if he were saying within himself that in love or science he was a smart man who could get the better of Cyrus Gammans.

Having "explained," he proceeded to "illustrate" mesmerism. Young Daniel Price, a big, uncouth fellow, who appeared to have never been successful in acquiring the proper use of his arms and legs, and to be constantly maintaining an

ineffectual struggle to keep them out of sight, was the first victim.

The school-master made a few light passes over Daniel's face and head, and Daniel forthwith began to caper about the room with all the airs of a dancing-master, following with the greatest docility the beckoning of the school-master's finger. Great was the amazement of the audience; but it soon began to be whispered about that Daniel was in collusion with the school-master and was "doin' it all a-purpose;" though that explanation was not satisfactory to many who did not believe that bashful Daniel could have the assurance to "perform such antics before a whole roomful of people unless he was bewitched or out of his head somehow." And more than one worthy dame felt uneasily for the horseshoe in her pocket.

When, at length, the school-master waved Daniel back to his seat, that young man started, and stared about him with the unmistakable air of one just recovering consciousness of his surroundings; and he settled back into his accustomed heaviness and dulness of aspect, and looked utterly incapable of the ease and agility which he had shown.

"It did beat all, and no mistake." That was the general verdict. But more astonishing still was it to see old Gransir' Traf'n trip out at a mere wave of the school-master's hand and essay to dance a jig on his rheumatic old legs; and Deacon Tobin, who held dancing in utter abhorrence, seized staid Widow Carter around the waist and waltzed her across the room. And when Abner Barrell, thinking that too scandalous a proceeding to be permitted to go on, walked forward to remonstrate with the school-master, some mysterious influence set him to laughing as nobody had ever seen him laugh before. There he stood, and held on to his sides, and roared, and cheered the dancers on, until suddenly, with only a few commanding gestures from the school-master, they all returned to their seats, and quiet and order were restored.

And then, while amazement kept

everybody silent, the school-master beckoned to 'Lecty. From the first Stan had expected this. He felt an impulse to hold her back by force, but there was something terrible in her calm, trance-like condition and in what seemed to him the diabolical art of the school-master that awed and restrained him. In the face of any natural dangers Stan had plenty of courage, but the pastors and masters on Tumble-Down Mountain had inculcated a wholesome fear of the devil. With him Stan did not feel able to cope; but his emissary, the school-master, he would have liked very much to lay violent hands on.

'Lecty followed his beckoning finger in a slow and dreamy way, and when she reached him she sank on her knees before him. A commanding wave of his hand brought her to her feet again, and she followed him as he walked to and fro, with a humble, beseeching look, as a dog follows his master.

Even the powers of darkness could not awe Stan into enduring this. He sprang with uplifted arm toward the school-master; but a glance around upon the faces of his audience had already shown the "illustrator" that wonder and admiration were giving place to stern displeasure, and he thought it quite possible that Tumble-Down-Mountain folks might before long feel it to be their duty to resist the devil in his person and cause him to flee. He released 'Lecty from his control, and, turning in his natural easy and off-hand manner to the audience, explained to them in a more comprehensible manner than usual that it was merely "the power of his stronger will" that had given him a temporary control over these people.

Some were willing to accept the explanation and regard the thing as a joke, but many shook their heads. Gransir' Traf'n said "it was plain enough that 'twas the lartter days, and the devil was loosed; and, bein' Scriptor showed that he had a likin' for mountings, he cakilated he'd go down and make his darter Nabby a visit."

'Lecty, instead of immediately resuming her normal condition like the others,

turned white and fainted on her father's shoulder, and was carried home unconscious.

On the whole, the school-master had created rather more of a sensation than he wished. But that he had not lost his hold upon the people was proved by the ease with which he overcame the fears and misgivings of many before they left the school-house.

It was several days before 'Lecty recovered her usual health, and even then her vivacity did not come back. She was silent and depressed, and Stan found that the advantage he had gained over the school-master was all gone. 'Lecty's sole interest seemed to be in the young man who had displayed such mysterious power over her. Stan, who had not failed to imbibe his share of the superstition with which the very air of Tumble-Down Mountain seemed laden, joined with Gransir' Traf'n and several others in the opinion that the school-master had cast a spell over her. But he confided his opinion to nobody. He would not mention the school-master's name; and it was afterward remembered that he never heard it without scowling fiercely and muttering between his teeth.

It was about two weeks after that memorable night that the school-master took advantage of his Saturday holiday to visit a friend who lived about five miles from Holdfast village. It was his habit to do this frequently, walking down the mountain on Friday afternoon and returning Sunday night. It had been a cold winter, and heavy snow covered the ground; but now there had come on a "January thaw," and the snow was melting rapidly. Rain had begun to fall, too, on this Friday, and rivers of water were running down the sides of Tumble-Down Mountain.

The school-master was advised to defer his visit, but he replied that he was in league with the elements and could not be harmed by them, and gayly went on his way, choosing, as usual, the "short cut," which was by way of a foot-path and a bridge of three stout logs across Wildcat River.

The rain continued to fall in torrents

through Saturday and a part of Sunday. A good many people expressed the hope that the school-master, if he tried to come up the mountain on that Sunday night, would be prudent enough to come by the road,—for Wildcat River must be so swollen that the log bridge would be hard to cross, even if it had not been carried away.

But the school-master did not come. For once, it seemed, he had not cared to brave the elements. Two or three days went by, and nobody ventured down the mountain, the road having been rendered almost impassable; but at length Eph Truman, being short of supplies, was obliged to risk the journey, and he brought back the astonishing news that the school-master had started up the mountain by the "short cut" on Sunday night. He must have tried to cross on the logs and been drowned in Wildcat River.

A party of men started at once for the river. The logs were not there: they had drifted away, and were probably by this time far along on their journey to the ocean. But near the place where the bridge had been, caught in a crevice between two rocks, they found a hat,—the picturesque broad-brimmed one which had been wont to sit so jauntily above the school-master's flowing locks. Stan Dyer picked it up, and every one noticed how white he turned as he did so.

There was the usual nine days' wonder and lament over the school-master's fate, and a faithful search was made for his body,—which was not found. Most of the Tumble-Down folks now remembered only the school-master's good qualities, and sighed deeply as they remarked that they "should never get a man of his talents for school-master again." But others shook their heads doubtfully over him and his fate, evidently suspecting that, instead of being drowned, he had sailed away on a broom-stick, or assumed some other shape, as witches could at will. And there were those who saw a strange light dancing at night over Iron-Crown Mountain, and were led to conclude that the school-master's

ghost had gone to join the other evil spirits in their revels there.

However it may have been, the school-master came back no more; and as weeks went by he had almost ceased to be talked about, until one day Enoch Barrell had a vision. He had not had a "spell" before for three months, and when the spells were so infrequent he was sure to have a wonderful vision when one did come. He sent for all the neighbors to come and hear him relate this vision, and the house was thronged. It was impossible for all to get into the room where the old man sat in state, with a weird, unnatural light, which they all thought the fire of prophecy, in his eyes.

"There was two men a-standin' on the bank of the river," he began, in a peculiar, monotonous, sing-song tone. "It was a-gittin' dark fast; it was e'en a'most dark then, there in the woods, and the wind was a-makin' a terrible lonesome noise, a-moanin' and a-screechin' in the trees. And the river was all a-boilin' and a-foamin', as if 'twas the ocean in a storm. But the bridge was there. I see the logs as plain as could be; and the two men they wa'n't on the yender side; they was on this side. They was a-disputin' and wranglin'. I heard loud and angry words,—though I couldn't make out jest what they was. One he seemed terrible mad; his face was as white as a grave-stun. And the other he seemed kind of mockin' and insultin'. And all of a sudden one give the other a push. He was a-standin' right on the edge of the river, and I seemed to shet my eyes with the horror of it, jest as if I was awake; and when I opened 'em there wa'n't but one man there! But away down the river I thought I could see a white face comin' up among the boilin' waves now and then, and white hands a-stretchin' out.

"The other man he stood and watched as if he saw somethin' too, until it grew dark, and then he turned and come up the mounting alone. I see the faces of them two men as plain as I see yours this minute," and the old man waved

his hand with a dramatic gesture toward the throng of listeners. "And they was the school-master and Stan Dyer!"

All eyes were turned upon Stan, who stood in the door-way. His face was white, and perspiration stood in drops on his brow; but he met the eyes with a dull, indifferent look, and he drew a long breath as of relief. Then he turned and walked slowly away.

The consultations that were held on Tumble-Down Mountain that night seemed to produce but little result. It was hard to believe Stan guilty, yet such was the influence which the Barrell visions had always possessed over the community that there were few who really doubted. And there was no denying that Stan's conduct since the school-master's disappearance had been strongly against him. He had kept himself moodily apart, repulsing almost savagely all attempts to be friendly with him, and had even turned the cold shoulder upon 'Lecty, who had used all the beguiling arts of which she was mistress to win him back. He had grown worn and haggard, and, as his mother had been heard to say, he scarcely ate or slept.

But what it was their duty to do in the premises, the leading spirits on Tumble-Down Mountain were at a loss to decide. Holdfast people were inclined to ridicule the Barrell visions. Would Enoch's testimony of what he had seen during unconsciousness be regarded as sufficient evidence of Stan's guilt? Was it possible to prove that he had committed murder?

All that Stan would say was to inform them that he intended to leave the mountain if he were not arrested on the following day. He gave them fair warning, that they might not accuse him of having run away, but his guilt he would neither confess nor deny. The Tumble-Down-Mountain authorities drew a long breath of relief at this. It was an easy way out of the difficulty, though they did wish he had run away and thus left no responsibility upon them. And Stan, with only a bundle of clothing on his back, and an oaken

staff in his hand, with a white, haggard face that seemed to bear the very brand of Cain, tramped down the mountain, bound no one, not even he himself, knew whither.

It was a year from that time, when one day a laborer, dusty and way-worn, who had walked from New York, finding work here and there as he could, stopped beside a brook on the outskirts of a little Connecticut town to rest. A gayly-painted and adorned tin-peddler's wagon drove along at the same moment, and the peddler stopped to water his horses. The tramp lifted his worn, white face from the brook, and saw the peddler as he dismounted from his wagon.

He started to his feet with a cry.

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the peddler, holding out his hand with a hearty manner. "If you ain't Stan Dyer, or else his ghost! Well, it seems as queer to see one of you Tumble-Down-Mountain folks out in the world as it would to see a Mother Carey's chicken at a hen-show!"

"You ain't dead?" stammered Stan, looking at him with dilated eyes.

"Dead! Well, not much, thank you. What's the matter with you, man? Oh, 'twas that hat did the business, did it? Well, I s'pose that was a kind of a shabby trick that I played on 'em; but they owed me two weeks' wages, so they needn't have complained. You see, I meant to come back fast enough. I never thought of such a thing as runnin' away, though I'd got pretty sick of it, for a retired life don't suit me anyway, until I saw that the bridge was gone. I had calculated that that bridge was fixed so that it couldn't go whatever happened, and there it was gone, and no upheavin' round it at all,—just as slick as if it had been taken out by hands!"

"Yes, it was," said Stan mechanically.

"It was? What do you mean?"

"I took the bridge away. I don't think that I meant you should be drowned, but I don't know. I was mad. And I've been thinkin' ever since that I was a murderer. You don't know how it feels!"

And Stan stood erect, and rolled, as it were, a great burden from his shoulders.

"I swan to man! Is it that that's worn you to a shadow? And me enjoyin' life all the time, like a clam at high water! I kind of remember that you had a grudge against me; but I didn't think 'twas so bad as that. About some girl, wasn't it? But, bless you! I have so many of those little affairs that I never think anything of them, except just for the time. A man that is attractive to the fair sex must expect to meet with envy and jealousy! Queer folks up there on Tumble-Down Mountain! Green! Young goslin's ain't a circumstance to them! 'Twass hardly worth while to humbug 'em, 'twass so easy done; didn't do anything toward cultivatin' a man's talents. And I was never cut out for a school-master; too slow business. Though if I set out to do anything I'd do it well, my way. I saw which way their tastes ran up there, and I humored 'em. They got plenty of what they thought was supernatural while I was there. But I was awful sick of it, and when I saw that bridge was gone it came into my mind like a flash that it was a good chance to clear out. I gave my hat a sling, and the wind happened to be blowin' just the right way, and took it across and jammed it between two rocks. I wanted 'em to think I was drowned. I do enjoy foolin' folks. My nature. My present employment ain't so genteel as school-teachin', but it pays better, and I intersperse it with lecturin', and I'm thinkin' about goin' into politics for a livin'. All you've got to do to make a livin' in this world is to fool folks; but havin' a variety of ways is enlivenin'."

"Come back to Tumble-Down Mountain with you? Well, that ain't a bad idea. Surprise 'em, wouldn't it? And I've got a lecture on the telephone, explainin' and illustratin' it, that'll make 'em open their eyes. I'll set up a telephone there, and make 'em think I'm the Old Harry, sure enough!"

But the sensation that Tumble-Down Mountain experienced when Stan and

the school-master appeared was so great that the telephone failed of its expected effect. It would have to be a great wonder that would astonish Tumble-Down-Mountain folks after this.

The school-master was heard to complain that Tumble-Down-Mountain folks were "gettin' to be too much like other people. Only about a third of them believed that the Old Harry was at the other end of the telephone-wire." He made but a short tarry with them, and declined their proposal to come back and teach the next winter.

Lecty treated the school-master in a manner with which Stan could find no fault. Indeed, she declared that she could "hardly keep from makin' faces at him." She furthermore confided to Stan that she "had never cared the

least bit about anybody in the world but him;" and if Stan was not quite so sure of the truth of this statement as she was, he never said so. And they were as happy a couple as if a school-master had never dawned upon their horizon. A singular result of the school-master's reappearance was that, although Enoch Barrell was still afflicted by "spells," he never had another vision.

School-masters have a rather hard time on Tumble-Down Mountain. They always hear themselves disparagingly compared to a phenomenal school-master, whose mastery of all the arts and sciences, as well as of all the isms and ologies, was but a small part of his powers, and whose like Tumble-Down Mountain never expects to see again.

SOPHIE SWETT.

BARK CANOEING IN CANADA.

AMONG the woods and waters of the Upper Ottawa I have spent many a holiday, fishing, trapping, shooting, and lounging; and among my reminiscences nothing recurs to my mind with more pleasure than my associations with the bark canoe. One seemed to get a peep into the dim past of Indian life and character when watching our dusky friends constructing the frail craft by the margin of a lake where civilization had not even an echo, and where nothing but "the forest primeval" gave the hunter shelter.

I suppose for a man to eulogize the Indian's canoe beside some of its modern substitutes would be considered by many as sensible as extolling the stage-coach over the Pullman. I have had quite enough experience of the so-called improvements. Like too much else in this fast new world of ours, they are merely made to sell, and not one of them can compare with the bark canoe. I believe it to be as true of the Indian's boat as it is of his snow-shoe, that nothing

has yet been discovered to take its place. I have never found the lightest ash or cedar boats to retain their shape, to keep out water, or to be unshrinkable, even when the keel and sterns are made of oak, the ribs of rock-elm, the gunwales of spruce, the decks of pine, and the seats of basswood. Any one can repair the birch canoe. If the spruce-bark bottom is injured, it can be as easily repaired as a crack in the side; but damage the bottom of your cedar invention and you ruin your boat, unless you are a master of patchwork and a boat-builder to boot. For real practical superiority I prefer the Indian canoe; and may not Sam Slick's testimony help my commendation? Hear him:

"What is a wherry, or a whale-boat, or a scull, or a gig, to them? They draw no more water than an egg-shell; they require no strength to paddle; they go right up on the beach, and you can carry them about like a basket. With a light hand, a cool head, and a quick eye, you can make them go where a

duck can. What has science and taste and handicraft ever made to improve on this simple contrivance of the savage? . . . If I was a gal I'd always be courted in one, for you can't romp there, or you'd be upset. It's the safest place I know of." Let me add, it is always ready, is easily packed away, can be carried on your back, launched on the water by an infant, "beached" and

turned over for a snooze under its shelter, or swung up like a hammock to hold provisions. Whether for Indian, settler, trader, or sportsman, in a densely-wooded country with rivers and streams the canoe is indispensable.

If you are ever inclined for a unique holiday in the wildness of a romantically beautiful country only a short distance from the capital of Canada, choose



ON THE OTTAWA.

your season, whether for trout or deer, and just drop a line to Chief Joseph or Chief Louis, at Oka, in the province of Quebec, to make arrangements to go with you. The shortest routes are by Ogdensburg to Prescott, and through to Ottawa; or from Montreal to Ottawa, having the lovely sail from Lachine in the cosey "Prince of Wales" as far as Carillon, and, after a few minutes' jaunt by rail, on to Ottawa City by another charming steamer of the Ottawa River Navigation Company. This is by far the loveliest way from Montreal to the capital. At Ottawa you may get anywhere all the information you need about routes farther on. You can hire the best Indians for about one dollar a day, and if you stipulate for canoes you can buy them for five or six dollars each, or

hire them for about two dollars a week; and you may rely upon faithful work from your red-skins, strict temperance and integrity. I would trust uncounted money with any of the chiefs.

Let me take you to an island up the Ottawa, where many years ago I planted a pole, something after the fashion of the early French explorers who planted a cross, and took possession in the name of my noble self. I have ever since been monarch of that bit of mother-earth. No one has ever disputed my title, because it is too small for a good habitation, is too far from civilization for living on if it were ten acres, and does not come near the line 45° and fine distinctions of national demarcation. We camped there for several reasons,—among them being the fact

that there the flies and mosquitoes never persecuted us, that it is handy to the mainland, and that I have there a subterranean cellar as well as a bedroom, where I keep ammunition, etc. "We" consisted of Chief Joseph, the head chief of Oka, Thomas, his brother, and Kantarakon, a fine young specimen of the modern Iroquois, straight as an arrow, calm as a sphinx, quick as a shot. The three had just been released from jail, where they had been imprisoned for several months for cutting wood for fuel on the land where they and their fathers had lived for over a century and a half. It appeared that for the past thirty years the trustees of this land had been trying to force them away, in order to occupy it with their own settlers, exclusively French, who as voters would have some little influence which the disfranchised red-skin did not enjoy. The trustees are the Seminary of St. Sulpice, an immensely rich ecclesiastical corporation, endowed at first by Louis XIV., and confirmed conditionally about forty years ago by the Canadian government in the possession of its rich estates, which, with other ecclesiastical millstones, are slowly sinking the province of Quebec to bankruptcy. The Indians would listen to no argument or persuasion. The bones of their fathers were in Oka; they would never lay theirs elsewhere. The upshot was that a cruel system of persecution began. Public sympathy was intense in their favor; a civil-rights alliance took up the question as a national one, and litigation was undertaken to settle it. The Indian church was pulled down, and soon after the large stone edifice of the trustees caught fire from a burning barn and was destroyed. Of course our poor Indians were accused of the deed; but, after four separate trials, no jury could agree.

I have detailed this matter in the interest of my Oka Iroquois friends, over five hundred of whom reside in and near the village, and over four hundred and seventy of whom are opposed to the "interest" of their trustees.

"Well, Joseph, do you think you'll

ever get justice from a Quebec jury?" I asked the chief.

"Why, yes, for sure. My people now well behaved. They no drink, no swear, no steal. They no play lacrosse on Sunday. They changed. But few years ago they drunk, they bad, they don't know anything. Now children read, and good scholars some. We have friends, and we get justice sure. Maybe long time. *But it come, sure.*"

"Do you think the government will see you righted?"

"Government!" he replied sneeringly. "Very good if it want something. But Indians got no vote. Government is afraid. It is coward. Them people at Ottawa, they just want to keep these. They don't care for country or for us. But if Okas don't get justice—well, they will never go away from Oka. The lands are ours, long before French came. Other Indians all over Canada are happy and free and have lands, and we must be same."

The chief is really an eloquent man when discussing the subject of his people's wrongs. He can read and write in Iroquois, French, and English. It is not often that you find red-skins so interesting as these Okas; and, even if you are storm-stayed in camp, monotony never seems to approach you.

I had spent a few days in Oka watching the construction of a canoe. I had a fancy to have one made with nothing but what the forest supplies, and Joseph at once offered to perform the work without the aid of even an axe or a knife. Instead of the latter a sharp bone and stone were used, instead of a gimlet a strong thorn, and a fire was started by striking flint. The framework was made of ash and fir, the gunwale of long strips of ash, carefully selected, the thwarts of ash, and the ribs of fir. The length was eighteen feet, and the width three feet. The white-birch bark, about an eighth of an inch thick, was stripped from the tree, so as to give us the whole canoe in one piece; and here I learned that the bark cut just beneath the lowest branches and just above the roots is the best. The

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internal coating was then scraped off, and the sheet of bark laid upon the frame. Rough roots of the tamarack, larch, and spruce were used to bind or sew together the cross-pieces; while it was trimmed to shape and sewed at both ends and to the gunwale with split ligaments of pine root, called "wattup." The seams were then closed with tallow mixed with rosin of the fir-tree. With some wild berries the bow and stern were painted in rude hieroglyphics, and I had a genuine Indian canoe.

Gently as a babe it was lifted and laid on the water. Kantarakon got in and

paddled it quietly out a hundred yards, then, turning gracefully, he shot it to shore, reminding one of Hiawatha:

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

When it lay empty on the water it touched it with an edge like a knife. When we were all in, it only sank about four inches. Of course it had no seats. I squatted in the bottom, reclining lux-



INDIANS CONSTRUCTING A CANOE.

uriously on the blankets; two of the Indians knelt, squatting on their heels. The paddles were about six feet long, painted red; that of the steersman about seven feet, and made of rock-maple. It was a beautiful sight to see him striking first on one side, then on the other, with scarcely a movement of the body except the arms. I remembered that in "Hiawatha" the hero of the poem smears the sides of his canoe with the oil of a sturgeon, so as to pass swiftly through the water, and I asked Joseph if he had ever heard of this idea.

"Well, long time ago I heard my

grandfader tell story like dat, and I believe it was use by Indians once. But me think it only superstition."

The Indians in Canada can tell the tribe to which a man belongs by the style of his canoe. The Iroquois who live in Oka, Caughnawaga, and St. Regis, on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, make much smaller craft than the Micmacs on the sea-coast. The former have low bows and stern; the latter high, with raised gunwale. The former would swamp in a chopping sea, while the latter would easily ride it. Generally, all bark canoes are better paddled

by a man at each end. As you go up toward the Far West you find the canoes much larger and more strongly built, because the primitive state of the country compels their use for conveyance more than in the older provinces. These large canoes are of course more clumsy to "portage." The French lumbermen use a "dug-out," made from a pine-tree, and also a peculiar wooden boat, sharp at both ends. The "dug-out" is quite as likely to capsize as the birch-bark, and both of these French inventions are too heavy to portage, though they are useful in rocky streams.

About a mile below our camp there is a run of very fine rapids, not unlike the "Cedars" of the St. Lawrence, and Kantarakon was determined to descend it. "Will you come?" said he to me one

morning. Of course I would; and off we started, leaving Joseph and Thomas to prepare the dinner. I had become accustomed to the management of the canoe, and took the bow, while Kantarakon knelt at the stern. The small cascades of the Canadian rivers are called "chutes;" and the excitement of even a steamboat-descent may be remembered by travellers on the St. Lawrence. Our rapids were really much rougher than the "Cedars," though not so long, and I must confess that at first I felt some trepidation at the prospective "jump." In a few moments we were gliding along like an autumn leaf: the canoe was pointed to the breakers. I felt my heart almost stopping, not from fear, but from fascination. Kantarakon was as steady as a rock, and in an instant we



GIVING THE LAST TOUCHES.

plunged into the boiling water, the rough waves fighting one another for mastery and doing their utmost to toss us out. A minute, and it was all over, and, drenched to the skin, we were soon paddling quietly to the shore. The passage between the rocks was in some places only a few feet wide, and a touch would have sent us to the happy hunting-grounds.

"You ever hear story, sir, 'bout chief

and daughter ran Lachine Rapids?" inquired my Indian boy.

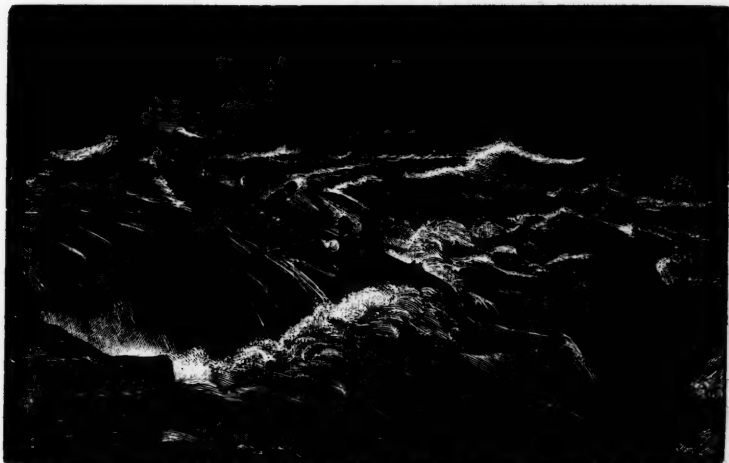
I acknowledged my ignorance, and he related the following:

"Well, you see, big chief in Caughnawaga—same people as at Oka—one day say, 'Tink I run rapids. Any man come?' Well, chief he have daughter. She say, 'Fader, me no 'fraid. Me go.' Well, dey go, and de whole village run down along shore, or go out in canoes very

near rapid. Chief he tell daughter hold tight, and he steer straight in middle; but big wave knock boat one side. S'pose you go down on 'Prince Wales' steamboat, you see big flat rock right side just in middle rapid. Chief's boat knocked dere. Girl thrown on rock some way; chief he drown. Well, my fader one of de men who try save dat girl. Dey get boats, send logs down, send long rope; nothing reach her.

Water flow over rock every minute. Dey try send bread. Everyting knocked pieces. Dat Lachine Rapids is de devil's spring, I tink. Next morning rock bare. Indians used say Great Spirit took girl off rock in night; but I know dat foolishness. Dat make me fader very sorry now. He no like speak 'bout it.

Until lately it was thought impossible for a boat to run the channel of these rapids where the steamers pass; but an



SHOOTING RAPIDS.

Indian of Caughnawaga has descended them several times, and is open to risk any other man's life with his own for ten dollars.

While Kantarakon was in the storytelling mood, I got him to tell me the "Legend of the White Canoe," which is well known among the Iroquois Indians.

"Long ago, you see, 'fore white man come to dis country, de Indian warriors used meet at Great Wiapa Falls to offer sacrifice to de Spirit of de Falls. Sacrifice was some person, you see. Dat was when Indians wild, you see. Well, de Indians used come through woods and down rivers from all parts of de country,—away down New Brunswick, and far as New York. One time de sacrifice was white canoe full ripe fruit and de

wood-flowers, and dis canoe was paddled over de falls by de purtiest girl in de tribe. You see, was honor to de tribe which was to make de sacrifice, and dere was great many want to do it. Well, de only daughter of a chief of Seneca Indians was dis time chose by lot. Her moder had been killed by 'nudder tribe Indians. Fader was brave man, and when his child was to go he no seemed sorry in his face, just like Indian, but he very sorry inside. You know white man often look sorry in de face, just like de boss dere in Oka who want to drive us away, but, just like him, dey feel very glad same time inside dem. Indian never show how mad or how glad he feel. Well, white canoe, full of fruits and de flowers, go down toward rapid. No chance come back

now. Girl she steered, no fear, and she sing. Just den anoder canoe shot from bank of river. It was de Seneca chief! He paddled close to his daughter, and de two canoes went over falls togeder. Great Spirit never asked for anoder sacrifice."

One of my last canoe-excursions was with our three Indians and a friend from England, who was in a heaven of delight and wonder at the absolute freedom of our woods and waters. The red-skin's intense love of sport so fascinated my friend that he vowed to imitate Jacques Cartier's theft of Donnaconna and carry an Indian back over the sea. I can fancy how the Old-World restrictions upon gun and rod would irritate the Indian, how often he would be up before some grave and reverend justice for poaching, and how the Old-World jails would hold our red-skin oftener than its forests. Kantarakon had never fished for trout with the fly, and had never, before my first trip with him, seen a breech-loader, yet he went to work with both as naturally as any white man. But in fishing and shooting is not an Indian "to the manner born"?

When we proposed fishing from the bark canoe, our English friend was loath; but Joseph would hold it as steady as a rock, in shallow streams, by digging his paddle or pole into the bottom, among the stones or in the sand, or would drop down a line and grapnel, and no heavy scow could be safer. I have often shot from a canoe thus held by a pole, and rarely missed my aim.

We had two canoes, and it was a most delightful sensation paddling up-stream and into cross-streams that led we knew not whither. The trees were alive with birds, and the water with fish. Flocks of black duck stared at us with a tame surprise. A young brood let us paddle quite close to them, and got their first

lesson in distrust from Kantarakon's paddle. When we turned at a sharp angle into a large stream, the duck perfectly blackened the water. How the sight would have made the mouths water of those pot-hunting wretches who follow the duck on the St. Lawrence with steam-yachts and cannon!

We beached our canoes, and camped out for the night in a forest of spruce. The Indians preferred to turn their canoes on one side, with the bottoms against the wind; and, throwing a blanket over the front, held down by stones, they slept the sleep of the red-skin trapper,—which is sounder than even that of "the just." For us they made delicious beds of young cedar boughs, which were superior to any modern spring-bed and had a fragrance that soothed one to slumber like an anæsthetic. Fortunately, there were no mosquitoes, and we enjoyed a lotus-eater's life, varied with the healthy life of a hunter.

At night it was a great treat to spear fish. The slim bark was then propelled along the water as quietly as if moved by an unseen hand. A blazing torch was fastened to the bow, throwing a lurid glare around. Kantarakon, spear in hand, stood near it, motionless as a model, while gazing into the water. When his keen eye discerned the unconscious fish a few feet below, quick as a flash his spear was propelled, and the next moment the fish was brought up dangling on the end. Our friend from over the sea was so fascinated with the sport, and so certain that one who had whipped the fiords of Norway with his rod could spear a fish in Canadian waters, that he tried his skill; but—tell it not in London, whisper it not in Edinburgh—he touched the water headlong before the spear had the least chance. Kantarakon then showed him how an Indian could fish out an Englishman as well as a trout.

"KANUCK."

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THE SHOCKING EXAMPLE.

NEW ALBION, as the bold Drake christened California when he thought of adding another to the possessions on which "the sun never sets," was in anything but its present state of civilization at the period of which I write. After being introduced gradually into the Union by serving a two-years' apprenticeship as a Territory, it had just been declared a State, and come into all the rights, titles, and dignities appertaining thereto; but society, at least in the town of Palacios, was very much in the condition described in the famous report of an English officer on the Hottentots: "Customs, beastly; manners, none."

The American population was chiefly of the types immortalized by Bret Harte, with a small admixture of tamer souls recently introduced from the States. The Mexicans were, for the most part, a poor set of *peons*, who went about shrouded in the national *serape* and mantilla, basked for hours in the sun-shiny Plaza daily, ate Chili peppers by the handful without moving an eyelash, sold watermelons, rode *burros*, reared quantities of brown babies, chickens, and Chihuahua dogs, patronized fandangoes and bull-fights, and were much more particular about their saints' days than the weightier matters of the law. Indeed, religion, as Anglo-Saxons understand it, was practically an unknown quantity at Palacios, although the Mission Church of the Concepcion had been founded there by a band of zealous Franciscan friars as far back as 1767, and was still a thing of beauty, with its Moorish belfry-tower, exquisitely-sculptured façade, and gray, lichen-covered dome rising against an intensely blue sky.

A German physician, a French baker, a Swiss gardener, two Castilian families that boasted *sangre azul*, and a Scotchman who had been everything by turns and nothing long, made up the European contingent, and quite lately three com-

panies of United States troops had been ordered to Palacios and it had been made a *dépôt* for government supplies. In the spring of '51 there appeared on the scene a New-Englander, named, in Orthodox Puritan fashion, Zealous B. Whitaker, accompanied by a lady whom he called "Miss" Whitaker, but who proved to be his wife, and not a sister, cousin, or aunt, as might have been inferred. The new-comer was a simple, kindly old man, of narrow views and dull perceptions but amazing energy, and with a single spark of enthusiasm in his commonplace clay, caught from the sacred flame that has lighted myriads of souls in all ages.

In other words, he was an honest, religious creature, accustomed to the rigid moralities and proprieties of a small Eastern town, and for a time after his arrival in Palacios he seemed quite paralyzed by a state of affairs so foreign to his past experience, and wrote home that it was "Sodom and Gomorrah come again."

Most likely this statement was not very wide of the mark, but there were no New-Englanders in the cities of the plain, or they would certainly have done as Mr. Whitaker did in Palacios,—set about reforming the inhabitants, undeterred—undeterred do I say? inspired, rather—by the difficulties of the situation.

"I'll tell you what you want to do: you want to get up a Sunday-school; you want a church," said he to an influential citizen, a gambler, whom he found sitting on top of a barrel in a store to which he had gone. "Got children, ain't you? Guess you'd like 'em brought up correct, wouldn't you?" And although "big-foot Burnett," as he was popularly known, had certainly not lain awake at night coveting either institution, up to that period, he pulled out fifty dollars before the interview was over, telling the old man to "play on that while it lasted," and promised to send

his two little daughters to the "concern" as soon as it got started. Mr. Whitaker next found an old Englishwoman, Mrs. Harbottle, the wife of a soldier who had abandoned her and gone back to England when his term of enlistment was out, a Presbyterian merchant lately arrived with ten olive-branches, and his young clerk Mr. Potts, and a Methodist milliner, who was very anxious to know if "the first people were going to take classes," and did not finally commit herself to the enterprise until this essential aristocratic condition had been fulfilled to her mind by two of the officers' wives agreeing to teach in the new school.

Mr. Whitaker then turned his attention to collecting the children, and soon secured the progeny of most of the saloon-keepers, stage-drivers, and non-descript employes of the government. Inflamed by a generous ardor, he even dreamed of making converts among the Mexicans; but the illusion did not last long. He found one little boy with an eye for five-cent pieces and an irrepresible craving for *peloncillos* (a brown sugar pyramid confection as irresistible to the Mexican youth as jam-tarts to one of our boys), and induced him to come *once* to the school; but the next day the unhappy child met the Padre coming out of the back-door of the church after mass, and, though he was making for the cock-pit across the Plaza and had a remarkably fine pair of birds under his arm, he stopped long enough to give poor Juan such a terrible rating that the very sight of Mr. Whitaker would make him scud away like a rat to his hole.

But the good man's success in other quarters was as conspicuous as this failure, and out of all these heterogeneous and conflicting elements he finally organized and set in motion the school of his heart. It was dubbed the "Union Sunday-School," and inscribed as such in a large round hand (with much attention to up-strokes and down-strokes and an overpowering sense of responsibility) on the fly-leaves of twenty hymn-books and ten Bibles, on which was based Mr. Potts's claim to be addressed

as librarian by that official himself. Mr. Whitaker elected himself superintendent, and, though a Congregationalist, was obliged to concede so much to the prejudices of his coadjutors that Canon Farrar or Dean Stanley could not have arranged a programme that embraced more of the marrow of Christianity or ignored so completely the theological bones of contention. It was agreed that each teacher should not only be absolutely unfettered in his dealings with the children under his care, but at liberty to secure the transient services of clergymen of his "persuasion" (as the superintendent delicately put it) whenever it was possible. The army ladies were given classes composed of the elder girls, and, getting out their prayer-books, promptly began a course of instruction based on the Creeds, the three orders of ministry, Apostolical Succession, and the Articles. Mrs. Brown (the milliner), being put in charge of the younger girls, took Bible verses and Dr. Watts's Hymns as the foundation of her system, mingled with such agreeable secular information as is contained in "How doth the little busy bee," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and lightened by frequent intervals of refreshment in the shape of peppermint-drops, of which the good-natured woman was herself fond, and which are known to be the most powerful stimuli to the youthful mind. Mrs. Harbottle, who was a cockney of purest ray serene, said she would be "very 'appy to 'ave the infant class," and not only taught her flock the Lord's Prayer, and "Now I lay me," in her own vernacular, but in three months had them spelling "a-m, ham, i-t, hit," and demanding, "'Ave you the 'orse?" or announcing, "This his a howl," with a success that deserved, if it did not receive, the highest praise. Mr. Preston, the merchant, had the large boys assigned to him, and went to work with enough machinery to have converted a nation,—a Concordance, two Bibles, a dictionary of terms, a History of Palestine, with extensive maps, the Larger Catechism, a small globe, several memorandum-books, and, most impressive

of all, a large gold watch, and a gold pencil, which latter he screwed up and down unceasingly, and stuck behind his ear when he looked out his texts on predestination, which he did at great length, only to lose them all precipitately if he chanced to be interrupted.

The indomitable Whitaker, not being able to hire a suitable place in which to hold his school, got permission to use the upper room in the new court-house, whose windows overlooked the jail. He enlisted under his banner as sexton a most amusing specimen of the Maine lumberman, employed as messenger at one of the government offices,—a huge, ungainly creature, who never seemed in the right place, no matter where he was put, combined simplicity and shrewdness to a remarkable degree, was transparently mean in a thousand little ways, as vain of his Sunday clothes and as greedy of praise as a child, and firmly convinced that but for him the services would come to an end. Every Sunday morning he would open the doors, dust the benches, put a pail of water and a gourd in one of the window-seats for the use of the thirsty, hot-blooded young animals who were already swarming outside, place a stone-china pitcher filled with the same fluid and flanked by a greenish glass on the pine table behind which the superintendent was to be intrenched, and then select from innumerable candidates certain of the children whom he would hold up in his long, strong arms, to peep at the prisoners next door, while he descanted on their evil deeds and reputations with many a shake of the head and much homely comment. After this, Rufus (whose surname no one ever troubled himself to mention) would take up a position on the back bench and act as a kind of moral policeman; for while the queer, faithful soul was the butt of many a joke of the grown people, the children saw nothing absurd in him, and, however young or timid, would go to him almost as soon as to their mothers, so that his influence over them was by no means to be despised.

The least valuable members of any organization are always unailing and

punctual in their attendance on its meetings, and at five minutes to nine o'clock precisely, Mrs. Harbottle, in a poke-bonnet and bombazine of the wonderful build and incredible rustiness peculiar to the London pew-opener, would march in, and, without so much as a glance at Rufus, whom she cordially detested, trot into her place, lay her gamp carefully down under the seat, and, burying her face in her black cotton gloves, kneel down and say her preparatory prayer, exactly as she would have done in a cathedral at home. The children would then begin pouring in, and, though the boys were for the most part barefooted and roughly clad, and the girls boasted only the cheap glories of gay pink and blue calicoes, with sun-bonnets to match, there were plenty of rosy, shining, charming little faces among them, a few very intelligent ones, and none with the sad lines and the diseased precocity that make a *gamin* one of the saddest sights in the world.

Mr. Whitaker coming in presently would open the school after an invariable pattern, although he had been taught to distrust all forms in religion.

First he put on his glasses and looked at the congregation *over* them severely. He then took them off, wiped and replaced them, and looked about him from *under* them benignantly. He then cleared his throat and drank a glass of water, rolled his red bandanna up into a ball in his right hand, clutched a hymn-book in the left, and, after a moment devoted to attaining the tranquillity of desperation, shut his eyes, and finally committed himself to a long, rambling, scrambling, extemporaneous prayer, in which, like Mr. Swiveller playing the flute, he held on to one idea until he could feel for another, and at last concluded suddenly, when no one was expecting it, vastly to the relief of his hearers, but most of all to his own.

After this he read a chapter in the Bible, generally about the Hivites or the Jebusites, for, being himself the most peaceable of men, he naturally relished the idea of slaying his thousands and tens of thousands in a vica-

rious and perfectly justifiable fashion. He then "raised the toon," as he phrased it, and sang "On the other side of Jordan," or "When I can read my title clear," with a reckless display of gum, and a spirit and heartiness that were quite delightful.

The assistant missionaries then settled down comfortably to the work of teaching. When lessons were over, if there was no clergyman present the service concluded with an address from Mr. Whitaker. After the first six months, however, it constantly happened that there was a clergyman: one or other of the denominations was almost sure to be represented at least once a month, and anything more various and contradictory than their teachings and views cannot well be imagined.

The pro-temporaneous pastor always took Mr. Whitaker's arm-chair behind the pine table, and his adherents occupied the front bench, which was voluntarily ceded to them as a natural right. He always felt the want of moral support, and was chilled by the contrast between the ranks of the faithful (*i.e.*, those who thought as he did) and the opposition, so that he was, in a sense, obliged to be controversial in order to explain why he was not something else instead of a Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or Episcopalian, as the case might be, and make converts where they were evidently sadly needed. The more sympathetic natures, in casting about for some point of fusion with the audience, fell instinctively upon the plan of the English vicar who said to his curate, "When in doubt about your sermon, pitch into the Pope;" and as, after all, nothing welds people together more firmly than a common prejudice, it always answered perfectly. It is a wonder that St. Peter's and the Vatican did not crumble into ruins under such repeated attacks, and that the Holy Father was not reduced to the condition of the excommunicated jackdaw of Rheims. But, if this was a point of agreement, who can number the irreconcilable differences? If to look at religious truths from every possible stand-point be an advantage, that

congregation ought to have had a breadth of view and a catholic grasp of such subjects that would have made them conspicuous ornaments of an Ecumenical Council; but, as a matter of fact, they either felt as the old woman did who said that "total depravity was a good enough doctrine for her, if people would only live up to it," or wondered, with Luther presiding over a congress of reformers, "if the good God knew what all this wrangling was about." At all events, in spite of a wealth of argument, each member of this Union preserved friendly relations, eschewed entangling alliances, and remained in the mould in which he or she had been originally melted and poured.

The first assault was made by a Methodist minister, who had a great deal to say about the "Peskypalians," and their "formal preaching of a formal religion, that trusted to printed prayers and not to those written on the fleshy tables of the heart." This greatly offended Mrs. Harbottle, who said to her class next Sunday, "Chapel-people are all like that,—rampageous! My mother would never let me set foot in one of their places, though I 'ad friends as went, and many's the time she 'as said to me, 'Lisbette, go to your grave with your prayer-book in your 'and!'" There next came a very young Baptist missionary, who informed the people that not one of them had ever been really baptized, and that for his part he not only believed in going down "plum" into the water when that rite was performed, but held his converts under until they "bubbled." This aroused Mrs. Brown, who had "sat under" Dr. Bates, of St. Louis, whom she described as having "a towering intellect," and knowing more about baptism in a minute than his theological adversary could learn in a thousand years. There next appeared a bilious and saturnine Presbyterian divine, who cheerfully gave out that there was "not a child in that school that was too young to be damned," followed by a dear, benignant old gentleman of the same faith, much diluted by the milk of human kindness, who was most agreeably

sure that every one of them would be saved!

A very breezy and flowery army chaplain was secured on one occasion, and preached a sermon that began, like an advertisement of some patent medicine, as far from the text as possible,—in the Himalayas, indeed,—from which point he worked around by way of Ceylon and Italy to England, described celebrated pictures and cathedrals, quoted poetry, touched incidentally on astronomy, botany, and the latest scientific discoveries, and wound up with a glowing tribute to the age of chivalry, and an impassioned appeal to the congregation to “follow the white plume of Henry of Navarre!” This was regarded as a marvel of eloquence and erudition by some of his hearers, and described as “a burning effort” by Mr. Potts in his Sunday letter to his mother in Maryland.

It is needless to say that there were representatives of each of these creeds whose sermons were as admirable as they were earnest, and it finally chanced that the army ladies captured a bishop. This was felt to be a triumph even by those who in the abstract were most opposed to such dignitaries, as the preparations for his reception proved. If there had been a newspaper in the place, the fact would have been advertised; and, as it was, the size of the congregation on the eventful Sunday testified to the admirable capacity of the human tongue for spreading news. The children grew more and more excited as bench after bench filled with strangers, and gazed with profoundest interest at Rufus orientalizing on the front steps, his rings and chains flashing in the sunshine, a plaid red-and-green waistcoat dazzling the eyes of all beholders, his huge feet cased in the newest, shiniest, creakiest of boots, his hair combed up in an imposing pyramid in front and apparently glued to the nape of his neck behind. And there were the army ladies, in New York toilets, coming early to put prayer-books in all the seats and mark the places for the uninitiated. And Mrs. Brown, sweeping to her place in black silk and gold bracelets, and a most gor-

geous hat (the Peak of Teneriffe in pink velvet, with quantities of flowers and feathers tumbling out of the crater) perched jauntily upon her blonde curls. And the always neat Mr. Preston, more *à quatre épingles* than ever, and sporting diamond studs, and conferring in impressive whispers with the superintendent, resplendent in a buff waistcoat and holding a white beaver in one hand. And Mrs. Harbottle creeping meekly in, a bit of yellow lace at the throat of her bombazine, her poke faced with lavender, white cotton gloves, and a striped parasol in lieu of the gamp; followed by Mr. Potts, who left a trail of attar-of-rose on the air and carried a crippled child in his arms. Last of all, the bishop—a fine-looking man of about fifty—was driven to the door in an army ambulance, walked up the aisle already robed, while every neck was craned to get a good view of him, and took a seat on the platform to which he was waved by the superintendent. An examination of the children followed, of course, with the usual effect of silencing every child in the school that knew anything. In common with other visitors, the bishop took a great deal more notice of the two little Burnett girls—lovely children, with their dead mother’s beautiful Spanish eyes and gentle ways—than of the prize-scholar, an ugly little pulmonary Christian who had learned over two hundred texts perfectly and was given the “Life of Archbishop Cranmer” in mottled covers as a reward. One luminous scholar, on being asked by the bishop what death St. Peter died, replied boldly, “He was boiled in oil,” and on being remonstrated with as follows, “Oh, no, my dear: he was crucified head downward, you remember. Now, why?” burst out with, “Because he was a thief!” to the horror and confusion of his teacher. Another hopelessly muddled infant was asked what Eve was made of, and replied with an air of entire conviction, “Of the stone that was rolled from the door of the sepulchre;” and Mr. Preston’s combined class could not tell what Bethlehem was remarkable for. But these formed the humiliating fea-

tures of what the bishop called "a most interesting exhibition." The responses were rather lame, in spite of the precautions that had been taken. The sermon was a short and practical one.

When it was over, the superintendent, not to be effaced by the greater luminary, gave out the usual weekly notices with great dignity and as nearly as possible in words of six syllables. Before leaving, the bishop, a prelate of genial temper and agreeable manners, was presented to a number of persons, and charmed everybody by his tact and good-fellowship. Mrs. Harbottle seemed quite overpowered by his condescension, and, flattening herself against the wall, courtesied every time he looked that way, and fairly turned purple when introduced.

The bishop politely commented on the heat of the room.

"Yes, my lord, if I may make bold to say so, there ain't no chimbleys nor wentilators," said the good woman, with a deferential air. "It's very different to what I've been used to at 'ome."

"Ah! you are an Englishwoman, I see, and a good Churchwoman, of course," said the bishop, smiling; and, some one else coming up, he turned to make fresh conquests, leaving Mrs. Harbottle to gaze rapturously at his back, made attractive by the familiar vestments, and to express her delight to the army ladies standing by.

"His lordship is quite the gentleman, mem. I shall write 'usband as 'ow I've 'ad the honor of shaking 'ands with 'is lordship. It were a comfort, mem, to 'ave things done like that agen, weren't it? It set me thinkin' of 'em all at 'ome that much that I could 'ardly say a word. You see, mem, beggin' your pardon for mentionin' it, this country ain't like England. Why, mem, when we first came to this country, me and 'usband was in Cincinnati, and, would you believe it, mem? we saw the lord mayor with 'is 'eels up at a livery-stable!"

Both ladies were laughing at the horrified expression called up on the face under the poke-bonnet by this frightful reminiscence, when a practical proof of

the truth of what she had been saying was furnished by Rufus, who never could be taught that such a thing as caste existed, and just then came creaking up the aisle with long, awkward strides, gave the bishop a friendly clap on the shoulder with one of his enormous, loose-jointed, freckled hands, and, putting his head on one side, while his honest face glowed with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Wall, parson, I took a proper sight of comfort in that sarmon of yourn. Hope you'll come again."

Mrs. Harbottle gave a petrified stare, and then protested, "Of all the extr'or'nary, imperent vergers as ever I set heyes on, that Rufus do take the lead. He'd 'ave done as much to 'er majesty. Whatever will 'is lordship think?"

What his lordship did was to thank Rufus with dignified cordiality, forcing Mr. Potts to say that, while he disapproved of Episcopal doctrines, there was no denying that the bishop was "a mighty pleasant gentleman."

This fairly stated the position of the greater part of the congregation, but for some time afterward everything in the school was dated from the bishop's visit; and he may be said to have founded the very flourishing Episcopal parish that exists at Palacios now.

Things settled down into the usual grooves after this for some time. No stray clergymen were to be had until autumn, and it was in the interim that Mr. Whitaker hit upon and gradually elaborated his great scheme for the improvement of his flock.

The superintendent was not an eloquent man, nor a highly-educated one, but he was simple and in earnest,—two essentials in dealing with children, who all seem endowed instinctively with Thackeray's eye and ear for shams, adjust the balances in which they weigh their elders with the utmost nicety, and write "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*" opposite many a name that the world holds in high esteem.

As a rule, Mr. Whitaker was in sympathy with his youthful audience, but one Sunday in August, when he was

trying to arouse the languid interest of Mr. Preston's boys, who seemed hardly able to catch a fly or exchange marbles, much less to pay attention to a long lecture on the obvious duty of obedience to parents, and kept slipping off the benches, as though they had been buttered, in search of small coins intended for the plate, the good man's eyes wandered over the school until they rested upon Mr. Potts.

Now, Mr. Potts came of a highly-respectable and religious family in Maryland, a family that must have fed upon canvas-back ducks for generations, for in no other way is it possible to account for the genial, the charitable, the admirable qualities of their representative in Palacios. Anything more honest, kindly, and exquisitely mild than Stephen Harford Potts it would be impossible to fancy.

He was a Freemason, a member of the Church, voted regularly, insured his life, and had made his will. At great personal sacrifice he had paid a prodigal father's debts. He supported his mother and two very ugly and depressing maiden sisters, was the slave of his nephews and nieces, loaned money to his brothers-in-law whenever their crops failed, and was incapable of refusing to go security for a friend. In travelling he was always victimized by the unprotected female, and was fleeced to any extent at church fairs. He was so transparently kind and gentle that the uniform of a London policeman could not have saved him from the importunities of beggars, or an office on Wall Street from the insinuating addresses of book-agents. He performed all the duties of life to perfection; and as to its pleasures, did he not at parties always dance with the wall-flowers and governesses and take the old ladies in relays down to supper? Could he take a party of people out for a sleigh-ride without putting in at least one poor relation? As for his vices, they consisted in a stern determination to be what Mark Twain calls "a musician in defiance of the will of God,"—he *would* play the flute,—and he was irresistibly impelled to propose to some girl every

three months, though there was no possibility of his being able to marry for at least ten years.

All these facts about Mr. Potts being well known in Palacios, one would not have supposed that Mr. Whitaker could possibly have found just the inspiration that he did in a casual glance at the librarian. However, he suddenly turned toward the row of restless, fidgety boys, and, without a break in the thread of his narrative, said, "Yes, obedience to parents is a great duty,—the second duty you owe. Remember that, boys. Many and many a man wishes he had kep' it in mind better. You see, a boy begins by thinking himself a very smart boy and being sure his pa and ma don't know anything at all. And when he is little he says 'I shan't' and 'I won't' to everything, and won't mind anybody. And he goes on getting worse and worse, and deceives his father all the time, and swears at his mother when she begs him not to go with bad boys, and at last, when he gets as big as Mr. Potts there [boys revive at once and stare in the direction indicated. Startled movement on the part of Mr. Potts], what does he do but run away to sea? And he gets plenty of kicks and cuffs there, I can tell you. And the captain is always knocking him down with the belaying-pin and putting him down below in irons because he won't do his duty and mind his superiors. And one fine day what happens? Why, he falls out of the rigging, and is picked up senseless, and becomes a cripple for life. And he comes home to find his parents dead, and has to wander about the streets begging for a living, in rags and misery."

Stimulated by the evident success of this effort, Mr. Whitaker next Sunday took for his theme "Avarice," and treated it in exactly the same way. This time Mr. Potts began as a little boy to hoard his pennies and turn a deaf ear to a blind man asking alms; he was taken through a course of potato-parings, candle-ends, bran-siftings, old bones, and black bread, never equalled, except in Elwes's establishment, and died in a hovel, on straw, an emaciated old her-

mit, shunned by everybody, leaving fifty thousand dollars in gold buried under the cow-shed.

When school was over, Mr. Potts accidentally met Mr. Whitaker at the door, and said, "Well, sir, that was a good lecture of yours this morning, a very good lecture. But ain't you—ain't you making rather a scarecrow of me to the boys?"

This was mildly hazarded as a suggestion, not asserted as a fact, and was promptly pooh-poohed by the superintendent once for all.

Two Sundays afterward "Envy" was the subject of the day, and Mr. Potts was represented as a *bonnet-rouge* scheming to sap the very foundations of all governments and civilizations, a dark, wicked soul, that crowned a lifetime of secret hate by throwing vitriol in the face of a noble, gifted brother.

The experience acquired was of value to Mr. Whitaker in treating the subject of "Theft," which came up before long. Mr. Potts now, a beautiful rosy boy, adored by his parents, began by taking a pin that didn't belong to him, and abstracting lumps of sugar from the tea-tray when no one was looking, and ended by robbing first a shop-till and then a diamond-merchant and being sentenced to the penitentiary.

As the weeks rolled by, there was scarcely an offence against the laws of his country that Mr. Potts did not commit. He burned the house over the head of the pious widow who had nursed him through smallpox. He forged, and gambled, and drank. Truth was stranger to him than fiction. He was a noted desperado, the terror of his neighborhood, a brutal husband, an awful example to his children, and brought his mother's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave with the most callous indifference over and over again. And all the while Potts, the actual, the amiable, the irreproachable, sat in the rogues' gallery and listened with deep interest to the choice extracts from the Newgate Calendar that formed his imaginary biography. After that first remonstrance, he seemed to rather enjoy the desperate deeds of the metaphorical

Potts, and to take a certain interest in seeing his character skilfully worked up in India ink, with as many shadows and as few lights as possible.

One of his little scholars to whom he had been kind got rather excited once, and said, with unregenerate frontier heat, "If Mr. Whitaker was always pitching into me like he does to you, I'd put a bullet through his head," but only scandalized his gentle friend, who said in reply, "Hush, Tommy. It's very wicked of you to talk so. He does it to teach the boys; that's all. And, besides, I might have done them, Tommy, if things had been different. I might have done them."

At last in the course of Mr. Whitaker's lectures it became necessary for him, as for all fervid orators, to bring his crescendo movement up to an effective climax. It was the last and best, or rather worst, of the series. The crime enlarged upon was murder. Mr. Potts was introduced as a mere baby, pulling off the legs of flies. At ten he was killing cats. At sixteen he had knocked out the brains of a favorite horse in a paroxysm of rage caused by the animal's refusal to jump a ditch. At twenty-five he had a quarrel with his most intimate friend, and, drawing a bowie-knife from his belt, rushed at his victim and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was tried and sentenced to death.

"Look at him," said the superintendent, waving his hand impressively toward the open door and infusing much pathos into his voice. "He is being taken out to the plaza in a cart, sitting on his own coffin. There are thousands of citizens gathered there, and the governor of the State, and the sheriff, and the jailer. There is his poor heart-broken old mother, and his unhappy wife. And now they have pulled the black cap over Mr. Potts's face, and he is swinging on the gallows! On the gallows, boys!" Then, with a sudden return to his usual voice and manner, "We will now sing 'Oh, let us be joyful,' page 37, and close the school."

It was closed. It has been closed

for many a year since. "The feet that creeping into school went storming out to play" have wandered far, and stumbled often, and bled sometimes, but they have at least tried to keep the right paths. Several of the boys distinguished themselves in after-life, and one gallant fellow showed that he had not only learned how to live but how to die nobly.

Rufus married an enterprising German widow, who made him the patient drudge for her five children. He invested his savings in what was represented as a valuable marble-quarry, near the town, and, in the generous overflow of anticipated wealth, brought Mr. Whitaker one day a specimen stone, very like Castile soap, and offered to give him a tombstone of it. The dear old man had no use for anything of the kind for twenty years afterward, but

lived a much-loved and greatly-respected patriarch, rejoicing in the prosperity of Palacios, boasting of its five handsome churches, its population, buildings, and climate, to every stranger that drifted there, and assuring him that it was destined to be "the third city of the United States, sir."

Mrs. Harbottle managed to get back to England somehow, and was happily reunited to her truant "'usband," whom she found making pattens in the wilds of Wales.

Some private business called Mr. Potts back to Maryland, and, after staying there a few years, the good, unselfish creature actually went as Baptist missionary to Italy, and died there of malarial fever, leaving the Pope still in the Vatican and a majority of the population Roman Catholics.

F. C. BAYLOR.

THEIR MOTTO.

JE ne crains que ceux que j'aime :

So a noble knight went singing
Through the mediæval woods,
Fearful not of war-cry ringing
Nor the raging of the floods:
High emprise was all his care,
Winning tender love's acclaim;
So he carolled, debonair,
Daring all for love and fame,
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime,
Warbled low a lovely maiden,
Leaning in a rustic bower,
Shadowed with its bloom o'erladen.
Thus she sang, and soothed the hour,
Waiting for her love to come,—
Him she could not safely name
In the rigor of her home,—
Sang full low, but clear the same:
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime,
 O'er his missal mused a friar:
 "Flesh nor devil do I fear,
 'Tis the rose and not the brier
 That can stir a truant tear:
 I can brook the brier's sting,
 Not the rose's fading flame:
 Lord, to thee alone I bring
 Trembling hope and trembling aim:
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime."

Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime:
 Such the voices' hush is saying
 Of strong hearts that pulse to prove,
 'Mid their singing and their praying,
 Naught is worthy fear but love.
 Naught in life and naught in death
 Puts the gallant soul to shame,
 Sealing, with unconscious breath,
 This, the creed its deeds proclaim:
Je ne crains que ceux que j'aime.
 MARY B. DODGE.

CAMPING ON THE LOWER WABASH.

THE train left me on a little platform in the woods. Behind the platform, and like an extension of it, appeared a store, having natives without and within, spitting, and ready to render disinterested service. One or two were bargemen from the river.

"I want to go to a camp near this station," I said to the storekeeper, who was emptying his mail-sack behind two or three post-office boxes.

"Yes,—the engineers'," he replied at once: "they've been in for you two or three times. Just set down and wait a little. Some one'll be here pretty soon. They send for their mail and supplies every day."

The merchant's family came down in squads from their residence over the store, and while I gazed at the stock of soap and dry-goods, woollen hoods and wooden-ware, shovels and candy,

they gazed at me. A neighbor's child also lingered upon the stairs, coffee-pot in hand. I knew by that token it was a neighbor's child, come to "borry" a little milk, or a little of almost anything portable; for the coffee-pot on the Lower Wabash adds to its usual function the duties of pail, basket, or wheelbarrow.

"Here's Henry," said the storekeeper.

There appeared from the woods a square, blue-eyed man in woollen shirt and trousers, taut and trim and reliable-looking. In a very short time I had paid a native for driving me to the boat-landing; Henry, after stowing the baggage forward, spread a rug for me in the stern of his skiff, and we were off down the river to camp.

Of course the Wabash has been sneered at, but there are few lovelier rivers. It may be the cradle of malaria,

but it is a cradle adorned with noble trees and countless islands, curtained with pale blue mists and blanketed with opal, through which the sun strikes with wonderful effect. The water looks limpid, and makes a delicious bath, no matter what the consequences may be. How blue and fair it stretched away to the south as the boat moved with its current! The bosky woods on the Indiana shore, the willow plumes and sycamore shafts, the glint of water and reaches of white gravel, moved in ceaseless panorama.

"We come to de Grand Chain," said Henry: "it is yust below a little."

His aquiline nose and serious face were so un-German that they stamped him Scotch to the eye, but his idiom was unmistakable.

We passed through a chute of the Grand Chain,—so called because a chain of rocks here had formerly extended across the river, barring the passage of boats. But engineering skill made and walled the chute, on every side of which boil rapids. The water pours through this passage like a mill-race. Iron rings are anchored in the rocks at intervals of a few rods, by means of which heavy boats going up-stream may tow themselves against the current. A skiff is towed by the rowers, one remaining in it with an oar to push it clear of the rocks; and this they call, after the Canadians, *cordelling*.

"Shall we meet any steamer, Henry?" I inquired.

"You meet him in de fall and winter when de water is high. Now, yust one run down from New Harmony to de station."

The river looked wide and high enough, but water-marks and drift were to be seen far beyond the banks. How delicious was this moving down-stream! How charming the very first rain-drops which fell! How snug to be under a waterproof and umbrella! and when another umbrella became necessary to protect my feet, how sweet the glamour of the Wabash even when wet! How easy it was to gush about scenery with streams of water running down one's

neck, the wind blowing guns, and a brown dress rubbing off green at every touch! And there was the delight in reserve of landing in spurring shoes and climbing a steep bank as sleek as glass.

The curtains of the family group of tents closed on me, and I was reclothed and warmed with hot drinks and turtle-soup, before I would look at the Wabash again.

The civil engineer's men were encamped at a little distance. All the tents faced the river, and were enclosed in a spacious lawn, the grounds of an old settler whose log house made a picturesque pile against its background of woods.

It is more cheerful to be rolled in a snug cot under canvas, and hear rain beating on the fly overhead, than to look out next morning on a sullen landscape. But the children saw nothing in this aspect of the Wabash to prevent their taking their noon bath. Clad in their bathing-suits, they floated out into the middle of the river, holding to a boat rowed by Gentleman Will, and their mamma laughed as she watched them disporting themselves on a hidden sand-bar.

The day cleared. The sun waxed hot. The civil engineer and his men disappeared in their boats around a bend in the river, with the exception of Henry, who was general messenger for the camp.

The woods all around were wild, tangled, and rocky, full of ferns and golden-rod, with an occasional spike of cardinal flower, and the river-gravel was mixed with Indian beads and odd petrifactions. The settler—and he was a genial old gentleman with long white beard and a cane—came out to improve acquaintance with his chance neighbors and complain about the raid some vandals unknown had made upon his Indian mounds. There were three high hills in his forest, containing bones and sacred relics of the Shawnee tribe, which the settler's father and grandfather had promised that tribe should never be disturbed.

"I wouldn't 'a' had it happen for

money," said the old man disconsolately. "I can't think who'd do such a thing, unless it was Stone. But he declares he never done it. He's got a collection down by the station. It 'ud pay you to stop and look at it. A good deal of Indian pottery and curiosities. He corresponds with some men at the Smithsonian Institute. I've seen the letters. But I'd like to know who broke into my mounds. It wouldn't be good for'm!"

In the evening two great camp-fires were lighted, one at the men's quarters and one in front of the family tents. We drew our camp-chairs close to the out-door hearth, and brooded over the beauties of rose-red logs. The great darkness outside this glow enclosed us like a shell. Overhead a sycamore stretched loops of grape-vine on its fingers. A voice from the men's quarters burst out with,—

"Injun-puddin' and a punkin-pie,
Hold the pass over Jordan!
Injun-puddin' and a punkin-pie,
Oh, Jerusa-lam!"

"Singing John," said the engineer's wife. "What a merry fellow he is!"

The engineer himself smiled.

"You'd think so if you had seen him dancing a break-down on a sand-bar in November, when the wind was cutting us like knives."

A figure drifted across the grave outside the rim of light, toward the men's quarters. It was Dan, the settler's youngest, a lad on stilty legs, but whose dark-eyed, oval face, in spite of the ague, was angelic in beauty. Studied in light or shade, before the chill came on, or while he was "chilling," it seemed celestial.

"Dan moves like the spirit of a Shawnee," I remarked.

"He's been helping to move Shawnee bones," said the engineer. "He told the boys he was in at the opening of those mounds."

"If his father knew it! But what did they find?"

"Bones."

"Nothing else?—no pottery or arrows?"

"Outsiders don't know. They left one skeleton standing against a tree, but it was taken away."

"Have you seen the excavations?"

"Yes; and there is nothing else to be seen."

I was not satisfied without exploring the mounds myself on the first cool day, piloted by the cook, and accompanied by one of the children. The ascent was nearly enough perpendicular to make bushes and logs conveniences to hold by. Dense ferny woods rose to the summits, where the digging had been done. Two trenches crossing each other at right angles were all that could be seen on the first; but ascending the second, we found bones,—plenty of bones: pieces of sutured skull, whitened ribs, and a hard polished tooth with a long fang.

"I want a tomahawk or Indian jug," mourned Rosa, digging her little foot in the ground.

Tomahawks and plenty of Indian jugs had been found along the river.

"Go to Bone Bank," urged Henry, when the desirability of aboriginal pottery was laid before him. "You git plenty. Oh, yes, ma'am. I got chugs and t'ings. I leave him on de flat-boat. I not know what to do wid him. I did not know you vos coming."

"Oh, Henry, if you had only kept them!"

"Yes, ma'am. But, you see, I did not know you want dem."

Bone Bank was declared by the civil engineer to be now a mere rift of bones. All the relics of value had been carried away.

We swung in hammocks, or searched the Posey county strand, or explored the high banks, finding dirty barn-yards and sleepy-looking inhabitants, the Southern gum-tree and the richly-loaded pecan, or descended into a boat-house moored to a stump. There was a coon chained to a ring on deck, disporting itself after the manner of coons. The boat-house consisted of two rooms, and its only ornaments were some illustrated papers pasted against the wall.

A strong smell of coffee pervaded the place, which seemed very clean. The

boat-wife had a dish face and sore eyes: still, she was happy and complacent.

"Do you like to live on the water?" we inquired. The Wabash lapped the sides of her residence.

"Why, yes, I do. I like to travel 'round from one place to t'other."

"Does your husband fish?"

"Yes; but he's got a job o' cuttin' wood now."

"You don't drink river-water?" I asked, with thirsty but wary lips.

"No: we git water from the spring up the bank. This bank's full o' springs."

She showed us a net-work of many liquid threads coming down to the river, now gathering into a pool, and now over-running that.

"But what do you do when the river rises?" asked one of the children.

"Oh, the boat just rises with it. In the spring of the year the river overflows everything. When all of 'em in the bottoms had to leave the'r houses, I had a good home."

Here was an Arcadian being, three hours' ride from civilization, whose wants and existence were bounded by the river. She knew nothing about the telephone, and her calico dress was cut without reference to the *Bazar*. Yet she knew herbs, and exclaimed at once over a purple, plummy tuft I offered her, "That's black nettle-bloom. The tea o' that'll cure the worst case o' bold hives." She called up the bank to us a few minutes after, "The woods in Posey is full o' paw-paws,—if you like 'em."

We did not like 'em, but, as her skiff was soon shooting across the Wabash in the direction of Posey, we supposed she did.

On the bluff, a few steps from the old settler's gate, were two or three ancient grave-stones, all that remained to show where a hundred and fifty older settlers' bones reposed. The slabs were stained and dark, and the inscriptions seemed to have been scratched on with a knife.

One was,—

Sacred to the Memory of
GROOMBRIGHT BAILEY,
Born in Baltimore, Maryland,
May —, A.D. 1732.
Died, May, A.D. 1817.

The other bore a rude Masonic compass and totally-obiterated words, only a name, "Robert Boss," and a date, "A.D. 1820," being decipherable. Slabs of rock, without any mark, seemed to indicate other graves. But cow-bells sounded across them, and the pastoral, happy sighs of these bovine mothers are the only long breaths drawn over them now. Robert Boss's tombstone is broken, and leans against a tree. These burials were made when canoes covered the river and death lurked in the woods around the open grave. But to-day three barefooted juvenile natives, with the inevitable coffee-pot swinging between two of them, trudge past in the sunshine, eating red haws.

The settler's three daughters came and went like slim vestals before us. They had all passed their first youth, and were dark-eyed and pale, with abundant locks. They watched the haze rise from the river and counted monotonous days in that old house, which was a shrine of wonders. The old cavernous fireplace was there, roaring with logs on chilly mornings; there also were the smoke-browned beams in the joists, the high-posted bedstead, the family portrait, fifty years old, with butterfly-shaped cap. Miss Betty brought out and showed the carved and pictured sword presented by a grateful State to her uncle for his gallant conduct in Mexico. Miss May had the lace sampler—a yellow treasure of intricate, web-like stitches—which their mother made at the convent-school. Miss Jennie was priestess over some rarely-engraved books. They thought reverently of the great world, and told you, with a complacent air, that they had an aunt "who writes." All their talk was of the past. Life moved slowly and imperceptibly with them, like the walnut and sycamore shadows across the yard. Dan, the young brother, whose delicate face haunted the camp, was the one object of their solicitude.

"I told my youngest sister what you said," he remarked in his deliberate way to Will, the youngest of the men, whose habits hinted of life on a higher

plane, though he was reticent about his past.

"What did I say?" asked Gentleman Will, startled. He had been guilty of a few asides about the susceptibility of fair creatures between thirty and eighty when the settler gave his consent to let the men pitch their tents, providing his girls were not annoyed. He looked uneasily at the angel-faced boy, wondering if the wind had carried anything.

"You said," continued Dan, in his indifferent drawl, "if she liked you—it was all right."

"Holy Moses! You didn't go and tell her any such nonsense as that? I didn't think you'd repeat that stuff."

"I told her," responded Dan, placidly resting his cheeks on his delicate hands; "and she said—it took three of 'em to bring me up,—and they can't—undertake—to raise another boy."

The settler was the great man of his neighborhood. He had money, but he clung to the woods and the Wabash because he loved them. "I took the girls and Dan down to Shawntown one winter," he said; "but two weeks is as long as I can stay away from here myself. I've just been looking over my papers, and found this," continued the old man, producing a letter, which he allowed us to unfold and read. It bore the signature of "A. Lincoln." "Now, wouldn't you suppose Lincoln wrote a great big hand? But he didn't. That's one he wrote to my brother, about a case in the circuit court, when they were practising together. Oh, yes; I knew him a good deal better than I know you. His father didn't amount to anything. 'Twas his stepmother did what was done for him."

At dusk the swallows rose in clouds from the fireplace-chimney and danced in one swift tilted circle. They were silent, too, like bats, seeming to give their whole minds to the business and to leave their chatter for less exhilarating occasions. Faster and faster the dance spun,—you could not say they were flying,—the circle all the time tipping nearer to the chimney-mouth, until one bird, with a flutter, as if against his will,

dropped into it out of sight. Then two sunk,—under protest,—and two more, and three at a fall, the whirlpool of wings revolving all the time above. So the chimney swallows *them*; and when you think it must be choke full, the last fluttering creature adds itself, seeming to pull dusk in after it. The background of sky is left as if no sharp-winged silhouette had ever flashed across it.

After the dance of swallows, always the camp-fire. Musical John, just recovering from a chill, sang, by the glare in front of the farther tents,—

"Where did he come from?
Where did he go?
Where did he come from,
Cotton-eyed Joe?"

Some of the men, carrying a lantern, went to seine for minnows with which to bait the great line reaching half across the river. We wrapped ourselves and stood on a rock while the net came in. It was palpitating with life, and one or two fish darted like silver flashes over its side into freedom. But something else besides minnows was enmeshed, and plunging with snake-like curves, tearing the net at every movement. One of the men beat it with a stone, and threw out a great gar, three feet long: its armed bill was fully one-fourth its length, and in the throat were three double rows of saw-teeth.

"The boys," said the civil engineer, by the camp-fire, "have been playing a trick on Henry."

That any one could play a trick on Henry seemed incomprehensible. The humble, sweet-natured fellow, faithful and patient as a dog, watched only to do favors. He obeyed the most whimsical commands without a protest. One who could take advantage of his simplicity must be cruel.

"He is desperately in love with a German girl down the river," said the engineer, "and the boys wrote him a letter, saying she would be happy to have him call at a certain time. So Henry put on his best clothes, and went to the girl's house to see her."

"And what did she do?" we asked breathlessly.

"Oh, she just sent word she was particularly engaged, or not at home, or something of the like polite nature, I believe, and he found out the boys did it. He came to me to complain. 'I wants to git efen mit 'em,' said he. I told him, 'Yes, yes; all right.' Will was only a few feet off, and probably heard all he said."

"Poor fellow! it was a shame. And doesn't the girl care for him at all?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

Though the weather was of the loveliest, treacherous is the end of August on the Wabash. Both children got the ague from too much bathing, and the old settler became at once a grandfather and St. Nicholas to them, while his daughters adopted and petted them with jellies. While this state of things lasted, there was no amusement except courses of quinine, and we determined to leave the camp as soon as the small fry could travel. At last there came an evening when a row down the river was attainable. A light moving across it above the north island showed where the men were busy with their trot-line.

There was a heavy swell, and no moon to illuminate it. We women sat in the stern, and Henry rowed, cutting the water with a clean stroke. When we had gone a couple of miles, he made toward a light on the Indiana shore.

"We want to go up the mouth of Big Creek," said the camp hostess. "Does Big Creek come in here, Henry?"

"Yust above it does. But if you want a drink I git him to dis house."

"We don't want a drink, Henry."

"It is a very good spring: petter as you haf at de camp. I knock and git a cup."

"Perhaps there are dogs at this house."

"Oh, no, ma'am," with a chuckle, as if he knew whereof he spoke, "dare is no tawks."

"Well, turn around and take us up Big Creek," said the camp-hostess impatiently. "We don't want to stop here."

I thought he pulled away reluctantly from the high bank.

Big Creek, turbid and full of snags, caught us at the very entrance, and we withdrew into the river again.

For several days I had noticed Henry netting a hammock during all his spare time. He had already made me one, from pure goodness of heart, as consolation for some trinket I had lost.

"It make me feel pad to lose a present," he said. "I nefer had many. I tink it was nice to haf a present. Oh, yes, ma'am, it was a collar-button. I lost him, and nefer find him again. I wore him on all my foy'ges. It was in Russia I lost him."

"Have you been a sailor, Henry?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I ben all rount de work,—in Cuby, and de West and East Inties, and Patagony—"

"What lovely things you must have picked up!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Dese little shells, you wouldn't look at dem. In de Cheat Riffer is nice shells."

"And what did you do with all the pretty things you found?"

"I yust gif 'em away. Dare was no-pody to keep 'em for."

So, seeing the second hammock was nearly done, I inquired, "Are you making that hammock for yourself, Henry?"

"Why, no, ma'am." He looked toward me half persuasively, as if it were matter for argument. "You see, I haf de cord, and dare was a young laty—I don't know but she got a hammock; but I make dis and see."

"You kind fellow!" I could not help exclaiming.

But Henry pulled out a longer thread from his hammock-bobbin, and rejoined, "Oh, no, ma'am."

"There is just one thing more I want to do before leaving the Wabash," I said, after a moment's consideration. "You know we take the train to-morrow evening at the station. Can't you pull me across the river to that house where the good spring of water is, if you have nothing to do in the afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with a

contented expression; adding confidentially, "You see, I go dare for putter after I git de mail. Oh, yes, I vill row in and carry your camp-chair down to de boat."

In due time he rowed in, and I noticed he carried the hammock also, tucked under the arm which carried the camp-chair. The children were able to go, and, their mother joining, we made a party across the placid river. It was a brilliant day, and the island toward the south looked like some abode of bliss; while the island toward the north, with a point as clean and fine as that of a shell, was glorious in foliage.

We landed at steps in the steep bank, and, after helping us all out, Henry took his hammock on his arm.

A pleasant American-German woman brought a cup to the spring, which was a short distance from the house. She and the camp-hostess negotiated for butter; but I saw no glimpse anywhere of the "girl" who had taken the sailor's fancy until we were seated in the boat and returning up-stream, when a very blonde and rather pleasing head, with a sun-bonnet pushed from it, looked over the bank at us. Henry did not see her.

"What did you do with your hammock?" I asked him, turning back after we landed.

"I got him in de boat. I haf to go back w'en de putter is churned. Dare is w'are de young laty lives I make him for; but she was not to de house."

The baggage went to the station in a wagon, but we were to row up-river and cordelle past the Grand Chain before primrose dusk faded into darkness, for the moon was new.

The settler and his daughters gave us

the kindest of good-byes, as if we were indissolubly mixed with their lives. He brought out a yellower paper than the autograph letter, stained with a wafer, and addressed to his grandfather at Post St. Vincent, Northwestern Territory, United States of America.

"That's what Vincennes was called when my grandfather first came from Ireland. Yes, it's an old place,—the oldest in the West."

John Burroughs says one always leaves a camp reluctantly, for bits of one's personality are left on every bush or haunting the place like tree-shadows.

There were four men at the oars, Henry among them. As our camp-chairs and the children were being handed into the boat, I noticed a pained look in the sailor's kind face, and wished him so much more good than seemed to fall to his lot.

"She *didn't* have another hammock, did she, Henry?" I asked, as it came my turn to be handed into the boat.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, she did haf a hammock. But," he added, "I gif her de one I made, too. De odder might peak, you know."

"I hope it will, Henry."

From the camp floated out the voice of John the musical, who was staying behind with the men off duty, to enjoy his third chill.

"He's singing 'Hold the parasol over Jordan,'" said Pearl.

It was like the aboriginal spirit of the Wabash shouting gayly over the changes and pains of the human race,—

"Shine on, shine on,
Hold the pass over Jordan.
Shine on, shine on,
Oh, Jerusa-lam!"

M. H. CATHERWOOD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

New York Politics.

IT is the privilege of New York to puzzle and bewilder outside observers by the mixed condition of its politics. The complications that arise in other States are occasional, temporary, and easy of comprehension; those of New York are permanent, inextricable, as obscure in their origin and extensive in their ramifications as the quarrels of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines. Most of the slang in our political vocabulary has come from that source, and the corruption which has overspread the land is supposed to have had the same origin. On the other hand, New York has never been the focus of any principle or sentiment that has taken a strong hold on the popular mind. It has no homogeneity, no pure traditions, no historical continuity, so to speak. Hence, New Yorkers have never evinced any strong feeling of State pride, like that displayed by the citizens of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, of Virginia and South Carolina. There is a contrast between the rural population and the civic population which is not to be found elsewhere, the former, to a large extent, affiliating with that of New England, the latter, in its chief centre, presenting a greater diversity of elements than any other in the world. A vast field is thus offered for the workings not only of mutual jealousies and conflicting interests, but of intricate manœuvres, combinations, and intrigues. In national contests New York is the most "doubtful" State of all, not merely because parties are there more evenly balanced and the consequent oscillations more frequent than in others, but because it is always a matter of uncertainty whether some mysterious arrangement may not convert a prospective majority into a minority. The disintegration of parties which is slowly

going on throughout the country seems there to be virtually complete. Each party is split into factions more bitterly hostile to each other than to the nominally common enemy. The cause of dissension does not seem to lie in any difference of opinion regarding public measures, local or national. One cannot discover that Tammany and anti-Tammany, Stalwarts and Half-breeds, differ as to the means by which the prosperity of the nation or the State can be best promoted. What they are all engaged in is "practical politics" as defined by our New York President, and there is no pretence of appealing to the people on the ground that the general interests are involved. As mere spectators, however, the people would seem to watch every movement with a lively sympathy. The columns devoted to such matters by the metropolitan press furnish as exciting reading as the police reports or the regular revelations of domestic scandal. In the one case as in the other the flavor is due to the personal seasoning, and the high moral sentiment of the community finds itself agreeably titillated by a succession of shocks. What it is that finally brings the mass of the voters to the polls is a more perplexing question. Perhaps the mere amusement of arbitrating in disputes with which they have no real concern has a good deal to do with it. That their real condition of mind in regard to the result is that of heart-felt indifference may be inferred from the nature of the case.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

The Summer Boarder.

THE summer boarder, although not aiming at a crusade or even a mission, has created a revolution and achieved results of some practical utility in the rural world. It was not the work of a single season to open the primitive mind

to the fact that there was some method in the madness of these city people who came among them, took possession of their spare bedrooms for a season, and invaded fields, meadows, and sea-shores, carrying away weeds, stones, and unpleasant marine monsters as rare trophies. It was a thing to laugh over that "brakes" by the wayside were culled, pressed, and called "ferns;" that the name of a wild-flower was considered important; that crude questions about tides were put, as if even a child did not know about the ebbing and flowing of the sea; that staggering queries concerning the origin of local whims, prejudices, and traditions were asked, as if there was a cut-and-dried answer to every conundrum. The average New-Englander had had no time to think about these things: the primrose on the river's brim had been less than a primrose to him; it was a yellow flower, and nothing more. Considerations of profit, however, induced him to tolerate these vagaries, and the summer boarder, first endured, then pitied, was at last embraced as a beneficent and widening influence, bringing not only money, but clear ideas about the outside world, and novel suggestions concerning the uses of things which had lain dead and inert all about under their hands. The summer boarder now has it all her own way. The new paper on the walls of the boarding-houses is chosen with a view to her edification; an æsthetic touch is given to the mantel-decorations with a peacock-feather or two and a sunflower; concessions are made to her dainty whims at table, and oat-meal and soft-boiled eggs are found on the breakfast-tables, even if they jostle strange companions in the way of flapjacks, pickles, and doughnuts.

The summer boarder is, in fact, a force. She is not to be confounded with the mere seeker of summer resorts. She is to be found occasionally at the most expensive hotels, but there she is not at home; style and fashion dwarf her powers and hinder the free play of her energies. In her own city and in her own home she may be super-elegant and the glass of fashion, but in the

country she likes a pork-pie hat, stout shoes, gloveless hands, and an alpenstock, unless she carries sketching-apparatus. Apparatus of some kind she is almost certain to carry. She is a seeker, and disdains the thought of any fatigues in her pursuit. She is on the alert to discover, examine, classify. She wants nature, and to live close to nature. A touch of humor in the aborigine charms her. She asks a man the way to Moses' Rock, and he tells her gruffly to go "down the road." "Which way is down the road?" she sweetly demands. "Why, *down* the road is *down* the road, darn it!" is the reply, and she would not have it otherwise for the world. She likes the grimness, bareness, hideousness, intimations of which she comes across in the lives with which her own is mingling for the time. She knows what she undertakes when she goes into the country,—that the days will be long unless she has pursuits,—and she cultivates all her tastes assiduously.

She sketches in sepia and charcoal; she paints in water-colors both flowers and landscapes. Nothing daunts her. She took lessons all last winter, and her teacher praised her work very highly; but she knows she still has something to learn: it is difficult, for instance, to get the exact lights on the sea; those tints are so elusive, and the reflections so misleading; and the lovely color on the mountains, like the bloom of a plum, is not to be reproduced in all its liquid loveliness. X—, a distinguished landscape-painter, was staying the other day at our house, where we have a young-lady artist, of whose work her friends are proud, and she modestly ventured a wish that the great man should criticise her picture of Mt. Moriah, and tell her how to get the atmospheric effects she aimed at: the lights and shadows were not easy, she confessed. This request was carried to X— by a friend of his and hers, and he expressed such ample willingness to oblige the young lady that, lest he should be disappointed, it was thought best to warn him he must not expect too much from her.

"Her pictures are hard and crude,—in fact, pretty bad," the friend confessed.

"Oh, I knew that," said X—: "*they always are.*"

When he saw the sketches, the youthful artist said that she could not quite get the effect, and asked what she had better do.

"Work at it for thirty years," said X—. "Renounce society, friends, dress, everything except the task in hand, and, after you have given yourself to it, heart and soul and life, perhaps you will be able to do it, and perhaps you will not."

That was, in fact, what X— had done, and he could at last paint the mountains with the mists rolling off their summits. But our young-lady artist did not quite understand his meaning. She surveyed her work with some alarm, and remarked doubtfully afterward that she was afraid Mr. X— considered her picture faulty. Her firm energies did not falter, however: she was off next morning as early as ever, with her satchel and portfolio, and came back to dinner with a new sketch, of which she was sure she was going to make a great deal. And she did well not to be discouraged. What the summer boarder absolutely requires is not high art, but an engrossing pursuit, and it is perhaps well that the mists should not be rubbed off her eyes to enable her to see what execrable things she perpetrates under the name of pictures.

There is another species of summer boarder, less active in body, but equally alert in mind and anxious for interest and novelty. She has all the latest patterns in lace-work and crochet, she does Kensington and other stitches, and talks and listens to her fellow-boarders on the piazza. There is, too, the young lady devoted to tennis, whose first thought is for a tennis-court, and who, after finding the requisite ground, is always looking up somebody to play with her. There is, besides, the chilly boarder, who always wants a fire and dreads draughts; and the boarder who is a bore, and on whose approach every one recalls some important engagement,

or a letter which must be written to catch the mail. Lastly, there is, of course, the literary boarder, as bright-eyed and energetic as the rest, but less openly committed to her work. She does not proclaim her discoveries, nor show her "material," but she hoards it nevertheless. The country lanes, fringed with ferns, asters, golden-rod, and hardhack, the perpetual murmur of the mountain-streams, and the dash of the waves upon the rocks in the cove, are to go into little word-pictures, and an old woman's tale, or a little by-play on the tennis-ground or the piazza, will form the basis of a story by and by.

As for the male summer boarder, he is too scarce to be generalized or given as a type of a species: he can only be treated as an individual, so we must omit him.

L. W.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Types of Faces.

WHAT is the meaning of that fleeting yet marked likeness which we often observe between faces representing widely different conditions in life and social rank? It looks as if nature might have her whims and her freaks, her coy caprices, sometimes sweet, sometimes cruel, like any other woman. Look at her whichever way you will, she is past finding out, and her purposes never seem more inscrutable than when we are studying the facial peculiarities of her latest progeny,—man. In the midst of the slums and alleys where poverty and vice abide, she drops some heavenly-faced child, like a star from the blue vault above, whose shining—alas!—too quickly goes out. An ugly trick of leering eye or sneering mouth may skip past several generations of blue-blooded pride and carefully-guarded ancestry, and, lodging on the fine sensitive face of some cultured descendant, play havoc with all the rest, belittling and belying the entire countenance.

If the variety of facial types which we meet with astonishes us and defies

our power of analysis, the singular points of likeness which are found to exist between individual faces belonging perhaps to exactly opposite types of character, those accidental capricious resemblances in the faces of men and women which strike on our vision in our goings up and down, are still more difficult to understand. What am I to think when in the midst of the crowded thoroughfare there suddenly looms before my vision, like a wrathful storm-cloud, the dark lowering face of some escaped convict, it may be, and, while I shudder and pass by, I recognize, with an additional shock, in that brutal mouth and chin a copy of somewhat rougher pattern of the classic but heavy features of my fastidious friend Van B—, who lives in an aristocratic mansion, is the graduate of several institutions of learning, and holds himself too proud to own an ignoble impulse or father an unworthy deed? The beggar who whined at the area for a breakfast this morning, in spite of his soiled and slouching look, bore an unmistakable resemblance in that downward droop of the eyelid to a valued acquaintance who lives in the next street and devotes herself to the collecting of funds for the distribution of hymn-books among the unlettered tribes of South Africa. That ragged urchin who swept my sidewalk yesterday had a face as expressionless as a batter-ladle, except for a slight, sly uplifting of one eyebrow, reminding me forcibly of the impassive but shrewd face of my respected legal adviser, whom the credulous confidence of myself and other admiring clients has elevated to a comfortable competence, graced with the dignity of a seat in the State legislature.

But there are other likenesses, of more pleasant description, as that which I have discovered between the good-natured meat-man at the corner, who supplies my morning porter-house and noon-day roasts, and my favorite young friend Rosa Lightheart. The one is a big burly countryman, awkward and commonplace everywhere except behind his meat-counter, while the other is a piece of dainty attractive ladyhood, witty,

graceful, affectionate, and intelligent; yet the same pair of blue eyes seems to sparkle in both faces, and the dancing rays shed a glad content wherever they fall.

Dickens showed himself a perfect master in the art of delineating these soul-likenesses. Taking two characters far removed from each other in birth and external circumstance, he proceeds to show, with wonderful skill and insight, how one—the lower, coarser variety—acts as a kind of haunting shadow to the other. Thus, in “*Dombey and Son*” Mrs. Brown and Alice are the wretched prototypes of Mrs. Skewton and her daughter Edith, acting out the same ghastly farce in their daily lives, prompted by the same bad, dangerous passions, and urged by the same motives of selfish greed and revenge, the whole made the more hateful because of their wretched surroundings of wickedness and dirt. The reader remembers Mrs. Skewton, a kind of ancient butterfly, whose wings, having long since lost the power of flight, still serve to keep up a feeble flutter and gaudy display. Where Mrs. Skewton was mincingly affectionate toward her “dearest Edith,” Mrs. Brown was dotingly fond of her “handsome gal Ally.” Where the pride of Edith was cold and repellent, encasing her like ice, that of Alice was savage and defiant. Both daughters were beautiful and of the same type,—dark, proud, passionate, rebellious against fate and powerless to affect it. Both were trafficked away like a piece of merchandise, and then compelled to listen to the whimpering reproaches of the mothers who had reaped the profits of their unrighteous bargain. In *Nadgett*, the spy who figures in the disgraceful scenes which make up the history of the Chuzzlewit family, we have an example in both physical and moral attributes of the same type to which Tullingham, the respectable solicitor of the Dedlock family, whose story is told in “*Bleak House*,” belongs. Both are silent and watchful as fate itself, and as omnipresent. Both have devoted their lives to the discovery of other men’s

secrets. Nadgett is described as "a short, dried-up, withered old man, mildewed, threadbare, shabby," while Mr. Tulkinghorn's appearance everywhere bore testimony to the dignity and respectability of his calling. Mr. Nadgett haunted the by-ways and alleys, and was a kind of moral dustman. Mr. Tulkinghorn visited the houses of the great, and silently probed their hearts while he drank their wines and thrived on their munificent patronage. If destiny had obliged them to change places, each would have continued in the same congenial employment, and the world would never have known the difference.

There is a certain picture-game which children find very amusing, while their elders cannot help receiving some very plain and instructive hints from it. It consists of four faces on a card, all of them of the type of the villain, hypocrite, and sharper. Fold this card transversely once, twice across, and you have the portrait of a man standing high in the world's honor and esteem. Unfolding the card, and studying our four villains' faces more closely, we discover that none of them is more than three-quarters villanous, and it is the remaining quarters pieced together which make up the face of our hero. The children are puzzled and entertained. How to make one face out of four is the only problem suggested to them; but the older members of the household look at each other in dismay, reading new and unpleasant possibilities in each other's well-known countenances.

Perhaps the great lesson to be taught is that of charity, an old familiar theme, but not yet outworn. We are all made of the same poor, glorious stuff of human nature,—the prince and peasant, the fine lady and her servant, the petted idol of society and the degraded outcast against whom she slams her righteous doors. Say nature had several moulds in the beginning, one for the saint, another for the sinner, one for the hypocrite, another for the philanthropist,—some accident must have occurred in the days of her early housekeeping by which they

were broken all at once, and in the mending process the pieces became sadly and grotesquely mis-mated. The villain's eyebrow was plastered against the cheek of purity, and the philanthropist's forehead set above the thick protruding lips of the sensualist. Nature may have regretted it at first, not liking mended crockery any better than the rest of her sex; but when she saw how easily the poor human material with which she had to deal slipped into these distorted shapes, she may have become more reconciled.

But a better theory is that man is his own potter; that the shaping influences of character and destiny are within as well as without; that discipline is a stronger force than circumstance. Perhaps the best use of physiognomy is that, in so freely advertising our faults to the public along with our virtues, it also offers the highest inducement to our pride and self-respect to diminish the stock of the former and lay in a larger supply of the latter.

C. P.

General Jackson's Old Servants.

VISITING "the Hermitage" not long ago, I found two old servants who had belonged to General Jackson and had never left the place where they were born. Not those of the old hero's own blood could feel greater pride of birth or a more religious reverence for his name.

The present incumbent at the Hermitage is a lady in feeble health, who never receives visitors. So "Aunt Gracie" was our *cicerone*. I should like to send you her picture. Little and wrinkled and upright, neat and dignified, with an even low voice, she is very much of a person indeed. That General Jackson was the greatest man that ever lived is as fixed in her mind as the eyes in her head, and she feels that his lightest word has a value demanding caution and dignity in her repetition. She took us through the house, showing us her master's books and sword and favorite chair; this last comfortably facing Washington's arm-chair, so that neither need be moved

an inch if ever the two great ghosts want to talk together in the dim old room. Then we went through the old-fashioned garden, neglected with a method, one might say, so pleasing was it in its wanton growth and neglected wealth of roses. We seated ourselves on the granite steps of the tomb, under the dome with its Corinthian pillars, planned by the restless brain it covered, and read the inscriptions on the two flat slabs,—the one long and of a pathetic eloquence, the other bearing only the name “Andrew Jackson” across its surface.

“He said if dar was mo’ ter teli, history would tell it,” said Aunt Gracie in a solemn voice.

By this time her husband, Uncle Alfred, ragged hat in hand, had joined us from the field. He was more voluble than Aunt Gracie, and I have no doubt she has reproved him in many a lecture for talking too familiarly of a master who was President of the United States.

“He was a great company-keeper, de general was,” said Uncle Alfred: “he always kep’ de front do’ open. Never made no difference between rich an’ po’, pervided dey had behavior. You know dar’s a heap o’ difference betwixt jist a man an’ a gentleman.”

Uncle Alfred was evidently a tremendous old aristocrat.

“De general never got mad,” he said, “unless you disputed him, an’ he found you was *on de realities*; den his blood would rise.”

This was rather obscure, but we inferred from it that the general only “got mad” when he perceived that his opponent was in the right.

“As for whippin’ any of us, I ain’t never seed him tech one o’ de grown niggers, but sometimes he would twig de young uns,—hol’ der heads between his legs, you know, an’ twig ’em a little, jest as he mought one of his own chillen. Oh, he was a mighty *punctual, up-headed, strong-minded gentleman*.”

In answer to an inquiry of how Christmas was spent at the Hermitage, Aunt Gracie, by way of impressing us with the general elegance of things under

the old *régime*, declared loftily that “it was Christmas all de year roun’.” But Uncle Alfred came in with, “Den de *real* Christmas, dat was a time. We would all go up to de house jes’ like a troop of soldiers. Mis’ Rachel she would gib de women presents, an’ de general would gib de men sto’-clothes, an’ head-hankers, an’ terbaccer. Den we would draw rations fur de week’s holiday,—flour an’ sugar an’ coffee an’ tea. An’ we would walk roun’ de house singin’, de general a bowin’ an’ a-wavin’ his hat at de front do’. An’ by de time we had got roun’ to de back do’, dar he was to receive our greetin’s.”

“He didn’t have a servant but would a’ died for him,” said Aunt Gracie softly.

The Hermitage is not paid for, and when an appropriation for the State debt was voted on, not long ago, old Alfred got all the negroes within his influence to vote for it “for the sake of General Jackson’s home and honor.” We felt great respect for the gray old head that the general may have “twigged,” and were quite ready to invest in the hickory sticks Uncle Alfred makes and sells to visitors as souvenirs. When asked the price, he said “he did not want to fix a price, but hoped we wouldn’t think ten cents too much”! S. B.

An Amateur General.

“YES, it was a cur’us war, takin’ it all in all,” and old Joe Johns crossed his wooden leg over the sound one and eyed it tenderly,—“a cur’us war, and I got up a battle all by myself oncet. Taint in hist’ry, though, ’cause I never told nobody. You see, I got tired, as we all did, a-lyin’ there and waitin’ with the enemy right before us. Why, it was just like two cats a-fightin’, eyin’ one nother, and nothin’ hinderin’ but just to pitch in. So I got to plannin’ what I’d do if I was runnin’ things. I looked it over like a game o’ checkers, and as I studied it out I just put it down on a bit o’ paper. I mapped out the enemy’s camp near as I could guess at it, and I ought to knowed it purty well by this time, for I watched ’em close enough.

A big tree about midway between camps I called the pivot. First I moved the hull business over a leetle, with a piece here and a piece there, and another back a ways to command the road for retreat in case o' disaster. I throwed out guards, formed a line to the left, and massed the main body for to just sweep the board, as 'twere. To make things safer like for our side, I just marked reinforcements along a road to our right rear,—to be sure, I put 'em a good ways off, for I wa'n't sure about that,—and—and there we was all ready for an attack. To make it more real like, I dated it the 23d, though this was only the 21st. Then I copied it all keerfully on clean paper and throwed the old one away. I minded afterward that I'd seen a staff-officer stop and pick it up awhile after and twist it up like he was goin' to light his pipe, but thought nothin' of it just then. That night things begun to move, secret like, and maybe not noticeable to an unobserver; but a regiment would scud around to the left, a squad of cavalry to the right, infantry settled down like bees in a swarm till the foreground was black with 'em. But when I saw the artillery plant themselves I tumbled! Yes, I thought fust look I was dreamin'; then I knowed how 'twas: the general had stole my plan, out and out! I took out my copy and found the idea all carried out. The whole camp had—almost unbeknownst to themselves—got up and turned over. I was around purty general next day, and everywhere, so far's I could see, nothin' was omitted, but every detail follered to a dot. All of a sudden I got skeered and anxious like,—felt the responsibility, I s'pose,—and kept thinkin', What if I had made a mistake, or neglected some p'int or other? The suppressed excitement of the troops began to oppress me, and I had an awful feelin' of havin' their lives and the fate of the country in my hands.

"That night, when relieved from picket near the big tree, the pivot,—blest if I could help it, but I just stole off a ways to view the situation. There she

lay, just like a paneramer, only a better picture than I'd drawn myself. I was just carried away with enthusiasm, and went a little furdur and a little furdur. 'Golly, boys, you've got her down fine!' I hollered, and I—well, I went a leetle too fur, that's all, and got gobbled up by a reconnoiterin' party of the enemy that was pryin' around, mayhaps suspicious of the looks o' things. Of course they found the copy, and made out from it and from what they could see for themselves that our folks was ready to attack them just when the time come. They seemed particu'ly interested in the reinforcements which I had guessed at and marked as comin', and, to outwit them and surprise them before the looked-for aid arrived, an immediate attack was ordered.

"The charge which follered was just what I meant it should be, and just what I knowed our boys was ready for, if it was sudden. Thinks I, If I commanded the enemy in our own interest, I would order it just so; yet here I be, a poor prisoner, literally commandin' both armies! It was the purtiest game of solitaire I ever played.

"I couldn't tell much how things was goin' for a while, but when the retreat come I was there,—up to snuff, you bet! When they dashed one way I broke another,—hooked across lots, you might say,—and was soon at the big tree; but, blast my eyes! what did I see but our own army skedaddlin' pell-mell around the hill, both armies in full retreat, flyin' in opposite directions, like the deuce was in 'em! I alone held the field. Why not? Wa'n't it my fight?

"I larnt, after, that the enemy had only meant to give 'em a brush and fall back before the reinforcements came up; and to cover their own retreat they had sent out skirmishers to embarrass the supposed reinforcements; but our men, takin' it for a flank move of some sort, promptly fell back to the position I had suggested in the plan. I couldn't blame 'em. What! Lost *this* limb in *that* battle? No. Bless you, no! We lived to fight another day,—with them same fellers, too."

V. P. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Records of Later Life." By Frances Anne Kemble, Author of "Records of a Girlhood." London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THERE can be few memoirs so full and so frankly written as Mrs. Kemble's which could be brought out during their writers' lifetime with so little fear of offence or sacrifice of truth,—few which could meet like these Records at once the prohibitions of to-day and the demands of to-morrow. The very nature of the material would render this impossible in a large number of cases. Things necessary to the understanding of posterity are often unpleasant to contemporary ears, and the public is continually calling for erasures on the most characteristic and therefore the most truthful pages of biographies. On the other hand, a memoir which bristles with reserves is like an affectation of throwing the house open to the public after the rooms have been swept and garnished and every trace of the every-day life which goes on within its walls removed. It is the daily life, the actual character, which makes the value of a biography, and omissions can be best made where they least affect the truthfulness of the impression. Mrs. Kemble, to judge from the tone of the Records, has had few reserves to make. The main circumstances of her life are already familiar, and any more detail in regard to them would have been unnecessary. It is not the people who impart to us all their outside affairs whom we know or wish to know well, but those who converse with us most unreservedly. And there is nothing that can be called cynical in the frankness of Mrs. Kemble's conversation. She has no gossiping interest in people apart from her own relations with them, and within these relations she takes them very much for granted, without the uncomfortable perceptions of their motives which a less sturdy egotism or a closer observation of human nature is apt to give. There is no scandal here about Queen Elizabeth, the late Mr. Pierce Butler, or any one else; there is the utmost good taste, and, at the same time, an entire freedom of tone. "Records of Later Life" is a more genial and mellow book, to our minds, than its predecessor, "Records of a Girlhood." The anecdotes are, perhaps, not

more amusing, but the padding—we are forced to give it that name now and then—is of a more interesting nature. There are a good many pages in this book, as in the former one, which contain little that is of actual importance, but we have always found them readable and sometimes suggestive.

Undisturbed and absolute enjoyment is, however, impossible under the arrangement which Mrs. Kemble has seen fit to adopt throughout in her autobiography. A large part of her material, and that the most entertaining and the best-written part,—the reminiscences,—is enclosed between brackets, as the gist of a woman's letter goes into the postscript. The reader's ideas of time and place are confused again and again, and his sense of form outraged, by finding a short letter laid open for the insertion of a distended paragraph, perhaps several pages long, explaining or following up a chance allusion. We never feel quite sure whether what we are reading is in parenthesis or not; moreover, we occasionally find ourselves twenty years out of count as to the date of a transaction, and unable to guess whether it took place in London or New York, at Lenox or Butler Place. It is always pleasant in reading to have a clear sense of our whereabouts; and a somewhat more definite plan, which would have insured this and thrown the reminiscences into greater prominence, would have improved the book without detracting from its spontaneity. The correspondence might also have been sifted a little by the omission of letters which go over the same ground; but this is a matter of very little consequence. A reader is always at liberty to skip if he chooses: for our own part, we prefer, in reading a good biography, to exercise the reverse privilege and miss nothing.

If we began by skipping, we should have to pass over the letter to Mrs. Jameson, which is the first thing in the book, and which looks, and is, didactic to an alarming degree, but is nevertheless a curious and very characteristic production. It gives a lucid explanation of the writer's own marriage, and a compact homily on the institution of matrimony, all under one cover.

"I expected from it [matrimony] rest,

quiet, leisure to study, to think, and to work, and legitimate channels for the affections of my nature." These are sober expectations, if this were not a world which is apt to pay as little regard to our reasonable wishes as to our whims. When we read farther and find a strong plea for the union of dissimilar natures, on the ground of the exercise which it affords for "forbearance, toleration, and the sifting of one's own opinions and feelings and testing their accuracy and value by contact and contrast with opposite feelings and opinions," it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us the *dénouement*. The tone of the letters would be actually unpleasant if it were not for a certain earnestness and the *naïve* ineffectiveness of the reasoning. It is characteristic only of one side of the writer. In the "Records of a Girlhood" we have already seen these apparently opposite traits lying side by side,—a passionate, romantic temperament, and a strong taste for logic. It was the case of an earnest young person constantly plotting against her own nature and continually giving way to it. Nature, we rejoice to see, gains ground as the memoir proceeds, and the whole impression which Mrs. Kemble leaves on her readers is that of a somewhat positive nature, but not a cold or calculating one.

Dogmatic as it is, there is something wholesome and invigorating about Mrs. Kemble's common sense, and many little things in her memoirs of small interest in themselves are interesting because viewed by a strong, clear intelligence and narrated in an admirable style. After some desultory stories about spiritualism, which coincide with everybody else's experience in that line, Mrs. Kemble goes right to the heart of the matter in a brief comment: "Belief in such supernatural agencies betokens, in my opinion, an absence of poetical imagination as well as of spiritual faith,"—a word which we would like to recommend, not to believers, but to the class of over-awed dilettanti. On another occasion she speaks of "a large assembly of our finest (and bluntest) people," summing up an artistic experience in a single phrase. Here is another bit which is suggestive and possibly true: "The latent expression of a face is a curious study for physiognomists, and is sometimes strikingly at variance with that which is habitual, as well as with the general character of the features."

Of Adelaide Kemble, when making

her first essays on the lyric stage, her sister writes with loving but careful criticism. Speaking of her "Norma," she says, "There is very little too much action, and that which appears to me redundant may simply seem so because her conception of the character is in some of its parts impulsive where it strikes me as concentrated, and would therefore be sterner and stiller in its effect than she occasionally makes it."

Each of the sisters had a little encounter with Lady Holland, and we cannot help fancying that there is an indication of their respective characters in these tournaments with the autocrat of Holland House. Her ladyship dropped her handkerchief, and transferred to Adelaide Kemble, who was sitting beside her, the honor of picking it up. After a moment's hesitation, looking at her antagonist's portly figure, and mindful of her years, Miss Kemble's native sweetness of disposition overmastered her pride, and she handed the handkerchief to its owner, to be met with the stinging rejoinder, "Ah! I knew you would do it." Mrs. Butler stood her ground more firmly. Commanded by Lady Holland to change her seat at a dinner-table for one next her own, she obeyed out of consideration for the hostess, but determined to hold her tongue "to spite her," and obstinately remained dumb throughout the meal.

Carlyle has somewhere pointed out that the best biographies are, or used to be, those of players, who were more indifferent than other people to the public gaze. The work before us would seem to confirm this statement. It is written in a large, easy style, and in its *abandon* and careless self-revelation there is something of the trained unconsciousness of the actor. Mrs. Kemble has delighted one generation by her acting, another by her reading, and we believe that lovers of biography for a long time to come will turn to her memoirs and find pleasure in them.

There has been a good deal of delay in bringing this book before the American public; but the American edition, when it finally issues from Mr. Holt's careful press, will be furnished with an index,—a convenience which the English publishers seem to think unnecessary.

"Kinley Hollow:" A Novel. By G. H. Hollister. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

SOME novelists—George Eliot is a con-

spicuous example—have drawn the material for their most popular stories from the recollections of their childhood. The scenes from which they received their earliest conceptions of human life, which called into activity their fresh powers of observation, and which they unwittingly studied with the keen interest of a traveler landing on unfamiliar shores among a strange people, are invested in the retrospect with a charm which is all the stronger for the changes that have made these memories relics of a bygone existence, exclusive and sacred possessions beside which the things of to-day are common and unattractive. Especially do such writers love to recall habits and characters that were survivals of a still earlier period, and were consequently quaint, picturesque, and associated with traditions that fed and stimulated the imagination of the youthful, perhaps unnoticed or unregarded, listeners who were to preserve and immortalize them. Hence in the class of fiction to which we refer it is neither an historical past nor an actual present that we find depicted, neither a kind of life known to the writer only through books nor one fully familiar to him from personal experience, but that of the generation immediately preceding his own, made vivid by direct report and by the vestiges it had left. "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," deal with a state of society of which the author had seen only the traces, but which had been revived for her by the talk of her elders when recalling their own youth. The "Scotch novels" of Scott, most of Hardy's stories, those of Erckmann-Chatrian, and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" are examples of the same kind, contrasting in this respect with the productions of Fielding, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, and novel-writers in general.

"Kinley Hollow" is a study of village life in Connecticut at the beginning of the present century, and owes its interest not only to the minute acquaintance it evinces with the subject, but to a feeling which has enabled the author to assume with success the tone of a contemporary. Like many similar books, it is autobiographical in form, and the verisimilitude is the more easily preserved that the narrator, Frank Everett, confines himself to the story of his youth, and introduces as the chief figures people already advanced in life and representative of a state of things that was passing away. The transition was not a very perceptible one, the era

of great and rapid changes being still far ahead. It was mainly apparent in the gradual relaxation of that stern discipline which the Puritans had imposed and against which nature was always inciting a revolt. Doctrinal strictness was yielding not to direct attacks, but to the effects of an insidious mildness of statement on the part of some, and of an intolerance that had become repulsive on the part of its more zealous defenders. A like softening of parental rigor and modification of the tone and habits of the community were going on, not without a struggle, but without any violent conflict. In dealing with these elements Mr. Hollister shows himself thoroughly at home. Several of the characters, especially the hero's father, Deacon Everett, and his maternal grandfather, Mr. Baker, are well drawn and life-like, and such of the incidents as have an intimate connection with the social aspects of the time and help to portray them are effectively related. But the love-story which is perforce inwoven with the narrative is disagreeable and unnatural, and the events by which it is brought to its termination belong to the weakest kind of melodrama. Mistakes of this kind show that the author had misconceived not so much his own powers as the taste of the public.

Books Received.

Sheaves: A Collection of Poems. By Harriet Converse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Political Conspiracies preceding the Rebellion. By Thomas M. Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Outlines of Ancient History. By P. V. N. Myers, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Beauty in the Household. By Mrs. T. W. Dewing. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Look Before You Leap: A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Freckles. By Rebecca Fergus Redcliff. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

A Garland from Greece. By George Francis Armstrong, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.